THE MAN WI

Hale

ROBERT WAY
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GEORGE EDWAR

FICTION

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The Man Without a Country

And Other Stories

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BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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ROBERT WAYNE EABY
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GEORGE EDWARD MAYCOCK

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1913

GEORGE E. MAYCOCK

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PREFACE

THE prefaces to the collected works of the Fathers of the early centuries, have sometimes a pathetic interest greater than any of the books that follow.

Think of it. You had once written a book. You wrote it in good large hand, as large as the letters in the headlines of this morning's paper. For there were no spectacles, and you meant that the Bishop should read it. Now the Bishop, by reason of strength, was four score years old.

Suppose then, that the Bishop read, and called it good, perhaps very good. All your friends were pleased, and said that it must be published. They even passed round a little hat, and those who could "chipped in" according as they could. Then you hired from the next publisher six, eight or ten slaves who could write well, — and they attended in your house for the publication. Or you went, more likely, to the publisher's office, because there the desk and ink and papyrus were ready.

You saluted, and the ten saluted, — I say, "ten," because you hoped for a large edition. They stood at their writing stands with the yellow paper before them; you sat in the middle. You said civilly "Paratine?" meaning "Are you ready?" And they bowed. And you began and read slowly to them, from the one copy which the Bishop had sent back to you, with his notes in red pencil marks. They wrote as you read. You soon caught their time, — and you got forward at the rate, say, of a thousand words an hour. Not more I think, — for the physical letters were larger than these which I am writing.

They could stand it as long as you could sit it out. Thirty-six thousand words a week, — for there were Jews among these slaves who would not work on the seventh day. In three weeks they had finished a volume as large as the reader has in his hand. Ten good "copies" as we still say. Messrs. Wilson & Co. will do it in less time, but they are glad, dear public, when you and I will give them more.

Now, unless you are stronger than steel, and harder than flint, you will, in this reading aloud to these ten slaves with pens, pause when you come to the Bishop's red pencil marks, — and consider them. Nay, you may respect them. If the Bishop says "Stuff" you may strike out that fine passage. If he says "Better said already" you

may agree with him. Nobody has stereotyped the book. "Stereotype" is Greek, — but not an Athenian would know what you meant if you spoke of a "stereotype edition."

And so it would happen that the book when the world read it would differ from the book which the Bishop read.

Suppose — I will not say that the book was good — but suppose that the publisher was a hustler. Suppose that he knew how to catch the public eye, and to appeal to the real reader.

Suppose that in a week the ten copies had been sent to Athens, to Brindisi, to Carthage, to Dulichium, to Egypt, to Filadelfia, to four other places on the publisher's catalogue of that day. Let us suppose there was the slightest suspicion of heresy about the book, so that it was eagerly snapped up when it arrived at the homes of the bishops of these churches. Suppose orders began to come in on the happy publisher, who was himself indifferent whether the doctrine were orthodox or heterodox. Suppose he sent for you to say that fifty more "copies" must be at once dictated, and that it would be a chance for you to make any corrections which had occurred to you. With what joy would you then attend in the large upper chamber which had been hired for the occasion! With what respect would the fifty scribes bow to you, as they recognized the man who had given

their guild the largest order which it had received for years! Once more you would say "Paratine?" and they would bow, and you would go into the second edition.

I doubt whether I may carry the parable further. Perhaps I may; perhaps high controversy might arise regarding the book; perhaps, even, you might be tried for heresy, and then all would be well. But we will draw that curtain, and come out at the fifth act of our little drama. You are now an old gentleman seventy-six years of age. This bustling world, which was so doubtful at first whether these words you spoke were not heresies, has long since come up to your most radical opinions. The original copies which you sent out have been a good deal thumbed. Some of them were so fortunate that they were admitted into the theological schools thirty years after they were written; they were considered then as worthy the attention of young men. So the publisher and you and the new bishop and your flattering friends in Dulichium and Antioch and Egypt agree that it is desirable that this book shall be included in a Collected Edition of your more important writings. "Indeed, my dear sir," the publisher writes, "it will be the standard edition. It will go into the libraries, it will be the edition referred to by your readers in coming times."

Only those who know the future can really know

whether there will be any readers in coming times. Possibly the Collected Edition may go upon the shelves of "human probabilities," as we used to call them, — meaning the shelves from which by no human probability will any book be taken down. But this is not your affair; this is the affair of these friends in Dulichium and the other advisers who have suggested the standard edition. And so, in old age, without so many occupations as you had when you were young, you find that you are to bring together these books, many of which have the ear-marks of haste and fun and frolic, and that you will never have anything more to do with them.

I think the least sentimental reader will see that this is a somewhat pathetic moment. What happens in the old Fathers is that the dear old fellows revised them, — that is to say, they really looked over them. Imagine a man looking over his own book of forty years before. The Origen or the Augustine of that day would find he said something which he should not have said. Accordingly in these prefaces of theirs they confess that at thirty years of age they were more ignorant than they are at seventy: there will be the statement, "I said thus-and-thus about the fall of man, and I should have said so-and-so," or "when I spoke of the writings of Tully I should have spoken of the writings of Hortensius." And there is a droll

pathos which mixes in with these reviews, such as nothing in our present habit quite prepares us for.

But, as the reader may guess, there is a parallel between these prefaces of such leaders of the world, say as Origen and Augustine, and such a preface as I who am not a leader of the world, am writing now. The reader has before him the opportunity to place on the shelves of his library, low or high, the volumes which, on the whole, we choose to select from a large number of books which, for better or worse, I have printed in the last fifty years. In a lifetime which has passed in the most extraordinary half-century of history, I have, in my poor way, tried to do my duty with the rest. I should have been a fool if I had not used the press of my time as far as the conductors of the press would let me use it. Fortunately for me, I have been on good terms with editors, and I have lived in a community where people like to read books and magazines. I am myself a printer, and proud to be the son of a father, a printer and publisher himself, who when he had anything to say was apt to say it in print. So it is that from time to time, if I had a cause to advocate or a duty to discharge, I have been apt to think first how far this cause could be helped or this duty discharged by the methods of the printed page.

I suppose ill-natured people would say that I have often hurried into print; but I think I hardly ever had any ill-natured critics, and I am sure I should not have cared if I had. I believe I should be proud if that should be written as my biography which I placed upon the title-page of Colonel Ingham's papers:

"If it were his duty to write verses, he wrote verses; to fight slavers, he fought slavers; to write sermons, he wrote sermons; and he did one of these things with just as much alacrity as another."

It happened that more than forty years ago one or two short stories of mine attracted the attention of editors, so that from that day to this, if I wanted to write a short story, I have always had an opportunity to print it.

And here, indeed, I should be glad to write a dissertation on the "short story." It is spoken of often as if it were an invention of our time, and sometimes as if it were an American invention. But, really, there are Bidpay's fables, and Æsop's, and the Gesta Romanorum, and the Decameron. And one may fairly speak of the Parables of the New Testament. We have certainly the highest authority for enforcing a lesson by what the old writers call "invented example." All which I should hardly say, but that I have seen the dictum laid down — nay applied to myself —

that if the author made his story probable, he became "a forger and a counterfeiter."

In the series of volumes of which this is the first, the reader will not find a chronological order. I have grouped under one cover the stories and articles in what I call the "In His Name" series, — in another those of the "Ten Times One" series. These names will explain themselves when the reader comes to those volumes. "Sybaris and other Homes" is the title of the volume which discusses the question, more important with every year, of the crowded life of cities. Another volume covers such studies of sociology as I wish to preserve from the work of nearly fifty years as the minister of working parishes in two cities of Massachusetts. It has been my duty to write verses, — as it was Colonel Ingham's. And some of my friends have raked over the ash-heaps of half a century to pick out from them such bits of coal and cinder as they think may be put on the bars of the grate again.

In another volume are some bits of autobiography, in which I have tried, not so much to give any history of the details of my own life — unimportant enough to any but my friends — as to show something of the curious social conditions of New England in three-quarters of the interesting century into which I was born.

Readers will hardly trouble themselves to find

any approach to unity or coherency in all these memorials — written at different times in fifty years. In those years I have tried to do the work of a Christian minister. This means that I have been intimate with all sorts and conditions of men and of women. It also means that I have seen all conditions of life. It means, again, that I have not known, on any morning to which these fifty years have waked me, what I was to see, or do, or be, as the next fifteen hours passed by. Such are the conditions of my profession. Any friend who will bear them in mind will understand what I mean when I say so often that my daily life is one wild romance. He will then, perhaps, find a certain connection between a poor sonnet, an essay on decentralization, the exaggerations of a short story, and some studies of history.

Five or six times, I have extended the short story, and published novels, long enough to be classed under that more exalted name. These are "Ups and Downs," "Philip Nolan's Friends," "Our New Crusade," "The Fortunes of Rachel," "Sybil Knox" and "East and West." Of these "Philip Nolan's Friends" makes one volume of this collection. I do not reprint any of the others, because the public did not like them as well as I did, I believe. Yet I have vanity enough to say that "The Fortunes of Rachel" contained some good prophecies of the future, and that the

circulation of "East and West," running up, as I am told, to more than one million of copies, was the largest which any of my longer books have attained. "East and West," "Sybil Knox," and "In His Name" were published in England, but they never met the slightest favor there. My friend Mr. Holyoake printed there a large edition of "Hampton," which is contained in this collection, and I think it interested working men.

EDWARD E. HALE.

ROXBURY, MASS.
NOV. 1 (which is called "All Saints' Day), 1898.

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THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

AUTHOR'S NOTE TO EDITION OF 1897

THE publisher of this edition of "The Man without a Country" asks me to give some account of the circumstances and incidents of its publication. I do this with a certain reluctance, lest it should seem that I think they are more important than they are. It is true, however, that a series of curious coincidences accompanied the history of the story. Persons who are interested in the Curiosities of Literature, then, may read this preface, — and other persons are under no compulsion to do so.

The Civil War has taught its lesson so well that the average American of the year 1896 hardly understands that any such lesson was ever needed. The United States *is* a nation now. And there is not left any one, living in the Northern, Middle, Western, or Pacific States, who ever thinks that the United States *are* a confederacy. The War settled that.

But in 1862 men were obliged to make speeches — to write pamphlets and books — to show what now seems of course. And any lesson was well received by persons of conscience and patriotism, which showed, either positively or negatively, what the word "Patriotism" means, — or what one's Country is.

Among other persons who did not seem to know was an Ohio politician named Vallandigham. I am afraid that men who remember him now, remember him most often from the tragic circumstances of his sudden death. He said in public that he did not want to live in a country which did something or other which the national administration, under Lincoln, had done. General Ambrose Everett Burnside was then in command of the Military Department in which Mr. Vallandigham lived. With a certain delicate wit and readiness which were characteristic of the man, Burnside marked his sense of the treasonable speech by sending Mr. Vallandigham with his compliments to the Rebel general on the other side of the Ohio, and saying that we wanted no such people, and that the Rebel States were welcome to Him.

The letter and the present which went with it of course engaged public attention in the region where the transfer was made. The Copperhead faction in Ohio, boldly and with good political

shrewdness, as it seems to me, accepted the issue, and named Mr. Vallandigham, — who was a martyr on their theory, — as their candidate for governor in the next election. He was exactly the fit candidate on the issue then before the people.

I was, at this time, an occasional writer for the "Atlantic Monthly." I had already conceived the idea of the "Man without a Country." I pressed the necessary work on it so that it might be published in the October number of the "Atlantic," as my contribution to the Ohio canvass, as the election was to take place in October. But with a certain languor which attends the publication of most monthly journals, — a languor which seems to me an infelicity, — the publication was delayed until December, 1863, when Mr. Vallandigham had been beaten six weeks before by a majority of more than one hundred thousand, — and forgotten, till now, as long, except for his tragical death in 1871.

I say the idea had been conceived many months before, not to say many years before.

Napoleon the Great always had an idea that he had surrendered himself at Rochefort to Captain Maitland of the ship "Bellerophon," which ship received him after his overthrow. He sometimes undertook to maintain the absurd proposition that he was Maitland's personal captive, as in the Middle Ages one knight might have yielded him-

self as personal captive to another. This theory appears more than once in his invectives against the cruelty of the English Government in holding him at St. Helena.

The proposition seems to me absurd. It seemed so to the English Government, to the Prince Regent, whom Napoleon addressed as "the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies." This was, by the way, the best thing the first gentleman in England ever had said of him — if only by good fortune it had been true. But whether absurd or not, it seems to me that it would have been good policy for the English Cabinet to have taken the fallen emperor at his word. "Oh! you thought you were a guest on the 'Bellerophon'? We did not understand it so, but a guest on the 'Bellerophon' you shall be.

"Joiners, — upholsterers, — plumbers, — painters, — all of you, — fly round, — quick there; make ready a fine cabin, — with sleeping rooms adjacent, — for our distinguished guest, General Buonaparte. From this time he is the guest of the British people. He has come 'like Themistocles to seat himself by its hearth.' He has elected the 'Bellerophon' as the place. So let it be." Then from cruise to cruise, — of the "Bellerophon," — our distinguished guest would have been heard from thus: —

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

Sept. 30. H. M. Ship "Bellerophon" touched at the Cape, for water and mails. Our distinguished guest was in good health.

And then, six months after —

June 11. Macao. H. M. Ship "Bellerophon" arrived for repairs, having lost a topmast in the typhoon. Our distinguished guest, Gen. Buonaparte, seemed to be well.

And, six months later —

Botany Bay, Dec. 11. The corvette "Fire-fly," Capt. Bell, reports that she spoke at sea H. M. S. "Bellerophon." The "Bellerophon" made signal that all were well.

And so on, and so on The "British people" could have stood it as long as the emperor could.

What the British Government did was to consecrate St. Helena as a shrine for the worship of France for the next six years. It won for itself a general odium, such as it does not dislike, among all the nations of Europe. But if the Cabinet had happened to hear my plan, and had executed it, many apologies for its cruelty would have been unnecessary. They could say, "We did just what the emperor expected, and what he asked for."

I may say, in passing, that the English Cabinet has had more than one opportunity before and

since to take my advice, freely offered, and has, I think, always declined it.

Thus I had in my mind, from the time when I read Scott's "Napoleon," a book not yet forgotten in my youth, the plan on which the story of poor dear Phil Nolan is constructed, — the story which is, at this present moment, in this reader's hands. The patriotic boys were singing a popular song, which said, —

"We 'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree."

Jeff Davis, as it may not be remembered, was the leader of the Southern party. But I would say gently, "No, dear boys, we will not hang him to any tree. We will put him in comfortable quarters on the 'New Hampshire' ship of the line, and we will send him on her serial three-year voyages. Where she goes he shall go, and where she stays he shall stay."

Now the "New Hampshire" is a fine old square sided, three or four decker, which is now a home for schoolboys, as may be seen by tourists in New York harbor. In those days she was thirty-four years newer or younger than she is now.

With such motives, with such resources, and such principles, I began to read for the story of "The Man without a Country." I spent that summer in my old home at Worcester, a western town in the heart of New England." I used,

almost every morning, to report to my old friend, Mr. Samuel Foster Haven, the Librarian of the Antiquarian Society, one of the wisest, of the best-informed, and of the best men who ever lived. Ah me! his fine son — a surgeon in the 15th Massachusetts — had been killed the year before, while marching with the regiment in the Battle of Fredericksburg. I would pass the time of day with Mr. Haven, and then go into Salisbury Hall, and read up for "The Man without a Country." As yet he had no name.

I read first the reports of the Navy Department from 1798, when it was still a branch of the War Department, down to 1861. I did this that I might be sure of local color, that I might never, by any accident, place a vessel in the place where she really was, or name an officer so that a real man could be annoyed. Shaw's name, Shubrick's name in the story, are naval names; this was requisite for the color of the narrative. But there were no officers whom they fit. The "Levant" was a ship in our service. But she had disappeared — no man knows where — oh! years before I introduced her here. I will here say that I meant that the "Levant" should be heard from on the top of the Andes. But some careful proof-reader removed this intentional inconsistency.

I took full notes of the names of officers and ships, to be ready for the detail of my story.

I then read, in full, all that I could find of Aaron Burr's two voyages down the Mississippi. It is not creditable to this country that there is no adequate history of Burr's attempt, whatever it was. I have sometimes thought that Mr. Jefferson himself did not wish to have any detail known. I am quite sure, after a good deal of study of the subject, that the officers of his administration did not know every detail, nor one-half the details, nor one-fiftieth part of them. The mines from which some competent historian will one day draw his most curious information as to Burr and his accomplices are in the archives of the city of Mexico and of the cities of the northern provinces of what was then the Viceroyalty of Mexico. Other information must be searched for in the city of Madrid.

By a somewhat amusing accident, nearly forty years ago, the Spanish Government, in sending to the State of Louisiana some documents relating to its early history, unintentionally revealed the fact that General James Wilkinson, who commanded our forces for many years in the valley of the Mississippi, and who made Burr think that he was his accomplice, was, in fact for most of those years, in the pay of the Spanish Governor at New Orleans. That Government understood the knack of governing better than Mr. Jefferson and his friends, who thought at

that time that the world was governed too much. While Burr was organizing his expedition, the Spanish Government had its agents in every seaport city of the North. Their reports were faithfully transmitted to the governors of the northern provinces, and some of them will be found in Santa Fé, in Austin, in San Antonio, in Monterey, and probably in Chihuahua, at this day.

Of all this, however, I knew nothing in the summer of 1863, nor did I need to know anything. I did read through the three volumes of General Wilkinson's "Memoirs," a very stupid galimatias of facts and of lies. I also read through the proceedings of Burr's trial at Richmond; there are not many people in the world who can say that. In the Antiquarian Library it was easy to find the side-lights, particularly in the newspaper files. Thus the Antiquarian Library is the only place where I could examine the newspapers of the period, describing Burr's journeys. These files were useful for bits of local color, — the name of a country-dance for instance.

The plan of the story is simple; and when once ready to write I wrote it, with my own hand, as I wrote then, almost without break. At the place where the author changes, and the story comes from Danforth's pen instead of Ingham's, I sent the copy to Mr. Fields of the "Atlantic" to ask him if it would do, and to explain why it

must be printed immediately, if at all, and why printed without my name, in absolute secrecy. Fields sent back word at once that it would do, and that if he could have the rest of the copy at once it could go into the next number. I did finish it at once, I think, in one sitting. The sentimental reader may be interested to know that my own tears blotted the paper of the original manuscript.

Why it did not go into the October number nor the November number, I think I never knew. It was printed in the December number, about the middle of November. The first I knew of this was that I met James Freeman Clarke at an evening party, and he said to me, "Edward, we have been reading your story and we like it very much."

I said, "What story?"

He said, "The story of the Man without a Country."

I said, "How did you know I wrote it?"

Clarke said, "Because it says so in the index at the end of the number."

Between me and Fields the utmost caution had been observed that the article should be ascribed to Lieutenant Ingham, who is named as its author in the text. But the manuscript was in my handwriting, and the index-maker at Cambridge had not been consulted as to secrecy. He knew no reason why the world should not know what he knew; so in making the annual index, which

goes with the December number, he innocently announced my name. Mr. Fields's wish, therefore, and mine, that the article might in some quarters be ascribed to a naval officer was balked from the beginning by a well-meant blunder in the printing office.

The story took the public eye and interest. It met the taste of the patriotic public at the moment. It was copied everywhere without the slightest deference to copyright. It was, by the way, printed much more extensively in England than it was in America. Immediately there began to appear a series of speculations based on what you would have said was an unimportant error of mine. My hero is a purely imaginary character. The critics are right in saying that not only there never was such a man, but there never could have been such a man. But he had to have a name. And the choice of a name in a novel is a matter of essential importance, as it proved to be here.

I had a hero who was a young man in 1807. He knew nothing at that time but the valley of the Mississippi River. "He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer, or a French merchant from Orleans." He must have a name familiar to western people at that time. Well, I had remembered that in these preposterous memoirs of Wilkinson's, whenever he had a worse scrape than usual to explain, he

would say that the papers were lost when Mr. Nolan was imprisoned or was killed in Texas. This Mr. Nolan, as Wilkinson generally calls him, had been engaged with Wilkinson in some speculations mostly relating to horses and almost always disreputable. Remembering this, I took the name Nolan for my hero. I made my man the real man's brother. "He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas." And again: — "he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin." I had the impression that Wilkinson's partner was named Stephen, and as Philip and Stephen were both evangelists in the Bible, as indeed I once heard a distinguished Episcopal divine preach, by accident, a sermon about Philip on St. Stephen s day, I named my man Philip Nolan, on the supposition that the mother who named one son Stephen would name another Philip. It was not for a year after, that, in looking at Wilkinson's "Memoirs" again, I found, to my amazement, not to say my dismay, that Wilkinson's partner was named Philip Nolan. We had, therefore, two Philip Nolans, one a living historical character who was shot by the Spaniards on the 21st of March, 1801, at Waco, in Texas; the other a purely imaginary character invented by myself, who appears for the first time on the 23d of September, 1807, at a court-martial at Fort Adams.

Nobody but myself in New England had ever heard of Philip Nolan. But in the Southwest, in Texas and Louisiana, it was but sixty-two years since the Spaniards murdered him. In truth, it was the death of Nolan, the real Philip Nolan, killed by one Spanish governor while he held the safe-conduct of another, which roused that wave of indignation in the Southwest which ended in the independence of Texas. I think the State of Texas would do well, to-day, if it placed the statue of the real Philip Nolan in the Capitol at Washington by the side of that of Sam Houston.

Although we were at war, the "Atlantic" at once found its way into regions where the real Phil Nolan was known. A writer in the "New Orleans Picayune," in a careful historical paper, explained at length that I had been mistaken all the way through, that Philip Nolan never went to sea, but to Texas. I received a letter from a lady in Baltimore, who told me that two widowed sisters of his lived in that neighborhood. Unfortunately for me, this letter, written in perfectly good faith, was signed E. F. M. Fachtz. I was receiving many letters on the subject daily. I supposed that my correspondent was concealing her name, and was really "Eager for More Facts." When in reality I had the pleasure of meeting her a year or two afterwards, the two widowed sisters of the real Phil Nolan were both dead.

But in 1876 I was fortunate enough, on the kind invitation of Mr. Miner, to visit his family in their beautiful plantation at Terre Bonne. There I saw an old negro who was a boy when Master Phil Nolan left the old plantation on the Mississippi River for the last time. Master Phil Nolan had then married Miss Fanny Lintot, who was, I think, the aunt of my host. He permitted me to copy the miniature of the young adventurer.

I have since done my best to repair the error by which I gave Philip Nolan's name to another person, by telling the story of his fate in a book called "Philip Nolan's Friends." For the purpose of that book I studied the history of Miranda's attempt against Spain, and of John Adams's preparations for a descent of the Mississippi River. The professional historians of the United States are very reticent in their treatment of these themes. At the time when John Adams had a little army at Cincinnati, ready to go down and take New Orleans, there were no western correspondents to the Eastern Press.

Within a year after the publication of the "Man without a Country" in the "Atlantic," more than half a million copies of the story had been printed in America and in England. I had curious accounts from the army and navy of the interest with which it was read by gentlemen on duty. One of our officers lent the "Atlantic"

to a lady in the Miner family. She ran into the parlor, crying out, "Here is a man who knows all about Uncle Phil Nolan." An Ohio officer, who entered the city of Jackson, in Mississippi, with Grant, told me that he went at once to the State House. Matters were in a good deal of confusion there, and he picked up from the floor a paper containing the examination of Philip Nolan at Walnut Springs, the old name of Vicksburg. This was before the real Philip's last expedition. The United States authorities, in the execution of the neutrality laws, had called him to account, and had made him show the evidence that he had the permission of the Governor of New Orleans for his expedition.

In 1876 I visited Louisiana and Texas, to obtain material for "Philip Nolan's Friends," which was published that year as a serial in "Scribner's Magazine." I obtained there some autographs of the real Phil Nolan, and the original Spanish record of one of the trials of the survivors of his party, a trial which resulted in the cruel execution of Ephraim Blackburn, seven years after he was arrested. That whole transaction, wholly ignored by all historians of the United States known to me, is a sad blot on the American administration of the Spanish kings. Their excuse is the confusion of everything in Madrid between 1801 and 1807. The hatred of

the Mexican authorities among our frontiersmen of the Southwest is largely due to the dishonor and cruelty of those transactions.[1]

The Navy Department was occasionally asked what records it had of Phil Nolan's exile. Naturally, the gentlemen there did not like to confess ignorance. I was told, perhaps truly, that the answer generally given there was that "there was an officer kept on foreign service all his life, but that his name was not Nolan." A fine old friend of mine, an officer of marines, said seriously, when he read the story, that it was queer that while he had served on half the vessels in the service he had never met this man. Another dear old friend of mine, president of a historical society, remembered the court-martial at Fort Adams very well. I am afraid no one else had any record of it.

Admiral Davis was good enough to tell me that the term "felucca" is not used outside the Straits of Gibraltar; and in the recent editions, as in this, the "felucca" with slaves is a "schooner." With one or two other such corrections the story

[1] As this sheet passes the press, after the short Spanish war, I think it may be well to say that the universal contempt of Spain, in the lower Mississippi valley, and the hatred bred in her treachery in 1801 in this Nolan transaction, have shown themselves, bitterly enough, in the determination to administer the well deserved punishment for which Jefferson was too weak. The wheels of the gods grind — when the time comes.

in the reader's hands is the same as that published in the "Atlantic," in 1863.

About twenty years ago it was translated into German, with the omission of one or two passages, and published in a German journal. As soon as this magazine arrived here the story was retranslated, and reprinted as a German addition to American history, by the editor of the "American Magazine." This was after more than half a million copies had been printed in the English language. The accident is an excellent illustration of the truth, that thus far no book has ever been published. It is to be wished that "publishers" could be made to understand this.

I learned, to my great pleasure, that it was translated into Spanish, and printed in Peru for the encouragement of the patriots of that country in their contest with Chile.

I have been glad to learn that it has proved a useful reading-book in the higher classes of the schools in Minnesota, in Wisconsin, and other States.

EDWARD E. HALE.

The Man without a Country

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the "New York Herald" of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement, —

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette 'Levant,' Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinaw, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the "Herald." My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as we go on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the "Levant" who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that

poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown, — and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuck[illegible] or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields, — who was in the Navy Department when he came home, — he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non*

mi ricordo," determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and re-wrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were

still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district-attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day — his arrival — to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said, — really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried,

and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough, — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped, — rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy, —

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the

plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him.

I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say, —

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added, —

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them, — certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the "Nautilus" got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after.

Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy — it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember — was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted, — perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men, — we are all old enough now, — regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the "Intrepid," some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way: —

"WASHINGTON (with a date which must have been late in 1807).

"SIR, — You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed,

with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, for the

"Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my

sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the "Levant" has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room, — he always had a state-room, — which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was

sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the "Brandywine," which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that

alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be on

day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said," —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically, —

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand? —
If such there breathe, go, mark him well," —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over

two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on, —

> "For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self," —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And when we came back to the Cape I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his state-room he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him, — very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, — I remember late in his life hearing him fairly

eloquen· on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons, — but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home, — if, as I say, it was Shaw, — rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle-soup before they came home. But after several days the "Warren" came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps, — that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise — it was once when he was up the Mediterranean — that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of

those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the "Warren" I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the "Warren," or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's state-room for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travellers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady — Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps, — called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred

as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to, — the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said, — so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say, —

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed, and said, —

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," — just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had

known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a Godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly, — a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after, —

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" — and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. — He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask;" and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel o Thomas Jef-

ferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, — and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round-shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, — who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, — perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck, — sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, — showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, — making

the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, — and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said, —

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; the commodore said, —

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said, —

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, he said, —

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the despatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the despatches.

It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter, — that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair after

wards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours, respectively, of each day. "Then,"

said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;* but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them, — why Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the

horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain, — a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this

boat it was my luck to go. When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their hand-cuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu slick up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:—

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I 'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and

tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas*," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said: —

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and

paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said: —

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a

country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "O,

f anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr, — asking him how he liked

to be "without a country." But it is clear fr Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have, at the same time, to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country, — that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to exe-

crate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it, — from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin,

at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit, — so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously: —

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California — this virgin province, in which his brother had travelled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say, —

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment, — rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the "Levant," a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating

the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter: —

"LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED: — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom, — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, — and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about hi

book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, — and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvellous kindness,' — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' — and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: —

"'*In Memory of*

"'PHILIP NOLAN,

"'*Lieutenant of the Army of the United States.*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

MY DOUBLE,

AND HOW HE UNDID ME

MY DOUBLE,

AND HOW HE UNDID ME

ONE OF THE INGHAM PAPERS

[This story, first published in the "Atlantic" in 1859, was pronounced by a Boston journal "improbable." I have always agreed with that newspaper.

But it has always been a favorite story with clergymen in New England placed in a position like Mr. Ingham's in Naguadavick. It does not exaggerate the various calls of what is called professional duty made upon them.]

IT is not often that I trouble the readers of the "Atlantic Monthly." I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics, from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that

public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping. To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town, — cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation," — to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and make both infinite by glimpes of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, that this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself

and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the "Mayflower," and putting into the fire the alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc), — besides these, I say (imitating the style of Robinson Crusoe), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional, — for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was in a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. For Richard Greenough once told me, that, in studying for the statue of Franklin, he found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will go and look at the bronze statue you will find he has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard. But Dr. Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And — choicest gift of Fate in all — he

had, not "a strawberry mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the Judge what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

O the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four

speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air,—

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there was never a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house

I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace-fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and, in the neighborhood, there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. One becomes a member under the regulations laid down in old Judge Dudley's will. I became one by being ordained pastor of a church in Naguadavick. You see you cannot help yourself if you would. At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each, — wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe.

But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for our four hours, and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together. But on the first appearance of my double, — whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting, — he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way, — read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them), — and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room, finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual — and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I.

I "set him again" at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a "speaking part," — as, in my boyish, worldly

days, I remember the bills used to say of Mlle. Celeste. We are all trustees of the New Coventry Academy; and there has lately been "a good deal of feeling" because the Sandemanian trustees did not regularly attend the exhibitions. It has been intimated, indeed, that the Sandemanians are leaning towards Free-Will, and that we have, therefore, neglected these semi-annual exhibitions, while there is no doubt that Auchmuty last year went to Commencement at Waterville. Now the head master at New Coventry is a real good fellow, who knows a Sanskrit root when he sees it, and often cracks etymologies with me; so that, in strictness, I ought to go to their exhibitions. But think, reader, of sitting through three long July days in that Academy chapel, following the programme from

TUESDAY MORNING. *English Composition.* "SUNRISE." Miss Jones.

round to —

Trio on Three Pianos. Duel from the Opera of "Midshipman Easy." *Marryat.*

coming in at nine, Thursday evening! Think of this, reader, for men who know the world is trying to go backward, and who would give their lives if they could help it on! Well! The double had succeeded so well at the Board, that I sent him to the Academy. (Shade of Plato, pardon!) He arrived early on Tuesday, when,

indeed, few but mothers and clergymen are generally expected, and returned in the evening to us, covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, and he spoke in high terms of the repast. The chairman had expressed his interest in the French conversation. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis; and the poor chairman, abashed, supposed the accent had been wrong. At the end of the day the gentlemen present had been called upon for speeches, — the Rev. Frederic Ingham first, as it happened; upon which Dennis had risen, and had said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time." The girls were delighted, because Dr. Dabney, the year before, had given them at this occasion a scolding on impropriety of behavior at lyceum lectures. They all declared Mr. Ingham was a love, — and *so* handsome! (Dennis is good-looking.) Three of them, with arms behind the others' waists, followed him up to the wagon he rode home in; and a little girl with a blue sash had been sent to give him a rosebud. After this *début* in speaking, he went to the exhibition for two days more, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. Indeed, Polly reported that he had pronounced the trustees' dinners of a higher grade than those of the parsonage. When the next term began I found six of the Academy girls had obtained permission to come across the river and attend our church. But this arrangement did not long continue.

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me, always voting judiciously, by the simple rule mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I, meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the associations of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham 's a good fellow, always on hand;" "never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time;" "is not as unpunctual as he used to be; he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc., etc.

This voting power of Dennis was particularly valuable at the quarterly meetings of the proprietors of the Naguadavick Ferry. My wife inherited from her father some shares in that enterprise, which is not yet fully developed, though it doubtless will become a very valuable property. The law of Maine then forbade stockholders to appear by proxy at such meetings. Polly disliked to go, not being, in fact, a "hens'-rights hen," transferred her stock to me. I, after going once, disliked it more than she. But Dennis went to the next meeting, and liked it very much. He said the armchairs were good, the collation good, and the free rides to stockholders pleasant. He was a little frightened when they first took him

upon one of the ferry-boats, but after two or three quarterly meetings he became quite brave.

Thus far I never had any difficulty with him. Indeed, being, as I implied, of that type which is called shiftless, he was only too happy to be told daily what to do, and to be charged not to be forthputting or in any way original in his discharge of that duty. He learned, however, to discriminate between the lines of his life, and very much preferred these stockholders' meetings and trustees' dinners and Commencement collations to another set of occasions, from which he used to beg off most piteously. Our excellent brother, Dr. Fillmore, had taken a notion at this time that our Sandemanian churches needed more expression of mutual sympathy. He insisted upon it that we were remiss. He said that if the bishop came to preach at Naguadavick all the Episcopal clergy of the neighborhood were present; if Dr. Pond came, all the Congregational clergymen turned out to hear him; if Dr. Nichols, all the Unitarians; and he thought we owed it to each other, that, whenever there was an occasional service at a Sandemanian church, the other brethren should all, if possible, attend. "It looked well," if nothing more. Now this really meant that I had not been to hear one of Dr. Fillmore's lectures on the Ethnology of Religion. He forgot that he did not hear one of my course on the "Sandemanianism of Anselm." But I felt badly when he said it; and afterwards I always

made Dennis go to hear all the brethren preach, when I was not preaching myself. This was what he took exceptions to, — the only thing, as I said, which he ever did except to. Now came the advantage of his long morning nap, and of the green tea with which Polly supplied the kitchen. But he would plead, so humbly, to be let off, only from one or two! I never excepted him, however. I knew the lectures were of value, and I thought it best he should be able to keep the connection.

Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges', when they will be sure to ask why you are away!" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined, let me off by saying that if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of

the supper-table, — and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star-*entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges' grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it, and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library-door, and in an instant presented him to Dr. Ochterlony, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a

scowl from Polly, "I 'm very glad you liked it." But Dr. Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listening like a prime-minister, and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. Polly declared it was just like Haliburton's Latin conversation with the Hungarian minister, of which he is very fond of telling. "*Quæne sit historia Reformationis in Ungariâ?*" quoth Haliburton, after some thought. And his *confrère* replied gallantly, "*In seculo decimo tertio,*" etc., etc., etc.; and from *decimo tertio*[1] to the nineteenth century and a half lasted till the oysters came. So was it that before Dr. Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis, and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit; and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his

[1] Which means, "In the thirteenth century," my dear little bell and coral reader. You have rightly guessed that the question means "What is the history of the Reformation in Hungary?"

speeches to the judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and camomile-flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all, — except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub, from our own currants, you know. My own mother, that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4, — "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room," — which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens expecting to understand, caught him up instantly

with "Well, I 'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you, — though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till the move upstairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and dentals. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: "We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, "Thank you, ma'am; she is very rearason wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the

card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she sternly refused. At midnight they came home delighted, — Polly, as I said, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening."

We always called him Dennis at home, for convenience, though his real name was Frederic Ingham, as I have explained. When the election day came round, however, I found that by some accident there was only one Frederic Ingham's name on the voting-list; and as I was quite busy that day in writing some foreign letters to Halle, I thought I would forego my privilege of suffrage, and stay quietly at home, telling Dennis that he might use the record on the voting-list, and vote. I gave him a ticket, which I told him he might use if he liked to. That was that very sharp election in Maine which the readers of the "Atlantic" so well remember, and it had been intimated in public that the ministers would do well not to appear at the polls. Of course, after that, we had to appear by self or proxy. Still, Naguadavick was not then a city, and this standing in a double queue at town-meeting several hours to vote was a bore of the first water; and so when I found that there was but one Frederic Ingham on the list, and that one of us must give up, I stayed at home and finished the letters (which, indeed, procured for Fothergill his coveted appointment of Profes-

sor of Astronomy at Leavenworth), and I gave Dennis, as we called him, the chance. Something in the matter gave a good deal of popularity to the Frederic Ingham name; and at the adjourned election, next week, Frederic Ingham was chosen to the legislature. Whether this was I or Dennis I never really knew. My friends seemed to think it was I; but I felt that as Dennis had done the popular thing, he was entitled to the honor; so I sent him to Augusta when the time came, and he took the oaths. And a very valuable member he made. They appointed him on the Committee on Parishes; but I wrote a letter for him, resigning, on the ground that he took an interest in our claim to the stumpage in the minister's sixteenths of Gore A, next No. 7, in the 10th Range. He never made any speeches, and always voted with the minority, which was what he was sent to do. He made me and himself a great many good friends, some of whom I did not afterwards recognize as quickly as Dennis did my parishioners. On one or two occasions, when there was wood to saw at home, I kept him at home; but I took those occasions to go to Augusta myself. Finding myself often in his vacant seat at these times, I watched the proceedings with a good deal of care; and once was so much excited that I delivered my somewhat celebrated speech on the Central School-District question, a speech of which the "State of Maine" printed some extra copies. I believe there is no

formal rule permitting strangers to speak; but no one objected.

Dennis himself, as I said, never spoke at all. But our experience this session led me to think that if, by some such "general understanding" as the reports speak of in legislation daily, every member of Congress might leave a double to sit through those deadly sessions and answer to roll-calls and do the legitimate party-voting, which appears stereotyped in the regular list of Ashe, Bocock, Black, etc., we should gain decidedly in working-power. As things stand, the saddest State prison I ever visit is that Representatives' Chamber in Washington. If a man leaves for an hour, twenty "correspondents" may be howling, "Where was Mr. Prendergast when the Oregon bill passed?" And if poor Prendergast stays there! Certainly the worst use you can make of a man is to put him in prison!

I know, indeed, that public men of the highest rank have resorted to this expedient long ago. Dumas's novel of the "Iron Mask" turns on the brutal imprisonment of Louis the Fourteenth's double. There seems little doubt, in our own history, that it was the real General Pierce who shed tears when the delegate from Lawrence explained to him the sufferings of the people there, and only General Pierce's double who had given the orders for the assault on that town, which was invaded the next day. My charming friend, George Withers, has, I am almost sure, a double,

who preaches his afternoon sermons for him. This is the reason that the theology often varies so from that of the forenoon. But that double is almost as charming as the original. Some of the most well-defined men, who stand out most prominently on the background of history, are in this way stereoscopic men, who owe their distinct relief to the slight differences between the doubles. All this I know. My present suggestion is simply the great extension of the system, so that all public machine-work may be done by it.

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets, begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or

"our town," or "our country," or "our State," should be fully represented. And I fell back to that charming life which in boyhood one dreams of, when he supposes he shall do his own duty and make his own sacrifices, without being tied up with those of other people. My rusty Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English began to take polish. Heavens! how little I had done with them while I attended to my *public* duties! My calls on my parishioners became the friendly, frequent, homelike sociabilities they were meant to be, instead of the hard work of a man goaded to desperation by the sight of his lists of arrears. And preaching! what a luxury preaching was when I had on Sunday the whole result of an individual, personal week, from which to speak to a people whom all that week I had been meeting as hand-to-hand friend; — I, never tired on Sunday, and in condition to leave the sermon at home, if I chose, and preach it extempore, as all men should do always. Indeed, I wonder, when I think that a sensible people, like ours, — really more attached to their clergy than they were in the lost days, when the Mathers and Nortons were noblemen, — should choose to neutralize so much of their ministers' lives, and destroy so much of their early training, by this undefined passion for seeing them in public. It springs from our balancing of sects. If a spirited Episcopalian takes an interest in the almshouse, and is put on the

Poor Board, every other denomination must have a minister there, lest the poorhouse be changed into St. Paul's Cathedral. If a Sandemanian is chosen president of the Young Men's Library, there must be a Methodist vice-president and a Baptist secretary. And if a Universalist Sunday-School Convention collects five hundred delegates, the next Congregationalist Sabbath-School Conference must be as large, "lest 'they' — whoever *they* may be — should think 'we' — whoever *we* may be — are going down."

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools, — she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days, and in these of our log-cabin again. But all this could not last; and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow, once a minister, — I will call him Isaacs, — who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he

closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home, — yes, right through the other side, — not disturbed, not frightened by his own success, — and, breathless, found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it, — got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint! — he ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not

speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after he came back, and told Polly that they had promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report, and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper, — it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies, — she knew Dennis was at home, — and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned, wild with excitement, — in a perfect Irish fury, — which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges' name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really

ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he. The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield! He had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess-club. "The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school-committee. "I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said, "Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally. But the

people cried, "Go on! go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It 's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The poor Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him, — not in time, however. The same gallery-boy shouted, "How 's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker." The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, — stating, that they were all dogs and cowards, and the sons of dogs and cowards, — that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his

Riverence and the Misthress bade me say," cried he, in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the city marshal, who had been called in, and the superintendent of my Sunday-School.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the "Atlantic" will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No! My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9 in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries," which I hope to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.

THE RAG-MAN AND THE RAG-WOMAN

THE RAG-MAN AND THE RAG-WOMAN

[I was tempted to write out this passage of Mr. Haliburton's memoirs by a few words which fell from one of our most distinguished students of social order. He told me of the hint he had received from a great paper maker, of the wastefulness of burning paper stock which cost $220 a ton. And he urged some of us whom he supposed interested in publication, to start a magazine for the people, which, in teaching them how to live, — which the American people do not know, — should inculcate at the same time the lesson of frugality, which, in the unheard of bounty of nature throughout the land, the American people has yet to learn. Whoever shall undertake that magazine will have it in his power to teach a great lesson to our people, if he can make them read it. Not waiting for its appearance, I offered as my contribution to the first number of the "Atlantic Almanac" the really tempting results of the honest frugalities of Mr. and Mrs. Haliburton. — F. I.]

"IT was a downfall, indeed, — or it seemed so then.

"There was I, as comfortable a young fellow as wore nice kid gloves in Boston. My place was easy enough and hard enough. My salary was eighteen hundred a year. I had a reasonable vacation. I liked the other clerks, and they liked

me. I understood my business, as it proved, only too well. Best of all, perhaps, I had fitted up my two rooms at Mrs. Thayer's as prettily as heart could wish. The bed was large enough, and you could air the bedroom. The carpets were ingrain, of small figure; they were cheap, but of that dark claret and black which give a warm tone and make things feel comfortable. Not too many pictures, — but those hung low enough. Not too many books, but the free list at the old Boston Library, four or five cards at the Public Library, and three or four friends on the staff there, a minister's right at the Athenæum, and a pleasant intimacy with Loring. I owed no man a dollar. I had no enemy in the world. I was at home in a dozen nice cordial families of friends; and what more could man require?

"Of a sudden the bolt fell! Or is it a sword that falls? I believe it is a sword. Make it 'sword,' Mr. Proof-Reader. Of a sudden the sword fell!

"Thus: —

"The office that I was in was the newly established 'Methuselah and Admetus Life-Assurance Company.' To say Assurance, instead of Insurance, is rather natty; it sounds English, and people fancy the Barings and the Bank of England pay the bills. 'Methuselah' was to attract the biblical, and 'Admetus' the classical gudgeons. For, though the great hope of the man who insures his life is that he may be beloved of the

gods and so die young, yet practically people insure in the vague feeling that they thus take a bond against Death, or turn him the cold shoulder. It is somewhat as you carry an umbrella in the hope of preventing rain.

"We had got our advertisements and prospectuses out, and really we had a great many new features. If you held our scrip eleven years and four months, and then did not sell it for two years and one month more, at the end of that time we declared a dividend of four-nineteenths of all the profits before undivided, after striking a balance between two-elevenths of the risks, and seventy-three per cent of the premiums, reserving, of course, $37,273,642.17 to secure the cousins of the bondholders. That feature may have been in some other companies, but I never saw it. We had a very fine sign in front of our office in Queen Street, with a picture of Methuselah kissing Admetus, and Alcestis crying in the corner, because her husband could not die, I believe. Within, we had a velvet carpet for the president's room, a tapestry carpet for the director's room, English brussels for the secretary's, American brussels for ours, and that nice, clear Russian mat, that smells so pleasantly of tar, for the customers. We had comfortable chairs, and all the newspapers.

"I should have been there to this hour, I suppose, but that one day a very stupid customer came in. Not but this often happened. But this

day the president found his velvet lonesome, and had come forward into our office. I thought he was reading the 'Cornhill,' but, as it happened, he was listening over his spectacles to me. That sentence is not quite right, but I cannot alter it. People do not listen over their spectacles, — they listen over their collars; they 'peek' over their spectacles. Perhaps he did that too.

"Well, I explained and explained to the customer, who finally went away without customing. He took the little pink book, and the large blue pamphlet, and the card with the head of Methuselah, and both the little cards, but he did not take out a policy, and he did not say he would. I am sure I did not wonder, but it seems the president did.

"'What did you say to that man?' said he.

"'I explained the system of Life Insurance, — I mean Life Assurance,' said I, 'as well as I could.'

"'Yes,' said the president. 'But what did you tell him about invalid lives?'

"'Oh, I had shown him the Northampton tables, and the Carlisle tables, and the Equitable tables, and I repeated to him Cowper's lines to the Registrar.'

"'I know, I know,' said the president, who is a little hasty, though he is my Aunt Lucy's brother-in-law, which accounts for my being there indeed. 'I know all that, but what were you saying about invalid lives?'

"'Why, I explained to him that nothing was so

certain as the average law of death. We had these tables, — and so we knew, on an average, just how long people would live. And we fixed our risk accordingly, so as to meet the average. And he asked me why he was to go to a medical examiner then. And I told him that it was because we only wanted to insure healthy lives. And he asked me whether only healthy lives came into the tables of mortality, — whether they were only healthy people who lived in Carlisle and Northampton and the rest, — and why we did not do our business on our own principles, and take healthy people and sick people together. And I told him that if the company did not make any profit we could not keep up the office. And he asked me why we did not say so in the prospectus, and what was the use of making so much talk about the certainty of the average of mortality, when we had nothing to do with the average of mortality, but only with some of the best lives in the community. I told him that was our business, and not his. And he said he thought the profit of the business ought to come to the people who paid the money. And I said if he thought that, he had better go to a mutual company; he would find one the other side of the street. And then he went away.'

"It was the longest address I ever made to my aunt's brother-in-law, and it did not seem to be satisfactory. He scowled and said, 'I don't wonder.' And then he went away.

"The next day I received a note informing me that my services were no longer needed. He enclosed a check for the balance due me, — fifty-seven dollars and eleven cents, — and that was all. I took my umbrella and my office coat, bade the clerks good-by, and went home. And I have never been there since."

We were sitting in Haliburton's smoking-room in his nice house on Commonwealth Avenue, when he told me the story above repeated. It is the only house I thoroughly like in Boston. He bought eight lots, and so got a front of near two hundred feet. Then he was able to extend his house on the floor, instead of running it up into sky-parlors. He was able to have the air on every side, as they have in Sybaris, — and a little garden on every side too. If I had been he, I would have had no staircase but those which went into the cellars. But he yielded to the popular taste enough to have his house two stories high. If you care to look for it I think you will find it between Fairfield Street and George the Third Street, — if that is the next in the alphabetical order.

We had just dined; the girls had gone up to see the babies, and Haliburton told me this story. It was a bad tumble, I said, and I asked how he got out of it.

"Well," said Haliburton, "they say everything is an accident. For me, I say nothing is. You

shall judge. I went home to my pretty crimson and black ingrain carpet, and I thought I looked my last on it. The rent was paid till the end of that month. And what was I to do then? I could not dig, and the one thing I was sure of was that I would not borrow. I was a little blue, I can tell you, when George Plunkett, whom I had met at Lebanon not long before, came in. He was down in Boston, it seemed. I tried to be hospitable, found two chairs for him; we talked over the Columbia House and the rest, — what had become of the partners of the summer, — and I offered him a cigar.

"As it happened, I twisted up the back of a letter for him to light it with, and so it happened that you and I are here.

"For Plunkett lighted the cigar, — gave me back the paper, — I lighted mine, and threw the rest of the scrap into the grate.

"He made sure of his light, and then said, 'So you burn paper here?'

"'Why, I burnt that,' said I, 'because I had to light the cigars. For a regular fuel I burn Lehigh coal.'

"'Pretty expensive fuel,' said Plunkett, 'to burn paper at two hundred and twenty dollars a ton.'

"I suppose at another time I should have let it go with a laugh. But I felt wretchedly poor, and was not above sixpences, I can tell you. Plunkett, who is a thorough gentleman, would gladly

have dropped the subject with his joke; but when I pressed him, he said, earnestly enough, that they had occasion to see the shocking extravagance of the country in their business, that they were at their wits' end to get material for paper, — this was in the war when paper stock was very high; that every man in the country was paying twice as much for his newspaper as he need pay, because every man and every woman was wasting like all the Danaides together; and that that was what had moved him to speak. If I felt sore he would apologize.

"No! I did not feel a bit sore. To tell the truth, even then, I felt a little comforted. And when Plunkett went away, — good fellow, he and his wife are coming to stay with us when the Italians are here, — send Polly round to see her, — I say, when he went away, I got up to examine my stock-in trade. And I made this calculation.

"I could stay with Mrs. Thayer, and live just as before, for four dollars and ninety-three cents a day. That is, I could pay my board; I could send home two hundred dollars to my mother; keep up the policy on my life at the old New England Mutual; lay out a hundred and fifty on my summer journey; and have as much for the poor-box, or any poor rascal that had not thriven as well as I. Four dollars and ninety-three cents, with old paper at eleven cents a pound, would be forty-five pounds a day. Thunder! Had not there been days in the past week when I

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had given away more than that weight of prospectuses? I think poor Dennis would say so, who used to carry them to the post-office! Let me see what I had got on hand.

"1st. Eleven volumes of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' or, rather, fifty-five numbers. By a curious fatality there were regularly two numbers lost in every year, so I never could bind them. Lucky for me now. For, if they had been books, I might not have thought of them. I took them down, blew off the dust, — and 'hefted' them. Wished I had practised more often on cakes at fairs. Could not guess the weight. So,

"2d. I took down one hundred and eighty-one old 'Harpers,' 'hefted' them.

"3d. Files of the 'Transcript' and 'Advertiser,' not bound for four years. How fortunate that I had had this passion for filing journals. And never once had I unrolled one of the files!

"4th. Play-bills, concert-bills, private theatrical programmes, &c., &c., from a large travelling-trunk, where they had been waiting for me to find the leisure to file them.

"5th. Envelopes for the last eighteen months. I had pitched them all into two empty coal-barrels in my wood-closet for some philanthropist to take off stamps for one of the postage-stamp people who are to be fitted for the University by the dextrine on the back of a million cancelled stamps. Nobody had appeared to claim them; so

here was an accumulation of about seven cubic feet of paper, pretty tightly crammed down.

"6th. Reports of charitable societies, copies of the laws, quarterly school reports, and a thousand other pamphlets which I had always kept, I knew not why till now; on the principle of the Chinese, whom I was now learning to respect as a most intelligent nation, never to destroy a piece of paper.

"All these I piled together in a corner of my bedroom, and I gloated over them. I did not know how much they weighed, but I fancied that they weighed a great deal more than they proved to. Not that I deceived myself for an instant. I knew that here were the accumulations of six years. I knew that in sending them to the mill I was but cutting down the ancestral oaks. Still, if by so doing I could be learning how to sell oak timber, and at the same time could plant new acorns for new harvests, and could myself subsist till those new harvests budded, bourgeoned, and fell before the axe, my modest destiny was secure. To this future I addressed myself. I saw I had first to arrange for my sales. Then I had to arrange for packing and transportation; and, essential to the whole, I had to be sure of the sources of supply. But when I thought of the acres of useless paper which were thrust every day across my line of march, I could not but hope that they were thick enough, in all their flimsiness, to weigh, on the average, forty-five pounds.

"If the thing were to be done, of course it was to be done with system. I remember perfectly the feeling with which I lay in wait for Nolan the teamster, whom we used to employ at the store, and arranged with him to call at my side door early Tuesday morning as he drove down for his day's work. Nolan was fond of me, for I had many a night kept the store open that he might get through his jobs the easier, when I was the youngest apprentice. And I arranged on very cheap terms that he should call early in the morning every Tuesday for my stock, and that on Friday night, as he came home after the day's work, he should bring me home a crockery crate from Basset's. Cronyn, you know, who is now in the East Indies, arranged about crates for me. I found I could not manage to have them returned to me after they were emptied. Eventually it proved best only to send off one every fortnight. All this detail stands out in my memory now as freshly as if it were yesterday. It was like a boy's examination to enter college. It was really, to me, the shoving off into a wholly new career.

"But I do not mean to tell you the details, even of that whole year, as I tell you this beginning. Many a begging circular, many a shop advertisement, stuck into my letter-box, many an explanation from Jew oculist about his pebble glasses, and from eclectic physician about the days he would be in Boston and the days he would not, many a notification from Mr. Secretary

McCleary that I was to give in my ballot, many a hint from the water commissioner that I must not waste Cochituate, went into my Balaam basket, of which no sign is left beyond what is in my little day-books yonder, and those, I think, will never be edited by living man, or by admiring biographer of mine.

"It is — if you will think of it — a very strange passion we have in our age, this of printing circulars. So far as I know, it works no good under heaven, excepting to ragmen and to printers. No one answers a begging circular, no man goes to the exhibition which is announced by a printed circular, no one remembers even the number in the street on the corn-doctor's card. Yet we print them and send them round as a salve for a wounded conscience. It is as people leave cards when they cannot call. I know I ought to ask John to contribute ten dollars to the Orphan Asylum; I hate to do it, and I therefore excuse myself by printing a hundred circulars, asking a hundred Johns to contribute, and leaving them at a hundred doors. Or, it is as people leave tracts. The Master virtually prohibited sowing seed by the wayside; he said the Devil ate up all such seed, and he most certainly does; he said that if we had any seed to sow, we should sow it in good ground; that we were not to stop to talk by the wayside, and, if we could possibly help it, we were never to waste any seed there. Yet there are even Tract Societies that, for want of good

ground, print what they call 'Wayside Series,' and give them to children in the streets, or people who want shaving-paper, or leave them on the seats of rail-road cars. As if Infinite Wisdom had not taken pains to prohibit that very thing.

"These tracts have given me infinite trouble. Because, in forty-five pounds of paper, a good many of them would stray in, and I always had to pick them out and get them back to the offices they started from once a year. I made that distinction between people who wanted to save my soul and people who wanted to line their own pockets. And, while I sent a quack doctor's almanac relentlessly to the mill, I always returned to the office that issued it any short-metre guide to heaven that in its kindness it had sent to me.

"Well, here is one of the day-books; you see how methodical I grew. I knew, as I say, that I could not rely on past accumulations. My business was practically to develop such a movement as should bring into those rooms forty-five pounds of paper a day. The receipts varied with the season. After Congress met, the mail supply was always the largest; next to that generally the 'delivery' boys; and least, my own walks. But on election days, or when there was a circus, I often picked up in the streets as much as the boys brought to my door. There, over here, December 31st, is the footing carried out for that year, you see:—

	lbs.	*oz.*
Mail	13,623	4
Delivery	2,119	3
Pockets	1,863	11

By delivery, I mean things poked under the door or into the box.

"'What are pockets?' Oh, I had my exercise to keep up, you know, and I had really a good deal to do in so large a business as I soon carried on with the manufacturers. So, after allowing an hour after breakfast to set the batteries running, I walked down town and met all the boys who thrust papers in your face, — always was pleasant to them, — read what they gave me, and put it in my pocket. If you have leisure for such things, you meet at the reading-rooms and libraries a great many men who would not have thought of you, who ask if you have seen their statement of the method of resuming specie payment, and hand you a copy. As old as you and I are, you are entitled to a good many things by dint of old assessments. You are entitled to a copy of the laws, and the catalogues of a vast number of schools and libraries, to the School Committee's Report, and many other things for which you pay taxes, and it is but fair that you should have back some return. In fact, if you only will take such things, there are a great many people in the world eager to get them out of their offices. Do you not know that the last phase of the Smithson, in diffusing knowledge, is that they circulate

straight t of s[illegible]t [illegible]kets. I told them I sh[illegible]e them, b[illegible]t they made me take the[illegible]he Ward Ten office. They pressed [illegible]e there. Told them I had voted [illegible]y. They seemed to want to get rid of the things. Called on Fergus. He asked me to accept some Reports on Emigration which had been sent him from Belgium. Told him I had no use for them (which was not true). He said they were in his way. Passed ward-room of Ward Eight. More tickets. Told them I had voted. They would crowd them on me. Called on Mrs. Fettyplace. She gave me memoir of her husband's uncle. Stopped at Longmans'. They asked me to notice their reprint of Gulliver. Said they would send it home.

"Home at eleven. Large mail. Clara's wedding cards. What a nice girl she is, and he is a good fellow. Cards thick and heavy. Four of them, too. Two lottery advertisements; a pamphlet about Sozodont; a prospectus of building-lots; circulars of three joint-stock companies; requests to furnish my works for the Adelphic

brisk. The [illegible] but I would not take them. [illegible]e; notices of auction sale at Greenvi[illegible]p opened in Tyler Street; of opposit[illegible] No. 111 Fulton Street; and of [illegible] Lowell Street. Dined at club.

"Afternoon. Our majority is immen[illegible], they say. Witherspoon, who had been at work all day, trying to run in Ingham to the Legislature on a split ticket, came home to take a cigar. Ingham had but four votes, after all. Witherspoon left here all the tickets he had not distributed. I could not make him take them with him. He seemed cross and out of spirits. Did not stay long. Afternoon mail good. Exhibit of National Steamship Company; three life insurance circulars; memorial for signature against liquor law; another for it. Representation (too late) that Waldo was left off the ticket by a cabal; another (also too late), that he was not. Circular requesting all Republicans to contribute for the expenses of headquarters. Four other circulars. Full set of documents of Anti-take-hold-of-the-Fork Society, forwarded by Isaacs, good fellow.

...; two quack
...ut ashes Tues-
...e cha... gi... ...s moved to the
... street; t... ...rye has a new
pa... ...rm will be F... & Co.

"Ca... Be...ha by appointment, and took her to ... oward. Maggie Mitchell. They have a n... tyle of bills, — a little newspaper. Brought Be...ha's home by mistake, but sent it to her afterwards.

		lbs.	*oz.*
"Account for day,	Mail	37	11
	Pockets (3 walks) . .	8	9
	Delivery, papers, &c. .	5	2
		51	6

"A good day. Oh! *Si sic omnia!*"

I handed back the book to Haliburton, a little puzzled. I said I did not see how he came to have so many of these things. I had more or less of them, — more than I had ever known what to do with, indeed, more rather than less. But I never had quite forty-five pounds in a day, I thought.

"As to that," said he, "you have had more than you think for. As Plunkett said, a vast deal goes in fuel which you are not aware of. But, I confess, I cultivated my crop. I am, and always was, curious that way. And when I once found that 'lists of respectable names' were considered 'property' in this world, bought and sold by

people who dist
bragged of, I sa
in on as many
day, in perfect
they advertise
time-keeper. I got my dial, and fo
do you think that letter put my nam
and once a month, I suppose, I now
tery prospectuses, — schemes for making money out of nothing, proposals to become an agent in this or that rascality, I know not what. There is no way known to me by which to get your name off one of these 'lists,' and so I even turn the circulars into white paper as soon as I may.

"I suppose the largest single return I ever got was by starting 'The Unfortunates' Magazine.' I studied the thing with care, and it turned out well. Magazines do not always; but that is because the publishers are over-ambitious. We only printed two hundred and fifty copies of 'The Unfortunates' to begin with. We sent them free to ladies' schools and colleges. We got very few subscribers. We never had two hundred and fifty, and never had to print five hundred copies. We had good large type and cheap paper, so that it was not very burdensome; only forty-eight pages a number, you know. And we had, I can tell you, contributions by the hundred-weight. The rule was to be very generous to new contributors, and we got the reputation in the Sigma Delta Societies, and United Sisters, and all that

...ng many of the younger and ...hink Marie Montrose and Nan- ...nd Olive Oglethorp and Pollie ... ...nsie Quiggle all made their first appearan... ...re the public in 'The Unfortunates' Ma... ...e.' The year we offered our first premiums, ...y dollars for the best story, twenty-five for the second, and twenty for the third, — all manuscripts to be at our disposition, — we had enormous receipts. I think we had four thousand and odd pounds of manuscript. Stock was very high that year, and thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds paid the prizes, so the rest was clear profit."

I suggested that it was hard-earned profit, if Haliburton had to read all the manuscripts. But he explained that it would be entirely improper for the editor himself to make the decision, and that the custom was to select a committee of clergymen of different denominations to read the papers and award the prizes. "We sorted out a dozen or two," said he, "that seemed to be worth saving, but really it was a charity to society to put the rest into the pulp-mill."

"And I do not mean to say," said he, "that I had no conscience about the pulp-mill. If I could have dumped in all the paper that came, without opening envelopes, it would have been another thing. In fact, I only felt at liberty to do so where men were trying to use me to serve their own interest. Then I thought tit for tat

was fair. You would be sur
know how easily a wave would g
ham coaxed me out of twenty dol
College one day; I wish it ha
thousand. Then my poor twenty ...nted in
his acknowledgment of contribu s. From
that hour to this I have received begging circulars for every cause that has a name under heaven, having got my name, I suppose, upon the 'list' of somebody that manages such matters."

The people wanted to clear the dinner-table, and we went into the back-parlor and sat on the veranda. There Haliburton told me the other half of the story.

"I had been in the paper business more than a year," he said, "and I found it was a cash business, needing and giving no credit, and therefore a comfortable one, when one day, as I was coming home, I was poking through Oswego Street, when a pretty little girl in front of me ran suddenly into the middle of the street. I saw in a moment that she was chasing a bit of rag which was blown off the sidewalk. Poor child; she was not quick enough, or she was too eager; she tripped and fell, — struck her head heavily and did not, at the moment, rise again. I ran after the little thing, and found her stunned by the blow. I carried her into the grocer's shop, washed her, and waited till she came to. She was confused for a few minutes, and then said she could go home, — that

she knew she [illegible]. She asked eagerly for her large bag, which I gave her, — and tried to take it with her.

"But this I would not have. I carried the bag, and led her; or rather she led me, into one of the parallel South Cove streets there. I fairly carried her up three flights of stairs, and there, in attic rooms as sweet and pretty as ever Rigolette's were, we found her sister.

"A charming person, I can tell you. I thought so then, and I have never changed my mind. Broad, sunny forehead, large hazel, wondering eyes, perfectly cut nose, rather large mouth, — all this tells nothing, I know, — head wonderfully poised, voice very sweet, ears — did I say — no bigger than little shells, hair light and dark at the same time, — but what nonsense to talk detail! Some women have an atmosphere, some do not. If they are as beautiful as Juno, it is no good if they have no atmosphere. If they have the atmosphere, I believe their cheeks might be pea-green and it would make no difference. My little girl's sister had more atmosphere than any woman I had ever seen."

Of course, I knew who Haliburton was talking about all this time, — but he had forgotten I knew, — and, as he pleased himself, I let him describe her. He then continued: —

"I told my story, and received her thanks. I saw I must not stay. I could not pretend the doctor was needed. I saw she wanted to put

Elsie to bed; so I bowed myself downstairs, and — called the next night to inquire, taking round Miss Leslie's 'Girls' Own Book,' for Elsie. And I called the next night, and I called the next night. But the third night I found Miss Anna was not at home.

"None the less, though Elsie got well obstinately soon, did I call frequently. I made another excuse for calling after Elsie was at school again, in discussing business arrangements. For it seemed that Miss Anna understood enough more of my business than I did. Since her father and mother died, she had supported herself and Walter and Elsie and little Phil by rag-picking, with its professional accompaniments of sorting and packing. I found great help from her experience and suggestions, though it was some time before I told her that I was a humble beginner in her line.

"Of course, if a woman or a man chooses to go about in rags into the dirt with a long pointed stick, as in the pictures of professional chiffonniers in the magazines and in the exhibitions, either of them may become a very disagreeable being to others or at home. But Miss Anna had no such views for Elsie or the others. Indeed, she said, the profession involved no special hardship, but that of very early hours for the children. She had them up before it was light every blessed day. They had a very merry breakfast, always by lamplight. Then she started them, Walter alone,

Elsie and Philip together, with their wagons. They were just such wagons as boys call 'trucks,' with champagne-baskets tied on. The children spent an hour, — much more in summer, — in going to the "out-door places" as they called them. I coaxed them one morning to let me go with them. They knew every back door of every large workshop, where there would be any form of shred swept out by lazy or careless porter. They knew as well what shops were well administered, so that there would be no need even of looking at the gutter. To my surprise they did not stop for paper. Elsie had said to me, when I first knew them, with perfect unconsciousness, that paper was a different business, and that her sister found it did not pay to mix them. The child did not know then why I blushed, nor did I know, — I certainly was not ashamed that I was in that branch of the calling. This hour's out-door work was a good brisk tramp, with the little wagons rattling behind in the still streets. But neither of them was half filled when we came home again, — meeting, almost, at the lower door. I said to myself that there was nothing like forty pounds, there were not five pounds in both baskets. But Walter claimed me this time, — it seemed we were to go to the 'depots' as they called them, — and now I understood matters better.

"It seemed that these nice, well-behaved children, partly, I suppose, by Miss Anna's introduc-

tion, and partly from their own good sense, had ingratiated themselves each in eight or ten of the large clothing establishments; not with the chiefs, who probably did not know that there were such children in the world, but with the parties, — younger apprentices, char-women (the proper spelling would be *chore* women, I believe), or whoever else had the last charge of cleaning up at night for the next day. In many of the work-rooms the small rags — clippings and parings — are the perquisites of these people; all larger pieces belonging, of course, to the establishment. The children had made their own bargains. From five in the afternoon till six or seven, and sometimes till nine, in the evening they were busied in these shops, — sweeping, or running errands, carrying water, doing messages for the sewing-women, according as the bargain might be. And so at each shop, every night, they left the bag of scraps which, on the morning's trip, was to be collected and carried home. They had a reputation, it was clear enough, for neatness, quickness, honesty, and good-nature. They were favorites, I could see, at all these places where they looked in for their store. At one or two Walter supplied the girls with the 'Herald;' that was the contract, he said. At one he carried up a block of ice for the water-pitcher; that was in the contract. Two or three times the night before he only nodded, but there he had done what he had bargained for. It took two trips back to their house to carry home

these collections; and when Elsie arrived, a little after us, her stores were quite as large as ours.

"The children washed themselves, told their times, and sat down to rest, while Miss Anna weighed their morning's work. Again it reminded me so of home. She marked it down in their little books, 'Elsie and Phil, twenty-six pounds three ounces. Walter, twenty-four pounds eleven ounces.' The boy doubled up his fist at his sister, but it was clear that he was glad of her success. 'I 'll beat you to-morrow,' he said. 'Dear old Morris says they are to take account of stock to-day, and that somehow that is to bring great things into my net.' And so, well pleased with the morning's tramp, they went off to school.

"'Poor things,' said Miss Anna; 'it seems hard they should have it to do. But I had a great deal rather have them with me so, than put her to sewing, or him to carrying parcels in a store. From now till five they will have only to study or to play. Then come from two to four hours of pretty hard work. But it is varied, — and so far they stand it well.'

"'Fifty-one pounds and fourteen ounces would be a very good average,' said I, more professionally than I meant to do.

"She stared at me a moment with her great eyes, and then said it was higher than her year's average, but that the children grew stronger and better acquainted every year. 'I am laying up for

something better for them,' said she; 'and we get on so well that I am quite encouraged. My part begins now that all this trash is to be separated into linen white, cotton white, hemp-cord, cotton-cord, junk, silk, and shoddy.' And after this suggestion of her part, I had to bow myself away.

"'Was that all?' No, it was not all, at all; it was only the beginning of all.

"I got in the habit of calling there every Wednesday evening. Miss Anna would not let me come more than once a week, — I found that out very soon. She would not accept any of my invitations, even for the most modest dissipations. She would not take one of the seats I could offer her at church. She let me take the children to the circus, — but she would not let me join her if I met her walking in the mall, far less would she talk with me. I had dead-head tickets for rehearsals and concerts, because 'The Unfortunates' Magazine' had got on the list of journals in the Directory; yet she would not use them if I sent them, but she would let Walter and Elsie go with them. So I got in the habit of always calling there Wednesday evening, and, unless I met her by good luck in the street, I never saw her at any other time. Walter liked to come up to my room to see my coins and my autographs, and I was always glad to have him, to lend him books, and to help him in his map-drawing.

"Well, we did not always talk shop; but one night I had carried her up Gisquet's Memoirs, with his queer account of the French rag-pickers. She had asked me for this; and this led to my asking her if the children never found things of value in the streets.

"She said they had, two or three times, the more was the pity. She did not want them to get the piratical feeling, but to understand they were in an honorable, above-board business, — earning their living honestly, and serving the country by cheapening paper, as bravely as if they were ramming down cartridges or wiping the brows of sick soldiers. When the children did bring home anything of value, there was the plague of advertising, of watching the advertisements, and all that, — it excited them and did no good to anybody. Then Miss Anna stopped, — began to speak again, — and stopped again. I got confused, and, of course could not think of anything to say; she blushed and laughed, and said, 'I will tell you of our most remarkable prize, — I do not know why I hesitated;' and she took out from her drawer a steel-mounted pocket-book, — a lady's, — which she said Elsie picked up in the fresh snow, in the evening, ten months ago. It had nearly eighty dollars in it, two or three of the owner's cards; and yet Miss Anna had never been able to find her.

"'The name is not in the Directory,' said she. 'I have advertised it at three several times.

They have a memorandum of it at the Chief of Police's office; but here it is. Nobody has ever claimed it.

"'The children used to be immensely interested,' she said. 'They liked the handwriting of the cards, and took it for granted that a tin-type there is in it was a portrait of the owner. If it is, she is a very pretty girl. We have made up a great many stories about her. Sometimes we have her an English lady on her travels. Sometimes we have her a distinguished Italian in disguise. Sometimes we have her a hidden agent of Jeff Davis. Indeed,' said she, after another pause, 'the reason I stopped and blushed so absurdly was that I think of her more than you would suppose. It really seems to me sometimes that her destiny was interwoven with mine' — and she blushed again.

"Now, for myself, I have plenty of such imaginations, and they make me very happy. I once wrote an article for 'The Unfortunates' Magazine' on Castles in the Air, but it got crowded out. But this was the first confession of weakness I had ever heard from this lonely, well-poised, independent girl, who had had to be father, mother, sister, and all, to these children, and who had almost provoked me sometimes by being sweet-tempered, calm, and gentle, when I should have been blazing with rage. I laughed heartily, and cried out: '"The Pocket-Book Recovered; or, The Double Destiny," — or better, "The Lost

Destiny, and the Recovered Pocket-Book," — no, let us have it, "The Destined Pocket-Book; or, Two Hearts in One." I foresee a serial for "The Unfortunates' Magazine." Surely this time you will write for me.'

"'No, Mr. Haliburton,' said she; 'and if I did, I would write on tissue paper, in a microscopic hand, so that the article might be placed on a sixpence, like the Declaration of Independence. I am not going to fill up your old crates for you. But why do you not look at the princess?'

"I opened the pocket-book, took out the picture, and recognized it in an instant. 'Why,' said I, 'it is Bertha Traill!'

"'And do you know Bertha Traill?' said Miss Anna, fairly pale this time.

"'I danced with her at Mrs. Gordon's last night, took her down to supper, and afterwards handed her to her carriage,' said I, laughing.

"'You danced with Bertha Traill!' said she; and still she did not get back to her quiet manner, to those average tones, under which it is our general duty to conceal all emotion.

"'Why yes,' said I, 'I know Bertha better than I know almost any one. I have known her since I was in college. She calls our class her class. Witherspoon, her guardian's son, is a great ally of mine. He is as much at home at my mother's as I am, and I am as much at home at his father's. So I have known Bertha since I taught her how to scan; and a very charming person she is, too.'

"Miss Anna fairly put down her eternal sewing, and looked me through and through. I tried to keep up the laughing tone I had begun with, or at least the familiar tone of our ordinary conversation. But she was too intent for that. I felt that she had been day-dreaming so much and so long, as she sat there sewing, that she was giving quite too much importance to the accident of my knowing Bertha. And I tried, as quickly as I could and as wisely as I could, to relieve the strain on her mind, and to let her down.

"'Why in the world,' said I, 'did she never see your advertisement? I knew she lost her money. She hated to tell old Mr. Witherspoon; as for the Chief of Police, I thought I went there myself. No, George undertook to. But it was just as they were going to Florida with poor Bessie, — and it was all confusion.'

"Miss Anna had recovered a little, and said she advertised in the 'Transcript' and the 'Advertiser.' That, too, accounted for her failure in part. The old gentleman was as secesh as Bertha was loyal, and would not have either paper in the house. But why had not George seen it? George always was a goose. So I ran on, — trying to give her time.

"And she became wholly herself again in two minutes. Indeed, she almost seemed to avoid the subject. I tried to tell her about Mrs. Gordon's party. I wanted to let her know what a really nice person Bertha is. I thought all that

pretty story about the poor child's own mother would please her. But she had got at her sewing again, only said what I made her say, and was more quiet than I ever saw her. But when I got up to go, she took up the pocket-book, and said she wished I would take it to Miss Traill, and say she had done her best that she might have it before.

"'I shall do no such thing,' said I; 'I shall bring Bertha here, and you shall give it to her yourself.'

"She turned as pale as a sheet, as if Bertha belonged underground. 'No! — no! — no! Mr. Haliburton. Do not do that. You must not do that. I — I — I beg you, do not do that.'

"'Why in the world not?' said I. 'Bertha is not the ghoul Amine. She does not eat people's hearts with the end of a bodkin. I know you will like her, and I know she will like you.'

"'Why not?' repeated the poor girl, wistfully, — 'why not, indeed? Why, because I had rather you should not. Do not bring her, Mr. Haliburton. Pray, do not bring her. I ask it as a favor, really.'

"'Of course, I shall not bring her,' said I; and I bowed: the only formal words I ever said to her.

"'Thank you ever so much,' said she, and she tried to smile; still so excited, however. And she gave me the pocket-book, and said, 'Pray, take it to her.'

"I walked home, and I lay awake all night. Anna had asked a favor of me. 'A favor,' — the first time she had said such a word. This lovely girl, — this even-tempered, gentle, kind, true, far-seeing, wise, inspired girl, — this girl who had let me see her and talk with her, and play with her playmates, but had kept me just in my place, no hair's-breadth nearer, — had asked a favor of George Haliburton, and George Haliburton had the good luck to be able to grant it.

"What a pity she could not have asked something more!

"But why was the whole thing so dramatic? Why was this pocket-book such a Leyden jar that one could not touch it, inside or outside, without a jump and a quiver? How could it be that Anna and I, — in bed, to myself, I could call her Anna, and, save to Phil and Walter and Elsie, I had never named her name aloud, — how could it be that Anna and I should have been in a gale like that? Were we possibly a little nearer together? Could she perhaps see that there was something in the truth and loyalty and devotion of a poor penniless dog of a rag-picker, which made him, so far, the equal of herself, perfect woman though she was, so nobly planned? No! that was nonsense, and I was a fool. But what made her blush? And what made her turn pale? I was a fool. Somehow or other I had managed to wound, acutely, the noblest woman in the world, whom I knew I loved with all a man's wor-

ship. That was bright in me. Women know women. I had ten minds to tell Bertha the whole story, and ask her why Anna turned pale.

"But of course I did not. I was a fool, but not so bad a fool as that. I took the pocket-book round, gave it to Bertha; and Bertha was amazed, indeed. She explained some things which made it not so strange that they had missed the advertisements. But more than her interest in the pocket-book was her interest in Anna. 'Let me go see her,' said she. 'Take me now.'

"I told her that was just what I wanted to do, but that Anna would not let me.

"'Of course not,' said Bertha, turning round in a flash, as is the custom of some sexes, to sustain the opinion which was precisely the reverse of that she had expressed just before, — 'of course not. Do you suppose I should let you bring any girl you chose to call on me, or that I should think much of anybody who let you bring her? I shall call myself on Miss Davenport. I dare say I am the older person, or that I know Boston better than she. Where shall I find her?'

"I felt that I should like to have Bertha know Anna, that I should like to have her call. But I did not choose to tell her how to find her. Anna had asked as a favor that I should not bring her, and I had promised. I was not going to dodge — or to seem to — by letting her go alone. So I refused to tell. Bertha pressed: I was firm. She persevered: and I. She scolded: I said nothing.

She grew angry: and I. It ended in an up-and-down quarrel, — the first we two ever had. I bowed myself to the door. She would not say good-by, and I pensively went home. I had three things to think of now: first, why did Anna turn pale, and then blush, when I told her about Bertha? second, why did she refuse to see Bertha? and, third, why did Bertha want to see her? On these points I meditated much that afternoon, and after I had turned off my gas at night. How little things affect you at such a time! I could tell you now how bad the delivery of that day was; and, of course, I had almost nothing in my pockets, — one or two dentists' cards, and a puzzle Bertha had given me, were all. I know that, all told, that night, there was not fifteen pounds on the balance. Misfortunes never come single.

"And Bertha, as I learned afterwards, as soon as I left the house, put on her hat and shawl, and went to the Quincy School-house. She remembered Walter's name, which I had mentioned; and she guessed rightly that this was his school, down by the South Cove. She asked the head-master which room he was in; then told his teacher that she wanted to find his sister, but had not her address. The teacher gave it, of course; and so, by the time I was well at home at Mrs. Thayer's, Bertha was timidly knocking at Anna Davenport's attic door.

"Anna called, 'Come in,' cheerfully; and Bertha, eagerly, but frightened to death, went in,

to Anna's entire surprise. Bertha saw her, felt the atmosphere, loved her; put out both hands to her, and told her how much obliged she was to her; how her brother Fergus gave her the pocket-book; how she hardly ever carried it; why she took it that particular day; how she went back to look for it; how she cried when she found she had lost it; and then, all wrought up and mixed up with the various successes of the day, — the recovery of Fergus's present, and the outgeneralling me, and the finding Anna so sympathizing and truly lovely, — poor, grand, triumphant Bertha broke down, and had a good cry.

"Which was, probably, under her circumstances, the best thing she could do. Anna soothed her; made her sit on the sofa, and put up her feet; brought her cologne, untied her hat, and petted her in general. Then she got her talking about details; and before Bertha knew it, she was telling all about Fergus and his letters from Freiburg, and reading little scraps from them. How women carry such things round in their pockets! And before Anna knew it, she was telling about Walter, and Elsie's smart sayings, and showing Bertha about Elsie's new frock. And so it happened that Bertha stayed there till dark. And Elsie herself came in; and Bertha kissed her, and had a frolic with her, and made her promise to come and see her, and got up to go away. And she and Anna felt as if they had known each other for a thousand years.

"And so it happened that the two next afternoons Bertha called, and took Anna to ride with her, went to church with her Sunday, and insisted on her coming round there to tea Monday night. And that was the way that it happened that, at the theatre that evening, when I caught sight of old Mr. Witherspoon's figure in the balcony, and went round to the other side to see who were the ladies he had with him, I got a very triumphant bow from Miss Bertha, and a very modest, pretty bow from Miss Anna. But I could not get in to speak to them. And I had to go away and guess why Anna would go to the theatre with Bertha, when she would not let me take Bertha to see her.

"She would see Bertha without me. She would not see her with me. Could it be that my personality, my Ego, as Kant would say, was of any kind or sort of consequence to her? Did she, think of me enough to care two straws whether I knocked at her door or went and peddled matches in Perth, in West Australia? I thought of her day and night. Had she so little to think of that she ever thought of me, when I was not lecturing there Wednesday evenings? I and Bertha must not go there together. Was there then — could it be possible — was it crazy conceit to suppose that my being mixed up with Bertha was anything of a midge's importance to her, even-balanced, self-sustained, independent Anna? I was an ass to think it. But it was by no means

the first time I had been an ass. And, thinking it, I was happier than I had been since Wednesday. I knew now, at the least, what I would do on Tuesday morning, or as soon as it was noon. And I did it.

"I walked round to Anna's, and, the hour being wholly unusual, I got in. I told her I loved her, had loved her, and always should love her; that I was as poor a stick as she thought me, but that I was always true to my friends; and that I should always be true to her, whatever she chose to say to me; that I had longed to say this before, but never dared to; that now she had asked one favor of me, and had broken her guard by doing it, so that I could not help asking another.

"And she — said nothing. And that is the way we came to be here.

"I do not know how long we might have ground on, but for the pocket-book. I do know that she was right when she said her destiny pivoted there, — and mine did as well.

"Bertha was married, you know, that winter, and Anna was a bridesmaid. Anna and I were married in the spring, and Bertha danced at the wedding. And that is the way we came to be here, as I said before."

I intimated that I had not always observed that when two young people married on a limited income, a handsome house on eight lots on Commonwealth Avenue was the direct or logical con-

sequence. Polly and I had done the same thing, and were well satisfied with our own house three doors from the corner of D Street, as you go south from the Capuchins'. So Haliburton explained.

He took Anna and the children to Mrs. Thayer's. Mrs. Thayer had got tired of keeping lodgers, and went to Seattle, leaving all the house to them. Anna insisted on it that the children should keep at work till they could do something better. The business on each side reinforced the other, — the union, indeed, made savings in correspondence and expressage and other expenses. She was a nice accountant as well as a perfect housekeeper, and all ran smoothly. Soon enough, indeed, Anna found her Kelts burning newspapers in kindling the range and furnace fires. "Like the Jew in Thackeray's story, who used Bank-of-England notes to light the candle," said she. This would never do. She made Haliburton send her round a barrel of shavings, and made the women promise, gladly enough, to kindle with them.

Haliburton paid nothing for the shavings. But he had to send down a barrel to the carpenter's and pay fifteen cents for sending it; he had to pay as much more for bringing it back; then he forgot all about it; and so the first morning that the thermometer was eighty-four degrees below zero, he came downstairs to find no fire, and Bridget and Mrs. Flynn triumphantly informed him that this was because the shavings were all

gone. Haliburton could not stand that, of course. He made the fire without swearing. Good practice that in saving one's soul alive, or learning to possess it in patience, which is the same thing. Then he made the range fire. Meanwhile Anna had boiled some water over the gas, scrambled some eggs on the same furnace, made her dip-toast ditto ditto; and had her coffee done and her milk hot by the time he had washed his hands. They ate their breakfasts shawled and coated. And Haliburton at once proceeded to Nolan's.

He started Nolan's son Stephen that morning with a one-horse express-wagon, paid for the horse and for his keeping for three months. Steve was a bright boy: he is now running a lumber-mill on the North Naguadavick. Every morning he took on his wagon ten barrels of shavings, as soon as fire-lighting began. He carried them from house to house till he got his regular customers. He sold them, not for money, but for newspapers; a barrel of shavings for twenty-five newspapers, after you had paid for the barrel. The profit, of course, was enormous, — too enormous, you would have said, to last; only housekeepers stand everything. The shavings really cost Haliburton almost nothing. They were glad to have their shops regularly cleared. The business grew. One man and cart with a boy could distribute in a winter's day an immense number of barrels, as soon as they got it in system. Haliburton said a steady man, with a

bright boy, would distribute in ten hours two hundred barrels when the route was all adjusted. Two hundred barrels, with paper stock at eight cents, brought them in forty dollars a day; and even after they started their own planing-mills, and had to buy their own lumber, half this forty dollars was profit. By this time the business was established. There was not a family in Boston, Chelsea, Dorchester, Cambridge, Brookline, or Roxbury that had not rather kindle with shavings; and when Haliburton had sixty-three carts running regularly, as he had when he told me the story, one thousand two hundred and sixty dollars' profit a day through the winter made a very pretty business. Naturally, at the same time, he got into lumbering and paper-making; he knew the business in its detail, which is always good training for the general, you know; and so it was that he felt able to build his pretty palace in which we were sitting.

He said they had asked him to be President of the Seventy-second National Bank; but he had said, though his fortune was made of rags, he preferred the crude to the manufactured article.

[I am sorry to say that with the invention of wood pulp for paper, such fortunes as Mr. Haliburton's are now made more rarely than was possible in 1866. But the moral of this story remains unchanged. — E. E. H.]

HIS LEVEL BEST

HIS LEVEL BEST

[STRICTLY speaking these notes are only part of a story. They are fragments, taken not quite at hazard, from the diary of an unfortunate gentleman, now resident in the poor-house, a cultivated man of amiable disposition, and formerly of comfortable or sufficient property. How he lost that property his own memoranda will show us.

If any one should ask me what this memoir teaches, I should have to say, as I should say of most life, that it teaches a great many things. I suppose it teaches the folly of a constant remark, that if people mean well all will go well; but I should not print it here to teach that simple lesson. If it teaches, also, the absurdity of the pressure which some of the organizations of society make upon the best of its individual members, I shall be glad of that. Most of all, I hope that it may teach some young man or some young woman that it is better to do the whole of one duty than a part of many; that it is better to compel society and to make circumstance obey you, than it is to yield to fashion or to dictation the use of your talent, of your money, or of your time.]

MY story begins where most stories end, — with a wedding.

It begins with my wedding. My wife was married at the same time.

Our friends all said that the circumstances were most auspicious. Certainly I thought so. I loved her. She loved me. Better than either,

we had not been attached in youth, and so were not beginning to get tired of each other. We were not like each other. That, as my Aunt Joanna said, was so much the better. She said that when she bought a box of hooks and eyes she was always disappointed if they proved to be all eyes or all hooks. She said that a hook and an eye held together much more firmly than two hooks did, or two eyes.

I had a little property, perhaps sixty-two thousand dollars, and a trifle of three hundred and ninety-seven or thereabout more. My wife had an independent property in her own right of sixty-one thousand nine hundred and one dollars. It seemed as if I were a little the superior in this, but on her wedding-night one of her uncles gave her a five-hundred-dollar bill, which made her rather the richer of the two.

No one gave me anything on our wedding-night, with a single exception, which I shall mention. She had a great many presents. Her father gave her to me, and she was not a thing. I counted that much the best present of the occasion.

My wife and I had no causes for dissent, and we have never quarrelled from that hour to this. We have faithfully followed each other's fortunes. True, we have been parted, but not by ourselves. I am now in the Male Department of the poor-house, Dormitory B, native whites. She is in the Female Department, also Dormitory B, native whites also. The children are in what is known

as the Nursery Department, also Dormitory B, native whites also.

We have been married seven years, and have known no material difference of opinions. Tiffs we have had, but not quarrels. I own to tiffs, but I do not own to quarrels. There was no reason why we should quarrel. We both had good appetites and good health. We were both fond of books, and yet we did not always want to read the same book at a time. We had the same views on papal infallibility, on the doctrine of election, on regeneration, on the fall of man, on the vicarious atonement, on baptism, and on the future life.

In a paper to be read before a mixed audience, I do not think it proper or desirable to state what those views were; but mine were hers and hers were mine.

We went to the same church, we taught in the same Sunday-school, and believed in the same — minister.

Under these circumstances we were married. There was a large attendance, and the minister married us first-rate. I have no fault to find with the minister. Then they all congratulated us. I sometimes wonder if they would congratulate us now if they came down to see the poorhouse some day with the Board of Overseers of the Poor, and I should be detailed to see to their horses, and my wife to wait at table when they had the collation. But they congratulated us then.

Then her uncle gave her the five-hundred-dollar

bill, in a little aside, and he told her that she had everything heart could wish, — a pretty home and a good husband. He meant me. Then he said she must not be unmindful of others, but must be willing to do whatever other people wanted her to do for the good of those around her, indeed, for the good of the world. And she cried a little, and she said she would.

Then, in a little joking, her father came to me and said he thought I ought to be sufficiently obliged to him for giving Gertrude to me. But he was going to add to the obligation. Then he took out a little bit of paper. I thought it was a check. He made a little speech, in which he said that he had got much comfort, and I think an occasional nap, from reading regularly the "Evening Trimmer," which was the leading evening paper of our town. He had been to the office that day and subscribed for it for five years in my name. And this bit of paper was the receipted bill of the publisher for five years.

It was not a check.

I observed, while he was doing this, that my father was handing Gertrude a little bit of paper. All the people thought that was a check. But it was not. It was not the same as mine, however. My father always read, in the morning, the "Daily Times," which was the leading morning paper of our town. He had subscribed for that for six years in her name, and he was giving the publisher's receipt to her.

By and by the wedding was done. The minister kissed her and he bade me good-by. "Boothby," he said to me, "I don't know when I have seen such a lucky fellow. The best of it is, I know you won't be selfish. You will not hide your talent in a napkin. You are not one of the kind to say *no — no — no*, because you have a pretty house and a pretty wife. Now you have a position in society, you must assist in all good objects."

"In all good objects!" At the moment it did not occur to me how many *all* meant, and I said, "I'll do my level best, Doctor." So he went away, and I have done that very thing ever since, as I said I would.

By and by they were all gone, and we took a carriage and drove to our new home.

Life began on us very gently. We were not to receive our friends for a fortnight. Those of them who remembered our existence thought we had gone on a journey. Really we were journeying round the town in each other's company. We had an excellent breakfast the first day, which did honor to my wife's housekeeping. Then I read aloud the new daily to her, while she washed her new cups and saucers. I never read the paper so conscientiously before, and so I was surprised to find how many duties I owed to society, which I had never before performed, indeed, had never thought of. You see that is what the newspaper

is for. It is the keeper of the people's conscience, and it tells them all what, in the aggregate, everybody thinks they ought to do. So, as I read on, Gertrude and I found that there was no danger, but even the days of the honeymoon would be eventful enough if we only did what all people of conscience and intelligence were expected to do, and if we kept up to the demand which an enlightened public opinion made on the people of our town.

Thus the "Daily Times" said that morning: "All of our readers who are interested in fine art should go to-day to witness the 'Court of Death,' which is on exhibition for the last time at Watkins's Hall. This noble painting will be rolled up at nine this evening, previous to its transfer to the private gallery of the Emperor of Russia."

So Gertrude and I agreed that as we were really interested in fine art, we would go at noon. The newspaper said we must go, and we had rather go at that time.

Then, in another column, I read that "every intelligent person knew that it was quite time that something was done to prevent cruelty to animals in the city; that all such persons were invited to meet at the Coliseum Hall at one." The editor expressed his conviction that they would all go.

I told Gertrude it would be a nice opportunity to meet all the intelligent people in the town, whom I had never met together, and we agreed to go there at one.

Then it said, under the "musical" head, that it was sure the readers had not forgotten that the fourth Symphony Concert was to take place that afternoon. It was quite right about me; for, as I never knew it before, I could not have forgotten it. It said that all persons who had any love of music ought to go, if only to encourage the deserving conductor; and that they would be more than rewarded by the performance of the Eleventh Symphony in D-Flat; and that all the rest of the music would be thrown in for nothing. So Gertrude ordered her dinner earlier than we had intended, for the "Times" said that if we did not go early we could not get seats. This proved to be a mistake; but we acted on the editor's misapprehension.

These three engagements made, I went about my affairs and Gertrude about hers. We did not mean to torment each other, as Maria Theresa and her husband did, because he had nothing to do.

But I had not been at my new desk in my new study five minutes, wondering what I should do with my new ink and my new papers, when there was a tap at the door and my new wife came in. She was very pretty, — did I say so before? She had on a lovely pink morning-dress, and a trig little collar round her neck, and I thought the best thing I could do was to kiss her. But she said no, I must not do that; that she was sorry to interrupt me, but this was business. A poor girl had come begging. She was the oldest of seven

sisters, and her father had been killed on the railroad, and her mother was in the insane asylum. Her rent was behindhand; she needed seven dollars, and a gentleman whose name she had forgotten had given her six, and had recommended her to come to us for the seventh.

Neither of us could think who this gentleman was. But we were not going to be stingy the day after our wedding. So we had the girl in, and I made notes of her story. I was sorry to find that her breath smelt a little of gin, which showed a defect in her education. I told her we would come and see her, that we never gave any money at the door, and I took down her address. She had forgotten the name of the street she lived in, and the house had no number, but it was convenient to the Catholic Church and was across the way from the grocer's. Her landlord was named James Flaherty, and I could not miss the house, she said. So I agreed to call before night, and I felt pleased that I could do something so soon to carry out my promise to the parson.

So that day was quite fully occupied in advance, even before we started on it. We had not much correspondence yet, only a few letters to write in answer to presents. I wrote some for Gertrude while people did not know her handwriting. We found that, by a misunderstanding, two letters, signed Gertrude Boothby, went to Mrs. Senator Foster, and two to Horace James. But this was better than if it had been the other way.

I went to the post-office before going to the "Court of Death." I found there a notice that our class would meet to pass resolutions of sympathy with Green's widow that evening; also that the graduates of the Dummer Academy would meet to organize on Friday evening; the trustees of the Humane Society had elected me a member, and would meet Saturday evening; that I was chosen into the Historical Society, which would meet Monday evening; and that all the citizens of the town would meet to take measures to prevent the drainage job on Tuesday evening. There was another notice that they would all meet at another place, to concert measures for carrying forward the great sewerage improvement the same evening. It was rather difficult going to both, but the halls were not far distant from each other, so I put down both on my memorandum-book.

[Mr. Boothby's notes go on from day to day of the honeymoon, showing that he and his Gertrude did not in the least lack "the joy of eventful living." He describes at some length his difficulty in finding Mary Williams, convenient to the Catholic church, opposite the grocery. Indeed in that effort he failed entirely, though he invested an hour in it. Before many days he and his wife established a system of memoranda, and of division of labor. She read aloud the "Evening Trimmer" to him while they were so fortunate as to have any time together, and he, who had a knack at whittling, carved his cigar-boxes into parlor ornaments. Then he made little notes of what was expected of every good citizen, of every lover of his race, of all ladies of fashion, of any man who had a heart bigger than a sixpence, of all the descendants of John Cotton, of whom he was one; of

.l the family of Elder Brewster, of whom his wife was one; ·f all members of the *human* family, to which they both belonged; of the residents in Ward XVI.; of the people who were affected by the bone-burning nuisance, of the loyal members of the Church of Christ, of the active members of the Republican party, of persons interested in the temperance reform, of gentlemen who did not mean to have politics made a trade of, and of such lesser calls as the evening paper made on him and on her. They then sorted these out, and arrayed them as best they could. When they could go together, they did. If no gentleman were admitted to these meetings, she went alone. When no ladies were admitted he went alone. Eventually, lack of time compelled them to discharge all such duties separately, from the mere impossibility of being in more than four places at the same time. But they did their level best, and attended as many as was possible.

Mr. Boothby soon saw that if he had committed himself to any profession, he would have had no time for these public cares and pleasures; but, on the other hand, he had not been married six months before he found the unexpected necessity of the most careful bookkeeping and economy, that he might meet the pecuniary calls with honor which his gallant determination to do his level best made upon him. His diary of a few hours will best illustrate these calls.]

March 11, 1863.

Professor Tournefort is just entering on his grand enterprise for publishing colored pictures of all the humming-birds in the southern tropics. The paper says it will be of immense credit to the United States that this book shall be published here. Even the Emperor of Russia refused to undertake it, the expense was so large. But now the Academy of Naturals has taken it up, and it

is hoped that every man of public spirit will order a copy. It is only twenty-five dollars a year, and may last thirty-four years. Sent my check to honorary treasurer.

Paid assessment to the Natural History Society. Wish I could ever get to their meetings. Asked the collector what advantages members had above non-members, when I found I had to buy the Transactions as other people do. He told me members only were admitted to the library on Tuesday afternoons, all other days being the public's days. *Mem.* — To go next Tuesday afternoon.

Paid assessment to Technological Society, to Genealogical Society, to Philological Society, to Anthropological Society, to Theological Library, to Physiological Institute, and to the Logical Necessity. They have taken a suggestion of mine, and all now employ the same collector, which is a convenience, one check and visit answering for all.

Interesting call from the agent for the College for educating Mammals. The State will give them a hundred thousand dollars, if they can raise another hundred by subscription. I am afraid they have to pay a pretty large commission to their agents. Subscribed twenty-five dollars, which seemed to be what they expected. The man said he should like cash, because he "wanted to buy a new vest and pair of pants." So I gave him the money, though I don't see what that has to do with it.

Rev. Mr. Isaacs came in. He is secretary for the Society for teaching Children not to eat with their Knives. He brought a line from our good Dr. South, saying that he hoped that all the members of his parish whom God had blessed with abundance would do something for this estimable man. I did not quite see why subscribing to the society should help the secretary. But Dr. South probably knows. Gave five dollars as an annual subscriber.

Paid annual subscriptions to Humane Society, Hospital for Children, People's Reading-Room, Hospital for Infants, Scandinavian Emigrant Society, Hospital for Girls, Old Women's Home, Hospital for Boys, Old Men's Home, Hospital for Young Persons between Ages of Fourteen and Twenty, Old Colored Women's Home, Hospital for Adults, Old Colored Men's Home, Hospital for Aged Men, Home for Indians and Turanian Races, Hospital for Aged Women, Home for Discharged and Disconnected Aryans, and the newly-founded Home for Kanakas. This last is a very interesting charity. The whalers bring home these from the Sandwich Islands, and they cannot bear the climate here. As none of them are rich, they have, of course, never paid taxes for ten years, so they cannot go into the poor-house. How singular it is that the poor-house should be an institution mainly for the support and relief of property-holders! This makes it necessary to have a separate asylum for the Kanakas.

And so on.

[After a year's experience at this very unsatisfactory averaging of one's duties to the world, Mr. Boothby seems to have thought of another course for a moment, to see if there were not a best better than a level best. He seems to have thought for a moment that a man's own judgment of his duty was better than any public's judgment; that a man had better right to divide his own time than any newspaper had; and that it was better to do one thing throughly or thoroughly, than to help a hundred men to do a thousand things languidly. But I am sorry to say that he tested this about a certain great concert, to which neither he nor his wife wanted to go. She said it was the fashion, and they must go. So they went. But she said she thought he might give up looking in at club every afternoon. But when he said, "Everybody did," *she* gave way. He bid in tickets for the first performance at the opera of "Debt and the Devil," because Gertrude said, "They say that everybody is going." Boothby asked who *they* were, and Gertrude could not tell; but he found out afterwards that it was Mr. and Mrs. Grundy, whom he did not know, and indeed never saw. She said there was a man named Jawkins who said so too.

There are some curious memoranda of Mr. Boothby's on what he calls the tides. He means the general laws which bring in on one day all the assessment people, on one day all the Western College people, on one day all the foreign professors, on one day all the bores, and on one day all the butterflies.

It will never answer to read his speculations in full, but I will select a few illustrations from a "letter of Introduction Day."]

Very odd; I had just got to my desk when a gentleman came in, — a Swede, with a letter to me from Fergus, our Vice-Consul at Nord-Koping.

I have not seen Fergus since we graduated. This gentleman speaks no English, but we got on quite well in German. A very interesting man. Asked him to dinner.

Very odd; I had just got back to my writing when an interesting man came in, — a Bohemian, late professor at Buda, turned out on account of his views regarding the Sacrament. Brings me a letter from Acs, Kossuth's chaplain. He spoke no German, but we talked in Latin. *Mem.* He will dine with us to-morrow.

Very odd; I had just resumed my letter to Fisk and Hatch, when a gentleman brought me a letter from Rev. Mr. Cozzens, the missionary. This is a Dutch planter from Table Bay. Very interesting man. Does not understand English nor French, but we made out by signs very well. Says he will dine here to-morrow.

After he left I began my letter again about selling out my 10-40s, when a dark-colored gentleman came in, who proved to be a Japanese prince, with a friendly note from our old friend, Matateeset. Spoke no English, but knew a little French, and we got on quite well. Says he will take tea with us or dine in a friendly way some day this week.

After he was gone I went back to my letter; but it was too late for the midday mail, and so I went to the monthly meeting of the Soldiers' Home, where I am vice-president. Sat there an hour, but we did no business for want of a quorum.

[I asked Mrs. Boothby about this dinner party on my last visit to Dormitory B, Female Department (white females), and she gave me a very interesting account of it. In his eagerness to do his very best by these gentlemen intrusted to him from different parts of the world, Mr. Boothby had forgotten that the plumber was to be in the house the next day to take down the range and the water back, and that they were to have a cold dinner. Or, more accurately, Mrs. Boothby, in *her* determination to do the right thing at the right time, had ordered the plumber to come, and had not mentioned it to her husband. As they were to have a cold dinner and no company, Mrs. Boothby had thought it a good day to have two dressmakers, who would dine with them. Fortunately these young women were both deaf and dumb. Mrs. Boothby arranged as well as she could. She sent to a restaurant for her dinner, which *was* a little cold, and they got through very well. Just as they were sitting down, her aunt and her aunt's sister and the sister's two children happened in, on their way home from Rye. So they had to put another board into the table.

Just as they got through the oysters, Dr. South, the minister, dropped in, with a Brahmin gentleman, one of the first-fruits of the Serampore mission. He never expected an invitation, they were always so glad to see him. "I was a little afraid the dinner would not hold out," said poor Mrs. Boothby to me, as she told me the story, "but my husband did not care. He said we were doing our best, and we could do no more."

I asked Mrs. Boothby how the gentlemen talked with each other, — if there was no difficulty about language. She said there was a little trouble when the Bohemian professor addressed a deaf-and-dumb dressmaker in Latin, but that in general they did very well. Mrs. Boothby herself said nothing. The Dutch planter talked Dutch across the table to the Japanese prince; the Japanese prince spoke French to Mr. Boothby; Mr. Boothby spoke German to the Swede; the Swede spoke Danish to Dr. South; and Dr. South

spoke Latin to the Bohemian. He said nothing after his failure with the dressmaker. None of them talked in their own languages, but all did their best, — their level best. The only misfortune was that they had been seated as it happened, and the conversation had to be across the table.

But Mr. Boothby said it was impossible, in our modern civilization, to choose on what day letters of introduction should come. You must do the best you could with them, and that was all.]

Good-hearted though he was, poor Mr. Boothby sometimes got a sad repulse. He had written to Asaph Ferguson to ask him to subscribe to the Kanakas' Hospital, and he got this rebuff, which I find preserved among his papers.

DEAR JOHN: — I will see you hanged first. If you go on as you do, befriending every cause only because it is a good cause, I am likely to see you hanged. You say you do your level best, and I believe you. Now level best is a sort of best I despise as much as I do level country. I had rather have a sort of best which knows what ups and downs are.

Boothby, which do you like best, a horizon where there are four or five mountain-peaks and as many valleys between, or one which is a dead level? You like the mountains best. So do I. I hate your Indiana prairies.

Boothby, your practice reminds me of poor Stickinthemud's preaching. It is all too good. He begins on a high plane, — too high, as I think, and then he goes on and on and on and on, like a canal-boat on one long level, and we all go to

sleep and we all wake up, and we wonder why he has not done. But Robert Collyer begins where we are, and goes up and up and up, and we try to follow him, even to the gate of heaven. The first thing we know, we are almost there. But in a minute he is down again, just on our own level, and he has got some little baby in his arms who stumbled before, and but for him would have been lost, and then it is up again, up again, up again, till those who are pure in heart enough see God. But he will not stay even there. He is down again, seeking the lost and looking after them. So next thing you know he is at your workshop door in his talk again, and has you in his hand, and coaxes you and leads you, and leads you and lifts you, till you are in the clear air once more, and see as you are seen and know as you are known. Up and down, up and down, up and down; that is better than Stickinthemud's high level.

I wish to heaven, Boothby, you would give up your level best; and even if you had some days of mere getting ready, why there would be some things which you would do terribly well.

[But I cannot see in his notes that poor Mr. Boothby ever acted on this lesson. It came too late. Indeed, if he had acted on it, I should not be telling you the story now. His wife's health broke down, before many years, under her exertions. It was not the charities, she said to me, once when I was in Department B (W. F.), so much as it was the lessons. Great numbers of people came who wanted to open classes. There was a new method of learning German,

and no one who had any interest in modern literature was excusable, the "Trimmer" said, if he did not join the class. Then there was a man who had invented a new shorthand, which was "the reform of modern times," and he explained to Mr. Boothby and his wife that if they did not take lessons it was because they were selfish cumberers of the ground, who did not believe in the Golden Rule. There was a French gentleman, a professor in the University of Paris, who was starving. Mrs. Boothby offered his child a frock, but she would not take it because it was alpaca, and her father would not allow her to wear any but silk. So Mrs. Boothby asked what she *could* do, and she found that their susceptibilities would be least injured if she went to the class in French conversation, and so on. She went to so many classes for the benefit of the teachers that she got, poor woman, very little benefit herself, unless dreadful headaches, earned in the cause, did her some good morally. Mr. Boothby took no lessons, except in boxing, fencing, and the use of the broadsword; but he subscribed annually to the Lyceum, the Parker Fraternity, the Bay State Course, the Citizens' Course, the Mercantile Course, the Tremont Temple Course, the Berkeley Course, the North End Course, and the South End Course, and so, as you see, his education was not wholly neglected. He did not go to the Lowell Lectures, unless they had them in the afternoon.]

Here is one terrible story, — almost too cruel to print here, — which will show how impossible even a man as generous as he finds it to hold to his best determination. It will show how there are cases in which "the man is greater than humanity," when the duty next your hand appears to you greater, and therefore is greater than duty to all the world beside. There was one of Boothby's many societies, to which he gave not

only his purse but his heart. It was the old Washingtonian Society. Boothby was not President or Treasurer, nor Past Grand nor Most Worthy there. He was only a High Private, — the best thing, I think, that a man can be, — nothing less and nothing more. He liked to go in and see the new recruits, and hear them tell their stories. One night a man named Breck came in, — handsome dog, taller than Carter, and weighing a hundred more than he does, — hair black, lip well cut, and really loving eyes, — and *he* made a little speech. He said liquor had damned him, but, so help him God, he would never touch anything but water again. Boothby sat near him, shook hands with him when he had done, said something kind; but he saw the poor wretch was only a bundle of bare nerves, that he was speaking on nerve, living on nerve, and was no more able to stand to his oath than is a fly to take the load of Atlas. Boothby asked where he was going. "Going," said the poor creature, "where should I go? Home? I have lost my home forever."

"Then," said Boothby, "come to mine." And he hurried him out of the hall. He found a cab a square away, and they rode home, none too soon. He got poor Breck a cup of tea and another, but it was hard work to get him to bed.

It was not twenty minutes before Boothby heard a crash there; rushed up, and all his fears were true. The poor fellow was wild with horror

He was crouching in the corner; he was chattering, he was hissing, like a beast or a bird; he was shivering, and tearing his shirt to pieces. When he saw his friend with a lamp he cried out with joy, "You have saved me, you have saved me." The good man soothed him, calmed him, humored him, put him to bed again, and promised not to desert him, not to take the light away again; sat chafing his hands and crooning to him. If he might only go to sleep. Sleep! No! No sleep for him. The horrid phantoms of the pit — snakes and scorpions, flies and hornets, dragons and griffins — seemed all around him again, and it was almost by force that his friend held him down, by every change of device that even for an instant dispelled the visions. He rang for a servant. Before an hour was over he had Morton, the doctor, there. For an hour or two more they two worked together on the poor wretch, and when Morton left at midnight, it was to say, "It is life or death with him. If you see him asleep for an hour or two before morning, you save him; but if not, no. And so poor Boothby girt himself for a night of horrors. He told poor Breck I know not how many stories of adventure. He pretended to read to him novels, by Scott, and Dumas, and Dickens, making up the tale as he went on. He repeated "Marmion," and "The Corsair," and the "Lord of the Isles." He sang to him old hymns. And yet, with every ten minutes, poor Breck would start in agony, and cover his head with his

blankets, and beg his friend not to desert him now the devils had come again. Then that friend prayed with him. And the poor shattered brain and nerves, that would still themselves to nothing else, would be hushed for prayer; and lips that knew more of oaths than of devotion could calmly say, as when he prayed by his mother's knee, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," and "Now I lay me down to sleep." And there was a Spirit with those two that heard and answered. As the clock struck half-past five, the watcher turned to give to the patient the stated sedative, and was sure then, thank God, that he was sleeping! Sleeping! And for five minutes he slept, ten, half an hour, an hour. Surely that *is* daylight. Yes, it is daylight, and he sleeps on. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and he sleeps on.

My friend had given orders that no foot should mount that stairway till Morton, the doctor, came. It is his wife's story which I am to follow now. At half-past seven a common councilman rang at the door. "Husband down, Mrs. Boothby?" "He has a sick friend." "Call him just one minute; my horse won't stand." "Indeed, Mr. Williams, I cannot call him." "Not for a minute?" "Not for a minute." And the councilman went away in a rage. "Boothby was always a selfish dog." The builder next door came. "Please, ma'am, ask the old man to step out a minute about our fence." "Indeed, Mr.

Cade, he is with a sick friend." "Oh, only a minute, you know!" "I *cannot* call him at all, Mr. Cade." "Then he may go to hell, for a purse-proud aristocrat as he is." Ring the third. "Would Mr. Boothby be so kind as to head the call for the Woman's Suffrage Convention?" "Indeed, Mrs. Wolstoncroft, he is with a sick friend." "Then if you would just take the pen up to him." "I do not dare disturb him, madam." And Mrs. Wolstoncroft goes away, raging at an excuse so shabby for a dereliction of duty so cowardly and so mean.

"I lost my election to the Senate," said Boothby; "I had a nuisance built next my garden; I was abused like a pickpocket in two or three conventions. But somehow I did not care. Poor Breck pulled through. We got him on quassia and iron. And, what was more, we got him to believe in men and women. That was best of all."

"You saved him, if you lost yourself," said I.

"Very much so," said he, pluckily; "but that is what comes to a man when he fails to do his level best."

And I thought worse things might happen to him.

[In that adventure poor Boothby made one friend. I think he never made another. A great many people used him, but nobody but Breck loved him. Now I certainly do not say that making friends is the business of life, but I have learned that the depth and sincerity of a man's friend-

ships are the best test of his success in life. Now friendships come only where you have given your whole self to your friend in the occasion which has called you together. If you only give a part and retain something, you make an acquaintance, but you make no friend. Mr. Boothby, in his level life, made a great many acquaintances, but only one friend, as it proved, alas, when the crisis came, and he made him by violating his rule of life.

The result, in this regard, is a little like that of a missionary-meeting, where nobody pledges his whole life to the cause, but where a hundred people pledge each the ten-thousandth part of a life. The result of such a meeting, if you will multiply the fraction by the number of the assembly, is a strenuous effort to save the hundredth part of a soul. But, alas, souls are indivisible!]

I have intimated already that Mr. Boothby's readiness to do his level best for each and every scheme, — or, in the phrase of his beloved pastor, "to help all good objects," — made serious inroads in his finances at an early date. His diaries are full of allusions to these difficulties, now difficult to comprehend. He soon found his outgoes larger than his income. He had, however, plenty of acquaintances who were bank directors, and, for a man of assured position like him, it was not difficult to borrow money, — only temporarily, you know, — while he always had some scheme of economy which was going to set all right square in another year. Or, on the other hand, when he reluctted from asking such accommodation, it was always easy again to sell a few 5-20s or 10-40s, to take up any note which fell due or to make his bank account look respectable. Only

this relief, unfortunately, reduced the permanent income. He had always — and knew he had — his wife's property to fall back upon, although he was ashamed to think of that. Yet it was a comfort, of course, to know that if anything did happen to him, and to what he was pleased to call his investments, she and the children would be all safe, indeed well off, with her sixty-two thousand dollars.

In this calculation there was but one mistake, which was this, that it was all wrong from the beginning to the end. Mr. and Mrs. Boothby had started on the theory that they were to be wholly independent of each other in matters of money. He did nothing about her property, and she nothing about his. True, they disliked to trade with each other at breakfast. He did not like to say, "My dear, if you will give me a cup of your coffee, I can pay you for it with a nice cut of my beef," as is the way with those who logically carry out the modern theories. So they arranged that he should pay the bills one month and she another; and, until the last, they tried to surprise each other with new and dainty devices for the table. But, for the rest, they lived up to the lofty idea of individuality. He would not tyrannize over her, nor would she grape-vine around him.

It is to be hoped that great good may come to society from this mutual understanding of theirs. But, unfortunately, great misery came to them.

For Boothby's dividends grew less and less, his notes payable became larger and larger, the annual expense of housekeeping grew with the number of his children, and the demands of the various societies, the Ontological and Frontological, and the rest, knew no end. Then, in the midst of his perplexities for money, certain thunderbolts would fall unexpectedly. Thus, he was never ready for taxes; and all of a sudden, because our Southern friends wanted to be let alone, there came two tax-bills in a year instead of one. Then he had a great many memorial statues to subscribe to. He could never remember the days when the mortgage payments on his house were due. And as for his life insurance, as long as he paid it at all, it seemed to him as if he paid it every Monday. Still his wife and children were not beggars, he said. There was Gertrude's property to fall back upon.

But at last the last bolt fell. Some of his notes had been protested. The money for his mortgage was long overdue. He brought himself to sell off his last ewe lamb, — some 5-20s which he had nursed as his heart's blood. As he returned from down State Street, where he had been for this purpose, to his amazement he saw Gertrude getting into a cab. Her veil was down; but it was surely she. He knew that blue bow and that sea-green merino. He stopped the driver, threw the door open, and sprang in to find her sobbing.

"My own heart," said he, "what is the matter?"

"O my dear, dear John," said she, with her head on his shoulder, "your poor Gertrude is a beggar!" And then she told him all.

What with subscriptions, and stockings for Alfred, and testimonials, and shoes for John, and regular contributions, and petticoats for Fanny, and benefit concerts, and bonnets for Jane, what with this that was necessary, and that that was not necessary, poor Gertrude had worked through her little competency side by side with John, and she had just now met her last rebuff, a little before he met his. She had been down to Baring and Rothschild's to order the sale of her last 7-30s, only to be told that they were all sold on her order three months before. Poor Gertrude, she kept all her accounts in her head, and so she was ten thousand dollars poorer than she thought she was. That is, she possessed nothing but a loving heart, a loving husband, and four loving children.

"Dear Gertrude," said John, after she had had her fit of crying out, "you have spent all your money. I have spent all mine. You have sold all your stocks. I have sold mine. You have not a penny. Neither have I. But you have done your level best. And so have I."

"Have we nothing, then, dear John?"

"Dearest, when the house is sold, when our debts are all paid, we shall still have

"A Settlement."

"Pray, what is a settlement?" said Gertrude.

"Dearest, because we have been rich, because for five years we have paid taxes, because we have lived ten years without removing our home, the town will care for us now in the poorhouse.

"Had we been poor, dearest, had we had to move for work from place to place, the town would now have turned us out of its borders."

"And we have each other," said Gertrude. "We have not meant to do wrong. We meant to do right."

And so was it that they found themselves with their children in the poorhouse.

Yet I, as I have looked over these papers, have thought that if Mr. Boothby had learned or tried to do one thing well, instead of doing all things poorly, it would have been better for him. Had he forged bolts well, or painted carriages well, or set types well, or had he well tied up bleeding arteries, or set broken arms, or had he well painted pictures or preached the Gospel, and then to one and another Peter, asking him to try politics, or social science, or general philanthropy, if he had said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," I think he would have done better. Of my own daily duties, I find I look back every night with most satisfaction to those rebuffs I give every day to men who want to hang back themselves while other men are working. I say to them, "Put your own

shoulder to the wheel. There is no Jupiter and no Juno to help you, no God of whom I know, unless you give your own life to the cause in which you would enlist me." They say to me, "It is only your name we want," as they said to poor Boothby. And I say to them, "You will never have my name, you will never have any honest man's name, unless you have him and the whole of him." And I have written out these notes in the faint hope that I might persuade some young woman or some young man that it is better to do one thing well than two things by halves; better to learn one thing thoroughly than to get a smattering of two; better to stick to one duty till it is finished, than to make two beginnings; better to stand loyally to the post God has pointed out, than to try to serve here and there and everywhere. There are no secrets which yield to commonplace or superficial inquiry. But there are none which do not answer the resolute student who pledges his life to his investigation. There are no evils healed by the commonplace resolutions of commonplace conventions, where a hundred people offer each the thousandth part of a life for the endeavor. But no one evil stands against the resolute purpose of one loyal man. Let society tell you, in its namby-pamby editorials, what is everybody's business, and you will find laid down for you in its neutral colors a picture of very level backgrounds, of very vague middle distances, whose foregrounds are crowded

with undecided groups of dreamers, who are all preparing to begin to try. But do *you* tell society how *you* mean to serve mankind, find your own place and strike your own blow, and society will meekly obey each true word you speak, and will fall into order at your requisition.

Hold to the level best which the commonplace of society demands of you, and you come out on the quagmire flat of the dismal swamp of worthless indecision.

Ask God to show your own duty, and do that duty well; and from that point you mount to the very peak of vision. It may be that you plant there another beacon-light for the world!

ROUND THE WORLD IN A HACK

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[THIS story mostly relates to a period early in Colonel Ingham's life, although, as will be seen, his own accurate knowledge of the facts came a generation later. It is necessary to observe to readers distant from Massachusetts Bay, that, in the language of that country, a "hack" is a hired carriage, not, as in the language of Mr. Todd, "a horse let out for hire." To Dr. Johnson, it seems, the word was not known in either sense.

The story was first printed in the "Atlantic Almanac" for 1869.]

IT is an old Boston story. One would never tell it at a dinner-party here, or in the "Evening Transcript," because in Boston everybody knows it better than you know it yourself. But the "Atlantic Almanac" goes to Seattle and Boothia Felix, which is your excuse for telling it in these pages at all.

I can hear Liston growl as he finds that seven good pages of his new "Atlantic Almanac" are consumed by a story which everybody heard in his cradle, or should have heard there. But, dear Liston, all babies were not lulled by an east wind, and all school-boys did not wait on "Johnny Snelling" at "Mason Street."

Let it be understood, then, that I tell the story for the benefit of Seattle, of Boothia Felix, and of Assiût, and the other outlying purchasers. Let it be understood that it is a story of a generation ago. And if any of the inhabitants here do not like the way I tell it, why, let them tell it themselves, only do not let us have any more of these beastly interruptions. How shall we ever get on if we have to stop all the time to explain?

I. — Of Joshua Cradock.

A generation ago, then, kindest of naturalists in Seattle, erst my fellow-laborer in the infant society of naturalists at Worcester, — a generation ago, O president of the rising college of those parts, — a generation ago, O foreman over the manufactory of teapots at Assiût, — a generation ago the people of Boston liked to know something. I fear that that generation has now passed, and is regarded as mythical. What I know of this generation is this, that it likes to be amused. It goes into raptures as well as any generation I ever heard of. It even knows the difference between the emotions produced on it by the overture to the second act of *La Belle Hélène*, and that of the first act of *La Duchesse*. But I do not find that it cares so much about being instructed. The last generation did, which is, perhaps, my dear young friend, the cause of a notable difference remarked in some circles between your mother

and yourself. But let that go! The consequence was that, a generation ago, the public entertainment of Boston was found in solid lectures, of which the staple was instruction, — instruction given in good faith, from those who knew to those who did not know, — exactly according to the advice of the Dervish Nasr Eddin. Do not ask me for that story. If you want that story, take ship, and go ask the Consul.

So it was, that, one evening in the week, if you were of the blue blood of Boston, you went to the lecture-hall of the Masonic Temple, the same spot in space where we boys went to hear Mr. Hillard defend a pirate-boy in his young eloquence — "And Costa the cabin-boy, shall he die?" — and where, with his manly acumen, he now convicts any pirates who may happen to be brought under the bar of the law. Thus we change! I say you went once a week, in the evening, to this amphitheatrical lecture-room, where about five hundred of the very nicest people in the world met together, and there you were instructed. John Farrar, most entertaining of physicists, taught you of the steam-engine with veritable models which worked, — and with sections which he worked, whose valves opened and shut before your eyes. John Webster poured acid into tall glass reservoirs of litmus-water, and it turned red; and then he poured in ammonia, and it turned green. George Ticknor illustrated Shakespeare. Ralph Waldo Emerson told of

Mahomet; Edward Hitchcock explained as much as he knew about the crust of the earth. John Pickering told about telegraphs and language; James Trecothick Austin gave the history of the siege of Boston; Convers Francis, that of the French Huguenots. It had not yet occurred to any man boldly to lecture on the History of Form, or the Form of History; on the Substantiality of Shadows, or the Shadows of Substance; on the Decorum of Ideas, or the Ideas of Decorum. The formula of the modern lecture was first stated, long afterwards, by Starr King. "It consists," said he, "of four parts of sense and five parts of nonsense, and there are but ten men in New England who know how to mix the two." He was chief of the ten, as he was chief everywhere! This formula had not then been discovered, far less stated; and, as I say, people still went to lectures to be informed.

If, now, I should here insert a long excursus on what we learned, on the nice girls who went to learn also, and the very nice young men who went, particularly on the cosy family way in which the fathers and mothers went also; and then how you all went home in little knots, and had, after the whole, a few games of whist (euchre not yet known, far less boston), and then some hot oysters at half-past nine, not in a disreputable cellar, but brought in by John, on a waiter, into the drawing-room; and how you laid down the cards, while Amanda served you all round, — if, I

say, I went into this excursus, the editor would score it all out of the manuscript; so it is as well not to write it, although every word of it is essential to the true understanding of this story.

For it happened, one night, that, at the first or second lecture of an excellent course on astronomy, at the "Useful Knowledge," the lecturer, who must have been, I think, Professor Farrar, made the explanation, since then not unfrequent, that this world on which we live is round. In connection with the phenomena of eclipses, he had some excellent illustrations; and in connection with summer, winter, day and night, he had more: and there was a terrestrial globe, and on the globe, I think, a large ship, length several degrees of latitude, whose topmasts could be distinctly seen by a wooden man with a spy-glass, on a distant continent, while her hull was still far below the horizon. By way of illustration and entertainment, Mr. Farrar, if it were he, then told of the people who had sailed around the world, of Magelhaens and Captain Cook, and, likely enough, alluded to William Sturgis, who was probably present, and to our rights in the Columbia River. (Else, dear friends, how would you be in Seattle in this living 1869?)

The lecture was excellent, as dear John Farrar's always were. The little clusters of people made themselves up, as I have told, Alice with Arthur, not arm-in-arm, following after Mr. and Mrs. Paterfamilias; and Clara, Dolly, and Emily gig-

gling a little behind; Fred and Grace, in like manner, decorously following Mr. Materfamilias and his wife; Horace, Impey, and John following, in eager discussion as to whether they would make their electrical machine with a junk-bottle, or try to persuade the boy at Brewer's to let them have for forty-two cents a cracked cylinder they had there. In a group of more advanced age, Joshua Cradock and Mrs. Champernoon walked up Park Street, and old Champernoon with Mrs. Cradock, and so down to the Cradocks' house in Beacon Street.

It was one of those comfortable old white marble houses on the south side of Beacon Street, of which I think there were none left the last time I was there. It was but a short walk from the Temple, but that they chose to go up Park Street with the lecturer and his party; not long, however, at the longest. They came home, had their whist, — Mr. Cradock lost all three games, which was unusual, and, as the Champernoons afterwards thought, was a little silent and meditative. But I do not believe they ever would have thought of this, had they ever seen his face again.

But this was their last whist-party. Seth brought in the oysters, with a decanter of old Juno. The Champernoons declined another rubber, and went home.

As Joshua Cradock took off his coat and vest that night (he took them off together, not being

of Hebrew parentage), he said to his wife, "Mary, would not you like to go round the world?"

"Oh, I should be sea-sick," said she (inevitably a woman's first answer).

"But one might go by land, Mary?" For Cradock was not a Sturgis, nor a Dorr, a Woodbridge, Hale, or Worcester. He was in no sort a geographer. True, he descended, I suppose, from old Matthew Cradock, the Moses of our infant State, who, from the Pisgah of London Town, looked across the howling Jordan to the land of Medford, — milk and honey from hollow trees, — which, alas! he never saw. The first President of the Massachusetts Company was he. From him it must have been that Joshua Cradock inherited the adventurous disposition which lurked in him. But Joshua had been educated for and in the produce business. When he tasted a cheese, he knew whether, the week it was made, the Widow Somerby, who made it, had had visitors or no. But he did not know over what parallels of latitude the waves were flowing, and which parallels climbed crests of snow as they ringed in the solid land. He knew of the hoops of firkins, but not of the parallels of the earth. So he suggested to Mary that they might go by land.

"None of these people he spoke of went by land," said she, meditatively, — "neither Captain Sturgis, nor Captain Cook, nor the other man. And on the globe it was a ship, and not a stage."

"I think," said Joshua Cradock, "you could go by land!" And they went to bed.

Mrs. Cradock fortunately remembered this conversation the next day; not that Joshua himself alluded to it. They came down to breakfast, — poached eggs, steak rare, fried potatoes, cold hot-cakes, and hot bread-cakes, with two slices of toast red-hot, and two pats of choice Kinsman butter, a special present from Mrs. Kinsman to Mrs. Cradock, — coffee from Java, present from Mr. Balestier, — Seth waiting, — breakfast quiet and protracted. After breakfast, Mrs. Cradock went upstairs; Mr. Cradock did not go out; read his "Advertiser," skipped Casimir Périer's speech, skipped protocol on Polish revolution, skipped Lord Brougham's address before the London University, read the price of hops, beans, pot and pearl ashes. Then he rang the bell; sent Seth to Niles's for a carriage, and bade him tell Hitty to go upstairs for his valise. Hitty brought down the valise. Mr. Cradock opened the lower part of his bookcase, and took out three little leather bags tightly tied; weight of each, say, ten pounds. These three he put in the valise. Seth announced the hack. Mr. Cradock put on his coat, and, from the foot of the stairs, said, "Good-by, Molly." "Good-by" came downstairs on a high key. They always bade each other good-by. But when Mr. Cradock said good-by to Seth, and bade him say good-by to "the girls," Seth was surprised. He was also surprised at the weight of the valise.

Excepting for these surprises, Mr. Cradock's departure was as usual, when he did not choose to walk to North Market Street. He got into the carriage. The hackman stood a moment on the sidewalk, and then said, respectfully, "Where to, sir?"

And Mr. Cradock answered, —

"ROUND THE WORLD."

So the hackman mounted the box. His horses were headed up the street, aimed, indeed, at North Market Street. But he quickly turned, drove down Beacon Street upon the Mill Dam; they passed the toll-house without stopping, only Mr. Cradock looked out pleasantly at the keeper, and said "Cradock," and this was the last word Boston ever heard from him from that day to this day.

That is the way I have always heard the story told. It is generally told to illustrate the character of the Boston hackman of the best school, who is indeed the superior of any of his kind I have ever found in travel elsewhere, save in Sybaris; nor are the hackmen of the Sybarites any better than he. He is a wholly different man from the baggage-smasher of Babel, or from the cabman of London. When he takes his summer vacation, you meet him in the mountains with his wife and child, as much a gentleman in the essen-

tials as you are yourself; and for non-essentials, as St. Augustine says, differing from you in that he drives a better horse, and drives him much better than you would. When he retires from business, he takes a nice house back in some mountain valley, and, if you visit him, he will give you his views of your old friends, your belles and your beaux, affected, it may be, by the punctuality with which they left their parties; for the hackman likes Cinderella better than her sisters. So, for that matter, did the Prince, and so do I.

The time may come when I shall have the leisure to edit what I have by me, — some "Passages from the Diary of a Hackman." But I do not propose to edit them now, but to stick closely to this story, — which, as I say, is generally told to illustrate the character of the high-toned Boston hackman; how he obeys orders without quarrelling with you or squabbling about his fare. "As Cradock said, 'Drive round the world,' and they started." That is the way the story is generally told.

But the story does not properly stop there.

II. — Of Mrs. Cradock.

Dinner-time came at the Cradocks'. Oyster-soup, sirloin of beef, the second cut, — boiled apple-dumplings, shag-barks and raisins, almonds and dates; Juno again. But, as you know, Mr.

Cradock did not come. Mrs. Cradock had been down in Federal Street, to take her turn at visiting at the Infant School. She had called on Mrs. Blowers on her way home. She had dressed for dinner, and at ten minutes of two was in the parlor, waiting for Joshua. But, as I said, he did not come. The clock struck two; at five minutes past she sent Seth out on the mall to see Park Street clock, because she felt sure the parlor clock was wrong. Her own watch had stopped, as is the custom of the watches of the more powerful sex. But Seth reported that the parlor clock was right, as it always was. Let Mr. Bond alone for that. At fifteen minutes past two Mrs. Cradock went to the window. No Joshua in sight. Then she rang for Seth again.

"Did not Mr. Cradock order a carriage this morning?"

"Yes, m'm, at Niles's."

"Did he go to the store?"

"No, m'm, I think not."

"Why not, Seth?"

"He took his valise with him, m'm. Hitty thought he was going to Providence, m'm. But I do not think he was."

"Why not, Seth?"

"Because I heard him speak to the hackman, m'm."

"And what did he say, Seth?"

"He said, 'Round the world.'"

Mrs. Cradock had felt it in her bones before.

All through the movements of the children at the Infant School she had sat hardly conscious whether they were in the first position or the second; so sorry was she that she had, for the first time in her life, refused to Joshua something he proposed. So seldom did he propose anything! She always was glad to get him away from that horrid store. And now, when he had hinted at going away, she had thrown cold water on the plan. She had said she should be sea-sick. What if she were? — better be sea-sick than heart-sick; better be sea-sick with Joshua than land-sick alone. All the time Mrs. Blowers had been telling her about the cook's impudence and the second girl's marriage, she had been thinking, how, at dinner, she would bring up the plan of going round the world. She had thought what she would wear. She would wear that brown merino that Mr. Cradock had bought for her at Whitaker's. He had bought it, and it would wear well. She would only take the small black trunk; and in the bottom of it, for summer wear, she would put in that dress-pattern of seersucker which she had never made up. When she came home, she had told Hannah to have the cranberries strained for dinner, so as to make it seem more like a feast, and she had even had the best knives and forks put on, because he would notice that. And now it was too late. If only she had said "Yes!" Now he was gone! Poor Mrs. Cradock!

"Then we will not wait any longer, Seth. You can bring up dinner."

She did not say anything more. Silent women those Ipswich Brewsters, I have always noticed, when they were moved, — silent, but not the less decided. It must be the old Elder's blood.

She ate her beef alone, and pretended to eat cranberry. But Seth was not deceived. He knew she did not touch it. The table was cleared, and she ate her apple-pudding. Cleared again, and she had nuts and raisins on her plate. Then she rang up Seth again.

"Were they good horses, Seth?"

"The best Niles has, m'm, — the bay team you had last Monday."

"Then you need not go to Niles's this afternoon. Go down to Fullum's, in Bowdoin Square. Tell him I want a carriage at four; and, Seth, see that he gives us good horses. I am going round the world, Seth, after Mr. Cradock. Would you like to go?"

"Yes, m'm," said Seth. And that is the way he came to go.

"Mr. Cradock never drives after dark, Seth. I think if we drive late in the evening we shall catch him in a day or two."

"Yes, m'm," said Seth.

And Mrs. Cradock went upstairs, and packed the little black trunk. She put the seersucker in the bottom. She put in the diamond necklace her husband gave her the day they had been married twenty-five years. She took the pocket-book which kept the quarter's housekeeping. She put

in her Bible, and "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," and the "Selections from Fénelon." Then she put in Mr. Cradock's best coat, which she found he had left, and some articles of apparel whose names I do not know.

She put on the brown merino from Whitaker's.

At four the hack came. Seth put the trunk on the driver's seat. The driver shut Mrs. Cradock in; and, like the other driver, said, "Where to?"

"Round the world," said Mrs. Cradock; and the driver mounted by Seth's side, and they started.

Niles's were good horses, but these were better. Seth had understood his commission. Perhaps he gave the driver a hint that a stern chase was a long chase. They took a good pace from the beginning, and they held it. They drove faster than Joshua did, I know, for I have both journals before me at this moment. But they did not catch him. It was a misfortune, — but they did not catch him. And this was the reason.

Seth had observed that Niles's horses headed up the street when they started and he shut the house-door. That was all he knew. So, when Mrs. Cradock said "Round the world," Seth bade her driver push boldly by the corner of Park Street. They passed the Thorndike house, the Bean's, and the Dwight's, struck Hanover Street and Winnissimet Ferry; and, with a feeling they must continue east, crossed to Chelsea and the Salem turnpike. And when, that evening, after

a very hard push, Mr. Cradock stopped at six, at the sign of Neptune, on Shrewsbury Hill, Mrs. Cradock was just driving out of Lynn. And her perseverance in keeping on till near eleven o'clock, which brought her even to the Wolfe tavern at Newburyport, only separated her twenty odd miles farther from her husband than if she had stopped when he did. Ah me! it was worse than Evangeline. For she, at least, was staying still while Gabriel sailed by her. But this man and this woman, under two motives, were going farther from each other with every differential of every revolution of their wheels.

Palmer, on the west, and Saco, on the east, marked their stopping-places of the second night; but, the third day, one of Mrs. Cradock's horses was amiss. She was fain to dine at Portland, and spend the night there.

Seth, I need not say, made inquiries from day to day in the stables. In the forgotten days of travel, when there were stables connected with inns, the people in the parlors knew nothing of what was passing till the people from the stables came in and told them. Seth got information at Portland, and came and told Mrs. Cradock, as she sat over her nuts and raisins again, that "they said" the best way round the world was to go by sea. Seth was an implicit believer in Mrs. Grundy, only, like most persons bred in a democratic country, he personified her as a noun of multitude. What "they said" — the voice of the

people — was to Seth, indeed, as the very voice of God.

To Mrs. Cradock his remark was a sad one. It was only just what she had said only three short days before. And what wretchedness of separation had sprung from her saying it!

"Do they say so, Seth?" said she, sadly. "I said so once."

"Yes, m'm. They say there 's oceans of people as goes round the world every year; but they goes in ships, — thousands on 'em. They call 'em 'whalers.' They goes for sperm oil and whalebone. Richardson keeps the best. We always has Richardson's."

"I know you *can* go by water, Seth. But Mr. Cradock preferred to go by land. They have not heard of Mr. Cradock, — have they?"

"All of 'em's heard on him, m'm. There is not a shopkeeper in the place but has heard on him. But none on them has seen him, nor knew he was travelling."

"I thought you did not inquire for him at the last toll-gate, Seth?"

But Seth declared he did. Mrs. Cradock's faith that they should overtake him held firm, though she was surprised that, while they paid toll steadily down the old turnpike, no one had seen Mr. Cradock's carriage, nor had they gained any clue to him at one of the inns. Yet her faith did not waver, and she still said, "We will go by land."

And the next morning Seth heated her soapstones, folded round her a handsome bear-skin he had found in a furrier's shop: "The best skin they is in the State; keeps out cold, they say, five hundred times better than them buffaloes; they say the Indians makes them." He substituted a fur cap for the stove-pipe with which he had started, and again they pressed Down East. The same morning Mr. Cradock left the little tavern at Chester Factories, and began to pull up the hills. He was already on runners; but Mrs. Cradock, as it happened, did not have to take them till she came to Bangor. There she lay by three or four days in her first heavy snow-storm. She lost no courage, however. "If it stops me, it will stop him," she said; and, after the roads were broken out, she started again.

But this is not a diary of her journey nor of his; for I do not think it would be fair to print either his diary or hers. I will tell you, before I have done, how I came to have them. Her journey of that winter was her hardest, — harder, as it happened, than his. It was but a slow journey too, — for Seth was very careful, and not over bold; if the weather were too cold, he invented endless reasons why they should not go on. Who does not know how completely a traveller is in his courier's hands? — most of all when that traveller is a woman, innocent of geography, and without a guide-book; and, if that courier have always managed her household, hard for her indeed! A

horrid business they had pulling across from Bangor to Eastport. And there Seth made a long stop. Once and again he suggested the ocean experiment. But Mrs. Cradock answered, as before, that Mr. Cradock proposed to go by land, till she had come to the very end of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, had bravely crossed the Gut of Canso to the island of Cape Breton, drove into hospitable Sydney, and there looked eastward on the sea. How should she go by land now?

For my part, I should be well pleased if, as she had hoped, she had found Mr. Cradock also seabound in Sydney, and if this story had ended there. I do not know if there is better place for a story to end than there, where so many stories have begun. Is it the eastern point of a southeastern branch of the Laurentian hills? Then it is, if I understand Agassiz, the first spot of this world that lifted itself above the hot water.

> "When the young sun revealed the glorious scene
> Where oceans gathered, and where fields grew green."

A good deal began when that bit of lowland beach first put its nose for air above the brine! And so a good many hundred million of years afterwards (ask Darwin and Lesley how many), when "the time was come" for John Cabot and his son to open up North America to England and to the world, this same old shore was the "New-Found-Land" that peered out from the fog to them on St. John's morning. Not the island of Newfound-

land, but Cape Breton. So Mr. Deane tells me, and, if he does not know, nobody does. A good deal began then; and so if you want to get either to the beginning of all things American, or to the veritable jumping-off place either, you may go to Sydney. And are there not some such charming people there? And do I not wish I was there at this living moment when I write these words? A good place to celebrate St. John's day! Here, at all events, Mrs. Cradock came, and found, of course, that she could travel east in a hackney-coach no longer. "Nothing, madam, but the sea between you and Ireland," as the native guides say so proudly on so many sea-shores.

"And has no one seen Mr. Cradock, Seth?" No: no one had seen him. How should they? Mr. Cradock had arrived that night, after a good many chances and crosses, at his fourth station in the prairies west of Detroit. He had been welcomed by a stray Canadian who had made himself a log-cabin there the year before. Neither of them could understand a word of the other's language. But in that cabin he stayed till the frost of that winter was wholly out of the ground.

III. — Of Him.

I asked dear old Robert Owen once what we should all do when he had the whole world successfully divided off into "Family Unions" of 2,500 people each, — all the Peruvians, Patago-

nians, Chinchillas, and Cattarauguses happily ordered under the same order of society, each with its own cotton-factory and its own lyceum, — and all the babies nursed in central nurseries by the most approved system, with night-gowns worn in the daytime all cut by one cosmopolitan standard. "What shall we all do when the world is well adjusted?" asked I.

And the dear old man's face beamed with a happy smile of transfiguration, as he thus contemplated the new mathematical paradise, grateful to me for recognizing its possibility, even by conjecture; and he answered, "Do? We will *travel!*"

There is a good deal in it. When education has completed itself at home, travel is a first-rate university; and the poor, stunted freshman of Life College, who at first dares not say his soul is his own, or, if he dares, says what is not true, after a little travel through the different courses of this beneficent Alma Mater's direction, — proceeds "Bachelor at Arts."

That means, he gets "the power of speaking as often as anybody asks him to," — a very great power, as I have observed men.[1] A few years more of travel, and he is "Master of Arts," which means, he receives the power of professing that he is acquainted with things, if anybody asks him.

[1] "Cum privilegio publice prælegendi, quotiescumque ad hoc munus, evocati fueritis." These are the words which accompany a Bachelor's degree.

This power, as the world goes, is also a considerable one.[1]

Many is the well-trained Bostonian who will admit that a course of travel of much less compass than Joshua Cradock's has opened his eyes mightily to the size of the world and to his own duty and place in it. And Joshua Cradock, as I remember this experience of his life, stands out to me, not as a disappointed adventurer following a phantom, ruined by his own ignorance, and homeless because too proud to make inquiry in time; but rather as a true, brave man, who, in his narrow life at home, found one chance for an outlook on the larger world, used that chance, and was himself changed in the using, and so saved, — converted. He was faithful in such little duty as he had in North Market Street; but he did not make the one great mistake of thinking that duty was all. In his ignorance, even, of the world without, there seemed to open to him a chance for enlarging his study of it, and that chance he took. Because he took it, his life also became what it did, and he knew the honors, if he knew the sufferings, of a true, unselfish child of God.

I do not pretend to say that I can unravel all his journal; it was kept originally in a book ruled for a ledger, of which one end had, in fact, been

[1] "Cum privilegio publice profitendi, quotiescumque ad hoc munus evocati fuerius." These make one a Master of Arts, if spoken with authority.

used for posting the book-accounts of some customers of his in some early adventure. Mixed right up with the diary are memoranda of accounts, drafts of letters, one sketch of a speech he made to some Indians on the Plains, a very curious and original calculation of the longitude from his notes of the great lunar eclipse of 1832, and I know not what beside. In the first winter, as I said, he came as far as Michigan; but then mud stopped him, who had not faltered before snow. The journal, brief like all journals, when there was anything to tell, becomes, like other journals, voluble when he had nothing to do. Evidently he fascinated the Canadian's children. He taught them to read and write, and to talk English; and Hubert, the oldest of them, held to him for years afterwards.

Farther on, when they had worked along to the southern end of Lake Michigan, there are the traces of a long stay he made there, in which he must have devoted himself to the fortunes of the new slab city of Rochambeau. Rochambeau has gone to its reward before now, — at least I cannot find it on the map, far less on the spot, — but here was Cradock, learned in the lumber trade, disentangling those poor settlers from the snares into which they had been led by a sort of Douster-swivel who gloried in the name of Dodwell, and making clear to them how they were to get their timber at fair rates; nay, waiting there till the first cargo came; if, in fact, he did not himself

command the craft that bore it. Here he lost or gained a great deal of time; and, indeed, all the slowness of his Western progress is to be accounted for by his determination to see wrong righted in many such an enterprise. At last, after the burning of the prairies, or before, or at the possible time, whenever that was, — Flagg and Staples and the rest of them will explain to you, — he struck the Mississippi quite low down, got his craft on a steamer which was exploring the upper river, then so little known, made some northing, and then, in the freshness of one early spring, they pushed across, he and the faithful driver and Hubert, by the Great Pipe Rock to the upper Missouri. From that time it is wild adventure indeed. The getting the carriage through was, of course, now a mere piece of pride. But they had all the time there was. They conciliated all those roving tribes, even of Yellow-Stones. Who in this world does not such a man as Cradock conciliate? and there is something racy in the triumph with which he announces the running of successive cañons as they work down what I suppose to have been Lewis's River.

"*October* 27. — Fair, — water not so high, but high enough. Sighted the wheels to-day, after a good deal of doubt whether they had not passed in the night. Hubert lassoed the raft and hauled it in. All right.

"*October* 28, 6 A.M. — Rainy, — cleared afterwards. Started the old booby (by this name the

carriage-body has been called for some months) at six, and the wheels at eight, following with Hubert still on the south side. Lost sight of the little raft at once; but there is a red hide trails behind the big raft, which we saw on the foam for half a mile. Road on the south side very hard, but this pony would go anywhere.

"*October* 29. — Fair. Did not make two miles. Vorse must have gone some other way. If he did not, we shall never see the booby again.

"*October* 30. — Rain with thunder. Dead lost. After a day's work, struck the river half a mile *above* last night's camp!

"*October* 31. — Rain. Found the trail. Pushed twenty miles and came into camp. Vorse had made a good fire, and had biscuits baking. Best of all, he had sighted both rafts in the back-water yesterday, and had hauled them both in. They are floating just off shore now. The Mission is only two hundred miles below."

At this Mission I suppose they spent that winter; for it is not till the 4th of July of next year that I find them in Walrussia, spending that day in Sitka. And this man, who left his home simply an honest produce merchant, who had tried hard to believe that the Boston schools were the only schools, the Boston streets the only streets, the Boston newspapers the only newspapers, and the Boston Society for promoting Useful Knowledge the only possible society, — this man had, since he left Boston, taught one Western town

how to save its children's children from epidemic in reorganizing their drainage; had watched in another through all the horrors of a relapse of the first cholera invasion; had attended to that little matter of the lumber at Rochambeau; had made certainly two treaties, and I know not how many more, between squabbling tribes of Indians, who, but for him, would have cut their throats, — and here at Sitka, at last, he gives a public dinner to the Russian Governor and the agents of the North American Company, to Captain Taganoff and the other naval officers in port, and actually makes them a speech in French (acquired from Hubert), on the relations between the two great powers which divide the northern zones. Mr. Seward would like to print that speech in the archives of Alaska.

IV. — Of Lake Baikal, or the Sea so called.

For myself, the way I came to have these papers before me, and to be able to tell you what Seth and the rest said and did, and what they did not do, is easily told.

In one of the inter-acts of the drama of a somewhat varied life, I had taken the contract for laying the Inter-Hemispheric wire, on the fourth section of the Siberian Telegraph Division, and this led me to spend the better part of two years not far from the Chinese Wall, between Kras-

noyarsk and Yakoutsk. Properly speaking, our part of the line began at Krasnoyarsk, though, for reasons I need not name here, we took from Section 3 one hundred and eleven wersts this side of that place, beginning at Post Station 87. The first time I went over my line, in company with my dear friend Bolkhorinitoff of the Imperial engineers, the country was as new to me as it is to you, dear reader. And then came that delicious first visit at Irkutsk, where every visit has been so delicious. Is there any traveller who does not bless the Mouravieffs with a full heart, and remember them every night as he puts his head on the pillow? Well, we had all the fun there, — such coasting as there is not in all Russia beside, nor even in New Bedford. Dancing, music, — what did we not have that was charming in a wilderness? We arranged our head-quarters there, and then with Bolkhorinitoff I pushed on to determine the eastern line.

Of course there must be a station at Irkutsk. It is the capital of Eastern Siberia. Beyond that was the question. I was rather for clinging to the Chinese frontier, and carrying it right through Kiachta. But the reader will understand that the difficulty was with Lake Baikal. Before the ice broke up, we pushed across once to Posolskoi, and so down to Kiachta on the snow, and back again. A magnificent expedition it is. You have the best horses I ever rode behind, and you know and they know what is the wager as you cross the

ice. You leave and they leave the western shore at ten in the morning. You are on ice which is so clear that you cannot believe you are standing on anything; — thick, who knows how thick? On — on — you push across, are turned here by a idge which has formed itself after some storm, get the eastern line there, holding your landmark in sight steadily, — on and on — seventy-five wersts, — fifty miles, — you have driven in four hours, with the thermometer at the point of frozen mercury! That is a good match against time for you, and the stakes are worth considering.

If only the ice would last all through the year, there, of course, would the wire go, but for six months this sea of glass, dear Mr. Calvin, is a sea of water; and where shall our wires go then? We went to Kiachta, came back round the southern end of the lake, and were dissatisfied.

Bolkhorinitoff and I agreed that, as soon as the navigation was opened, he should go north by post on the west side, I would go up by boat over the lake to Nofpo Staun, — a new place which none of them had seen, at the very northeastern point, — we would meet there, and see if the lake might not be doubled better on the northward. The lake (Heaven forgive me, I have called it so three times), I mean the sea, is, you see, as long as Lake Superior.

So, when we got into May, poor Bolkhorinitoff left me; and early in June I went down to the sea, — it is forty miles from Irkutsk, — and char-

tered a queer craft for the voyage. She had just come in with omully, or omoulé, the herring of that region. She smelt of the cargo after it was gone, as vases do of attar. I made friends with the skipper, and had a chance to learn to speak "Russia-in-Asia," if I had never had it before; for we were windbound there ten days. He did not want to beat to windward, and, after I knew better, I did not want to either.

The Irkutsk people say that no man knows how to pray from his heart till he has been on the Baikal Sea in autumn. I can understand the proverb very well from my experience of that spring. We stayed in shore for ten days, the skipper and I playing a detestable form of sledge on the villanous pack of Russian cards he had, whiling away time by his teaching and my learning to talk "Russia-in-Asia," as I said, and I working up my journal with some notes I have never published, on the traces of Sandemanianism in the architecture of the parish churches of the Ural. At last we got to sea, — and such a sea!

It is from forty to sixty miles wide. It is certainly five hundred miles long. When the wind blows the wrong way, the best thing you can do is to get out and wait, if you can. But sometimes you cannot, the conditions being severe. We started too soon; the wind hauled round into the northeast when we were thirty miles off-shore, and we had to take it, cold and heavy, — very cold and very heavy.

With the help of my dictionary I asked the skipper if there were no shelter on the east side of the lake, thinking we might claw a little to windward, and gain something in distance. I was amazed as he begged me to be still; — if I could say nothing better than that, to say nothing; and, somewhat snubbed, I went below. After the gust was over, he apologized. I had called the Baikal "*osero*," a lake, instead of "*more*," a sea. Now this was an insult to the ruling powers. He told me with perfect seriousness, that an ungodly fellow, years ago, swore it was a lake, and lake it should be called. So he called it "a lake." "But," whispered the skipper, "whichever way that man sailed, the wind was always against him. Six weeks, two months, it blew always ahead; no matter how he tacked, the wind tacked too; till at last he swore a terrible oath, and said it was a sea, and should be a sea; and, before the words were well out of his mouth, the fog lifted and he was on shore."

I told the skipper coolly that this must be a Dutchman; and he said he was, — quite innocent of my satire. And I found the story afterwards in Gmélin's Travels. He tells it of a countryman of his. This was the reason the skipper wanted me to mind my *p*'s and *q*'s as I talked upon such risky water.

I confess I had some sentiment all this time. Have not you a sentimental feeling about some parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude?

Yes? well, so have I, — a great deal of it. Here is this dear old meridian of 71° runs right through Boston Harbor. I feel as if I could kiss it every time I cross it on Hough's Neck, and I walk my horse if I drive over it on the Salem turnpike. Do you wonder at Wendell Phillips's interest in Toussaint? Why, the meridian of Boston crosses the middle of Hayti! how can a Boston boy help feeling himself at home there? And I never wondered why they thought Valparaiso was the Valley of Paradise, when they found out that, so far as the longitude went, they were under this blessed Boston meridian. And when you complete the great circle, and come on the other side of the world, you feel it all the more. That is the reason why Coram enjoyed Java so much; because this meridian of 109° east, just half-way round, as the sun moves, makes everything seem so natural. Six o'clock here when it is six o'clock there, only here it is night when there it is morning.

So I was a little sentimental in the old herring-boat, for I was on or about 108° east, and knew I was nearing 109°. Did they think of me at home? I was almost as far from them as on that parallel I could go, and after that point I should be coming nearer. Perhaps it was this; perhaps I took cold by getting wet when we shipped those heavy seas the fourth day out, for it was very slow work.

I had all the tortures in my lower jaw, left

side; I did not know there was a bad tooth there, but there was something. O, what a night that was! Miss Martineau says we do not remember pain. I should like to try her on that toothache. I smoked some wretched Chinese tobacco, — no good. Then I took some nostrum of the skipper's, — no good. Then I dropped fifty drops of laudanum, — no good. Then I thought I might as well die one way as another, and I raked out some *Cannabis Indica* (hasheesh, you know) that was in Orloff's medicine-chest; I chewed that, — no good. Finally I put myself to sleep with ether, and lay like a log till, long after dark, I waked, found the skipper had covered me warm, and that we had made a splendid run. It was just midnight, and we were running up to the wharf, or slip, of Nofpo Staun.

I said I would go ashore. The skipper tried to make me wait till morning. "No: I had had enough of the lake, — I begged his pardon, — of the sea." I wrapped myself warmly, stepped on the wharf, and found it a little peninsula connecting with another, just as the T connects with the old Long Wharf of Boston. And up this other longer wharf I walked, under the silent moonlight, into the little town. Was I asleep? I knew I was not drunk! was it the hasheesh? was it the ether? or was there, in fact, a little old State House at the head of the street? and was there the dome of another State House beyond it, only very small? There was nobody to tell me;

but, as I went up and on, I found I was in a quaint, queer, old-fashioned little Boston. Was it Duchesne's model, which had grown a little? or was I still dreaming in the skipper's cabin? Up State Street I went, — up Court Street I went, — I passed the funny little Tremont House and the funnier Tremont Theatre. I passed the Deblois House, where our Horticultural Hall is now. When I came to the little Park Street Church and the little Common, I was convinced I was crazy. I walked sadly back to the little Tremont House, went up the low steps, made a row at the door, and was admitted by a sleepy Buraet, who looked like the half-Chinaman that he was. A little pantomime and a little Russia-in-Asia gave me a good bed anyway; and I went to sleep, and slept off twelve hours more of tooth-ache, cannabis, laudanum, and nostrum.

When I crawled down to breakfast the host came, attentive, as Chinese as his waiter; but he talked a little German. So did I. Two littles in language may not fit very closely, however, and our "littles" were not the same "littles," and to my joy he soon sent for an interpreter; for he wanted to be attentive. And in fifteen minutes an indubitable Yankee, gray-haired and smiling, appeared, who was, as it proved, no other than Seth, of whom I have been telling you. He had lived in his place, he said, for nigh thirty years. "There wa'n't nothin' when I came," said he; "but Mr. Cradock liked to stay here, and he

went into the lumber business, and we make the town as much like the old place as we can." And so he launched me on the story I have been telling you.

V. — Of Mrs. Cradock again.

For Mrs. Cradock never turned back from Sydney. Not she. She stayed till summer, making friends of high and low in her gentle, tender way. But she only waited for a chance to go farther. A little French fishing-vessel ran in for doctor's help for the skipper's wife, who was on board. Dear Mrs. Cradock helped her more than all the faculties; and when she was better, and the little schooner started for St. Malo, the Boston hack was hauled upon her deck, covered with a tarpaulin, the horses were sold, and Madam and Seth and Nimshi Jehusson, the driver, took passage eastward. Madam was deadly sea-sick; but she said, "If I could only be sea-sick and he here," for she remembered. The French people could not understand a word they said, nor they the seamen. But they understood that Madam was a saint, and that the others were her familiars. So when they came to Brest, before running up to St. Malo, the French people told all comers that here was a Lady Abbess from a great American convent. And Madam smiled and was courteous, and Seth was voluble and unintelligible, and Nimshi said nothing. A Lady Superior

came down to see them. She found Madam on deck reading her Selections from Fénelon and her Bible. The Lady Superior was not strong in literature, but she knew the word "Bible" when she saw it; and she knew the word "Fénelon" when she saw that, and she knew the little gold cross which Madam Cradock wore because Joshua gave it her on her birthday. So the Lady Superior took them with all the honors to her convent, all officers of customs bowing respectful, and here they stayed till Nimshi and Seth had bought little Breton horses that suited them, and then they started on what the Lady Superior called, properly enough, their "*pèlerinage sainte.*" She directed them to the next holy house, and so, by good luck, they started east with a better introduction than all the savans and all the diplomatists in the world could have given them. It was very droll to hear Seth's account of how they got a passport. A "sport" he always called it, rejecting the first syllable, and it was long before I found out what he was talking about. The Lady Abbess had used some pretty stiff influence, I fancy; at all events, what with the American Consul at Brest, and the Abbess, and some ecclesiastics whom Seth designated as "them priests," something was arranged which answered the purpose for two continents.

And once, as they rode from one holy house to another, Madam Cradock took into that Boston hackney-coach, at which the village children stared

so, a little waif of an orphan, for whom the sisters were caring, who was supposed to need change of air. She promised to deliver her safely to the sisters at Grand Lucé. And this little puss, with her French questions, which Mrs. Cradock could not answer, and with her relish of Mrs. Cradock's store of bonbons, and with dropping asleep hot afternoons in Mrs. Cradock's arms, and laying her head resolutely in Mrs. Cradock's lap as evening drew on, became so dear to the good lady that, when they came to Grand Lucé, she could not bear to part with her. And after they had rested there the accustomed three days, Madam begged her of the sisters that she might carry her on to Bonnelles; and at Bonnelles, she begged that she might take her on to Rampillon. Now the child was nobody's child but the good God's, so far as man knew or nun knew, and at Rampillon there was no difficulty in letting her go to Bruyères. And at Bruyères she started again with them to Weil, and so to Ellwangen and Bruck, and, indeed, never left Mrs. Cradock more. Whether, indeed, the nuns, any of them, understood one word of the pantomime by which Madam Cradock told the story, I think may be doubted. For she and Seth and Nimshi resolutely held, all the way through, to the language to which they were born.

I have sometimes thought that those people who know nothing of a foreign language fare better, in the parts where it is spoken, than those who think

they know something. They are put through by the courtesy of the natives, while the people who insist on doing their own talking are e'en left to care for themselves. So was it, at least, with Seth, and Nimshi, and Mrs. Cradock. And by the courtesy of the nuns to the child, Mrs. Cradock became proprietor of this little Adèle, without any apprentice-papers or act of sale.

So from convent to convent they fared on. Nimshi and Seth made their sets of acquaintances among horse-people; Mrs. Cradock and Adèle made theirs in chapels and ghostly parlors. If winters came, they made long pauses. If summer came, they drove toward sunrise. Little they knew of the politics of the countries they passed through; but there were love and faith and hope inside the carriage, and resolution and courage outside; and little Adèle, who sat now within and now without, became, in those long stages, mediator and interpreter between the two.

And so it happened at last, one bright September day, as they were crossing the flat at the northern end of the Baikal Sea, that Seth pointed to Nimshi a tandem team approaching them far distant; three Lapland reindeer scampering down with a heavier carriage behind them than the usual low Russian post-coach, and asked him what he would give to boot, if the post-boy offered to swap the three deer against their half-blood Tartars. Nimshi replied with some good-natured chaff; but as they approached the stranger, he

admitted that the heavy-clad post-boy kept his wild team well in hand, and that they were a handier set than he would have supposed. They drew up off the road for the "little beggars" to go by; not expecting conversation, for which, indeed, they were not prepared. But the stranger was more communicative. By a wild Lapland cry he threw the little creatures back on their haunches, and in three or four words addressed the Yankee.

"Irkutsk shipko glübnik?" asked he.

And Seth said: "We speak English, if you please."

"English," cried the bearded Laplander; "who are you? I said to myself that the driving was like the driving of Nimshi Jehusson, — are you Seth Corbet?"

And by this time a woman's head was out of one window of the Eastward hack; and a man's out of one of the Western.

"Joshua!"

"Molly!"

They had met half-way.

VI. — Of Noffo Staun.

At the spot where the carriages met I found them still standing, thirty years after, as a monument of the happy rendezvous.

Just above it rises the mimic State House, below is the mimic Common, around which their travels ended; here they founded the New Boston, which was their after home.

DID HE TAKE THE PRINCE
TO RIDE?

DID HE TAKE THE PRINCE TO RIDE?

[After Mr. Ingham first retired from naval service, — and after his first rebuff in the Sandemanian ministry, — having established his residence in the minister's lot, No. 9, in the 3d range in Maine. — he then assumed a position of modest usefulness in the city of Boston, which compelled him and Mrs. Ingham to reside here for some years. To this period of his life belongs the year 1860, and Mr. Haliburton's adventure which is here recorded. My impression is that Mr. Haliburton was at that time connected with the Methuselah and Admetus Life Company.

The narrative was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for May, 1868.

To this note, written nearly thirty years ago, I will now add, — what I hope is not necessary, — that the studies of different Boston lanes, from the straw in Orange Lane to the palace with its Allstons and Corots, are all taken from the real life of those days.

In 1873 I rang the bell at Marlborough House, where the Prince of Wales then resided, — and left a copy of the story with the servant who answered the bell. But whether his Royal Highness recognized the tale of Haliburton I never knew.

As Frederic Ingham — George Hackmatack — George Haliburton and Felix Carter are frequently mentioned in these tales, — until in 1884 I sent them all off in quest of

Mr. Whittier's burning Palatine, in a phantom ship of their own which never returned, — I may here as well tell where their names came from. In writing for my father's paper, early in life, I had to sign my articles. I did not care to use my initials E. H., and instead of that, I took the next letters in alphabetical order F. I. When it afterwards came convenient to give him a full name, I lengthened the initials into "Frederic Ingham." He appeared so often in different capacities, that, in the introduction to a volume called "The Ingham Papers," I created his full biography. Felix Carter came into being as the hero of the children of the public. As that story was planned, it was meant that my sister Lucretia should write Fausta's biography. Had she done so, we would have had in her a living person instead of the shadow of a name. George Hackmatack was the South American editor in one of my earliest printed stories. And Haliburton first appeared in "My Double," where Mr. Ingham needs a professional friend.

People have forgotten about the Sandemanians, — so it may be as well to say that they never had any ministers. This was reason enough to me for giving the title of Sandemanian minister to an imaginary person. The stories have had their share of unkindly criticism, — but it has not happened that any critic, so far as I have known, has observed this somewhat central incident in a series of improbabilities.]

DID he take the Prince to ride? How should I know? The Prince never told me anything about it. I never saw the Prince but twice, — once was out by the old Francis House, in Brookline, where I rode into a pasture that 'Zyness might pass by with his suite, — and once was as he came in from Cambridge on the old Concord Turnpike, when I and my wife sat in the buggy

and joined in general enthusiasm. There is a photograph of him in the tray there; but he never told me, nor did the photograph, whether Haliburton took him to ride. Don't ask me.

Haliburton does not know himself. He thought he took him to ride; and he came to our house and told me and my wife he had done so. But when he read the "Advertiser" the next day, the "Advertiser" said the Prince went with the City Government to see the House of Correction, the Insane Hospital, the Mount Hope Cemetery, or some of the other cheerful entertainments which are specially provided for distinguished persons. So Haliburton was a little dashed, thought perhaps he had been sold; and to this hour, when we want to stir him up a little, we ask him, "Did he take the Prince to ride?"

This is the story:—

The afternoon of the day when his Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Grand Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Count of Chester, Count of Carrick and Dublin, Baron Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, visited the University at Cambridge in New England, left his autograph in the Library, and inspected a room or two in Holworthy, — of the day when, as above, I backed the buggy into a corner for 'Zyness to pass, and attempted vainly to entice the burghers of Cambridgeport into a unanimous cheer, — this day, I say, he visited, with a few

friends, the beautiful Library of the Historical Society in Tremont Street; the most attractive public book-room, let me say, in New England, and therefore the best public lion in Boston. There he saw the Dowse Library, the pen that signed the Articles of Confederation, the Manchester velvet small-clothes of Franklin, and the curious swords from Prescott's library. These are the swords of the English Captain Linzee, who first opened fire on Bunker Hill, and of the Yankee Colonel Prescott, who had thrown up its fortification. Prescott's grandson, the historian, married Linzee's granddaughter; and so, in that household, the two swords worn that day by the two chiefs came lovingly together. Blessed be the omen! These curiosities, and others, the Prince saw; he expressed a kind interest in them; asked for an autograph of Washington for his brother Alfred, which some gentleman gave him, and went away.

Haliburton happened to be there, — or says he was there, — and it is there that the story begins. How Haliburton came to be there I am sure I do not know. He is not a member of the society, and probably never will be. We tell him he smuggled himself in from the street, and was mistaken by his hosts for one of the delegation from Prince Edward's Island. But being there, — if he were there, — and talking with one of those thoroughly intelligent gentlemen of the Prince's suite, who have left behind them such pleasant memories

here, — Haliburton said that it was a pity the Prince should see only those things in which America could not, from the nature of the case, rival other countries, and in which, of course, she had least that was individual or of special interest. "History," said Haliburton, must, of course, "be the element of least interest of all in the country whose past is the shortest of any." And so he went on to say, that, almost from the nature of the case, the Prince, like all other travellers, was seeing just those things in which nations most resemble each other, and was seeing least of the peculiarities of domestic life which make nations what they are, and different from each other.

This gentleman, whose name Haliburton never told me, if he knew, — and if he had I would not tell you, — said this was true enough; but he did not see how the matter could be mended. Only the Caliph Alraschid could get into the private life of his people; and it might be doubted whether the Vizier Jaffir had not sold the Caliph in each of the celebrated visits of inspection. As Haliburton had said, private life, because it was private, could not be seen in a public visit of ceremony.

As to this, Haliburton said, where there was a will there was a way. If the Prince, or any gentleman of his suite, wanted to see private life in Boston, almost any man of sense in Boston could show it to him. Whether that was what

the *cortège* was here for Haliburton did not know. He had sometimes doubted whether princes saw much of domestic life outside of palaces at home, — or if they wanted to.

His friend laughed, and said he could not say. But he did think that, abroad, a traveller, as keen as his Royal Highness, wanted to see what there was; and he ventured to say that he would be very much obliged to any American gentleman who could put him in the way of seeing how people lived. And so their talk ran on, rather more into detail; and it ended in Haliburton's promising to call in his buggy at the side-door of the Revere House at ten o'clock the next day, and see if there was anybody who cared to drive round Boston with him. Not a word was said to the Prince, or the Duke of Newcastle, nor to General Bruce. The visit to the Library was ended, and they all went home.

The next morning Haliburton had Peg harnessed, and, at the stroke of ten, drove up at the Bulfinch Street door. Then, he says, as sure as Peg is a living horse, at the moment, before he had time to get out of the carriage, the door of the hotel opened, and a slight young man, of fresh, ruddy face, with a very shiny hat, looking as if it had been bought that morning, stepped quickly down, looked up brightly in his face, asked if he were Mr. Haliburton, and stepped in, — Haliburton making room for him, but actually not leaving his seat. If he had said, "Are you the Prince of

Wales?" there could be no question now like that at the head of this article. But he did not say anything of the kind. Either he was dashed by the presence of royalty *in posse*, or he felt too certain of his passenger to ask, or he felt modest and thought it would be impertinent. The young gentleman took the left side of the seat. Haliburton lifted the reins. Peg started, and they drove through Bowdoin Square into Green Street, and the expedition had begun.

After a word or two of mutual civility, Haliburton asked his friend how much time he could give him. He said it was arranged that they were all to lunch together at three, and till that time he would be at Haliburton's service. Haliburton then said that he had undertaken to show him how people lived, — that, if he might direct the morning, he would try to bring into it as much variety as possible. He would show his friend how an Irish emigrant lived in the first month after his landing. He would show him how another Irish emigrant lived after he had been here five years. He would show him how a Vermont mechanic lived, who had moved here from the country, and was at work on wages. He would show him how the same man's cousin lived, who had been twenty years in active life, and had made his fortune. He would show him as well how another emigrant family lived when the father took to drink and went to the dogs. And he would show him how the staid old Bostonian

lived who had Copley's pictures of his great-grandfathers hanging in the hall and the dining-room, — who had other grandfathers who sold stay-laces in Pudding Lane, — but who, for all that, descended from higher families, who came over in Winthrop's fleet. "This is a small town," said Haliburton, "and I think we can do this, though not in this order perhaps, before the time you name."

I asked Haliburton once how he called his incog. companion, — whether he said "Uryness" to him, or "Prince," or assumed the familiar "Albert." But Haliburton said, "Do I call you 'Ingham' all the time, or 'Colonel,' or 'Parson,' or 'Fred,' or do I say 'you?' I said 'you' to the young man, whoever he was, and he said 'you' to me."

I may not get the order of their morning calls rightly. I ought to say, to Haliburton's credit, that, whenever I have heard him tell the story, he has told it at very great length, and with much detail. I hope this is not important; for what with not listening always, and with forgetting, I am not very strong on the details. But I am sure as to the general drift of the expedition.

They brought up first, say in Seneca Street, or one of the parallels, at a three-story tenement-house. Haliburton jumped out, fastened the horse by his iron weight, which he wound around the lamp-post, and which was a novelty to his companion, who inspected the simple machinery,

and asked about it with interest. Haliburton bade him follow, opened the front door without knocking, and pushed up two flights of stairs. The passage was dark, and had that odious man-smell which most school-houses and prisons have, some hospitals even, and the halls of all tenement-houses which are not kept under very strict *régime*. A few of the banisters were knocked out from the balustrade.

Arrived at the third story back, Haliburton knocked. "Come in!" And they went in. A room twelve by fourteen. The floor white with sand and elbow-grease, and a six-foot-square bit of worn carpet in the middle. A Banner stove, size No. $3\frac{1}{2}$, well cleaned with black lead, without fire, in front. On the mantel, a china image of St. Joseph with the infant Saviour; a canary-bird, in wax, fastened on some green leaves; a large shell from the West Indies; a kerosene lamp; three leather-covered books without titles on their backs; a paper of friction-matches; and a small flower-pot with a bit of ivy in it, — placed in the order I name, going from right to left. On the wall behind, a colored lithograph of Our Mother of the Bleeding Heart, — her bosom anatomically laid open that the heart might be seen, — and the color represented accurately by the artist; another colored lithograph of Father Mathew; and a Connecticut clock, with the fight of the "Constitution" and "Guerrière." Between the windows another colored lithograph, "Kath-

leen Mavourneen"; table under it; a rocking-chair; four wooden chairs; another table between the doors; small bedstead in one corner. All this I can describe so accurately because I was often there, and recollect the room as well as this I am in.

Mrs. Rooney rises, as they enter, from a settee on rockers, across two thirds of the front of which is a rail, — convenient cradle and rocking-chair joined, — puts by Rooney *fils* into the cradle part, and steps forward cheerfully, neat as wax, trig and bright.

"How d' ye do, Mrs. Rooney?"

"Very well, Mr. Haliburton; and welcome to you. Won't you gentlemen take seats?"

"This is my friend, Mr. Edward, Mrs. Rooney; he is riding with me to-day."

Mrs. Rooney quickly, a little clumsily, takes the shiny hat, with Haliburton's felt, puts them both on the table, quite unconscious that she is serving the son of her sovereign (if, indeed, that day Haliburton *did* take the Prince to ride). That was the first and last that passed between her and him during the call. He kept his eyes open; beckoned to little Phil Rooney, who stood in the corner with his thumb in his mouth, but the boy would not come. Not that he knew a Saxon from a Kelt. Duke of Saxony was all one to him with Brian Boroghue; he would have come to neither. The Prince (if it was the Prince) had no pence or lozenges, or did not know enough to

produce them. The conversation was all between Haliburton and Mrs. Rooney.

"Children well?"

Yes, pretty well; Phil there cutting some back teeth; Terence, a bad cold, but wanted to go to school again; and Miss Cutter had been round, and wanted him to go, and so he had gone.

"All three at school now?"

"Yes, Delia — Bridget, that is, but she likes us to call her Delia — is at school still. If I found a good place at service, I would take her away. But she is particular, and so am I. Terry, he would be glad enough to be out; but his father says, 'No; if there 's a chance for learning, the boy must have it.' And the boy, if he is my boy, is a good boy to mind; and, if he is fond of play, he does well at school too. Yonder is his last certificate, and there is the other which he had in Miss Young's room."

Delia, it seems, or Bridget, has three certificates; but her father has sent them all to Borriscarra, County Mayo, province of Connaught. Terry's are framed in mahogany, and hang above the Prince's head (if, indeed, it be H. R. H.).

"And how did the children stand the summer?" They had not stood it too well. Dreadfully close some of those hot nights! Delia made a visit of a week at Malden, and Terry made friends with a boy whose father sailed from Beverly for mackerel, so that he was away all the vacations; but for Mrs. Rooney and the little children it was hard.

Indeed, Mrs. Rooney often thought of the bit cottage, a mile outside Borriscarra, as you go to Ballintubber, and could not but wish that her children had the chance to run outdoors that she had there. On this, H. R. H. (if it were he) showed signs of curiosity, and Haliburton, having waited in vain for him to ask the question he wanted to, put it himself.

"And would not you like to go back again, Mrs. Rooney, and show them the children, and live in the old cottage again?"

"Indade, no, your honors. Dick has just sent out fifty-five dollars for the old people, and we expect them before Christmas here. What should we do at Borriscarra? The times are harder there than iver. Nothing has gone well with them since the Queen took the spinning-wheels away!"

(Expression of surprise on the younger man's face. But he says nothing.)

"Then why does not Dick go up country, take a bit land there and a house, and let the children play about as you and he did?" persisted the persevering Haliburton. And for an answer he was told that indeed Dick would be glad to do so, and that he had had a good deal of talk with a man they dealt with at the yard, who owned a marble-quarry near Rutland. But Bridget must be at service soon. She could not yet find a good place for her; and they were very well off as they were, and so on and so on, and so forth and so forth. Haliburton knew too much to make a fuss with his

advice, seized his felt, gave his companion his stove-pipe, and they retired.

"What did she mean about the spinning-wheels?" said the Englishman, as they started again. And Haliburton told him that there was a popular superstition among five or six millions of her Majesty's subjects, to the effect that the decline of house-spinning was due to an edict of the Queen, that spinning should be done in factories rather than at firesides. And as they talked thus they came into Osborn Place (not Osborne House, Uryness), — and Haliburton took his friend into an upstairs parlor of one of the pretty suites of a "model lodging-house."

It is very odd how this word "model" is changing its meaning, when you apply it to such places. Often and often it is given to some wretched huddle of crowded rooms, which never should be model or pattern for anything. I am not sure but its technical use in connection with lodging-houses is due to some model houses of Prince Albert's, this boy's own father. However this may be, the houses in Osborn Place are models which I wish the cities of the world would largely follow. Upstairs and upstairs, a good many flights, they ran, Haliburton leading. He rang at the door-bell when they reached the right landing, and pretty Caroline Freeman opened to them, and ushered them in.

"I beg your pardon," said the voluble Haliburton, "for calling before hours, but you and I are

not formal, you know. My friend was shy of coming up, but I said you would not mind. Mr. Edward, Miss Freeman," — and she offered them chairs, in her pretty parlor, and they sat down. A bright view — I know not how many miles — through the vines and other greenery of her windows; a cheerful glow from the bright carpet; a good water-color by her brother, — scene in the harbor of Shanghae, or Bussora, or somewhere outlandish, no matter; and a good chromolith. But, to my mind, always the prettiest ornament was Caroline herself, and I believe her visitors thought so then.

Haliburton's real object was accomplished when they had sat long enough to give his companion a chance to see the room, but he had to make an excuse for coming at all. He was going down to Buzzard's Bay for some shooting. Could not Fred come with him? Say start on Thursday and be back Tuesday?

Caroline would ask Fred, but doubted. Wished Fred would go, for Fred was low-spirited and blue. He had been disappointed about the opening at Naguadavick; they had determined, after all, not to start their steam-mill this winter. Fred had had full promise of the charge of the engine-room there, as Haliburton knew; but this threw him out again, — and times were dull everywhere, and he said he was fated to get nothing. He had been talking with the chief at the navy-yard, who was an old friend of his; but there was

no chance there, and no chance that there would be a chance. She would rather Fred should go to sea again; he was always better at sea.

"And how is your mother?" — at which moment that lady appeared.

I never can describe people, but you all of you know just one nice person, who, at forty, looks for sweetness as if she were seventeen, and for serenity as if she were seventy. Well, Mrs. Freeman, Caroline's mother, is the one I know. She would not own she was ill, though she was; she said she was a great deal better than she had been, and would be a great deal better the next day, — for all which it was clear enough that both of them were delicate. A pity they should have to rough it through here in this *vilain* winter. But she parried all talk about herself, and in a moment was making "Mr. Edward" talk; had he been travelling far? was it his first visit West? was he fond of sporting? were the Western grouse like the Scotch? and, before he knew it, the young Englishman was talking rapidly; Haliburton chuckling, and withdrawing with Caroline into an aside, showing her a memorandum he had in his note-book. This done, the other two were not done. So Haliburton and she kept on; — her maiden article in "Merry's Museum"; Ingham's (that's my) sermon of Sunday at the chapel; the Philharmonic programme for the winter; Lucy Coleman's new piano, which Lucy said should be at Caroline's use for the winter while

Lucy was in Cuba, and so on, and so on. At last Haliburton looked at his watch, and told the young gentleman they must go; and so tore him away while he was telling how they ran the rapids at the mouth of the Ottawa.

"Those are nice people," said he; "what class of society are they of?"

"'Umph," mused Haliburton aloud. "Classes do not divide themselves quite so distinctly with us as with you. That is the class of widows in delicate health; who live in an upper story of a model lodging-house, supported by the earnings of a son and daughter, neither of whom is of age. That girl will to-night be at an evening music party of fifty of the nicest people in Boston, and to-morrow morning she will be in the basement of the first house we went to, teaching her scales on the piano to the daughter of a well-to-do Irish stone-mason, who wants his girl to learn to play, at fifty cents a lesson. I never thought," added Haliburton, laughing, "that Caroline Freeman would make a good duchess; she has not weight of guns enough, *aplomb*, or self-assertion for a duchess; but, say for a viscountess, she would do nicely, or for a schoolmistress in Dubuque, Iowa. I am not sure which class in society she belongs to."

They both laughed, and Haliburton, following his hand, rather than the plan which he had laid out in the morning, crossed the town, passing the Common, and called on Lucy Coleman, to see

what she could tell him about Mrs. Freeman's cough. It is a way Haliburton has of doing one thing at once, — he calls it making one hand wash another; he says he learned it from John Jacob Astor, who told him, the only time Haliburton ever saw him on business (Haliburton's father had a lot of otter-skins), that he should like to settle the matter there and then, that he never might have to think of it again, or see Haliburton himself more. So, I say, Haliburton, forgetting his plan, drove through Charles Street, between the Public Garden and the Common, and called on Lucy Coleman.

"I had not meant to come here," said he to the Prince (if it w. t. P.), as they left the carriage, "but it is as well as if we had gone to see the Copleys. If there are no Copleys here, — and by the way there are, — there are others as good, — Allstons and Champneys."

"You forget that I do not know what Copleys and Allstons and Champneys are. What are they? — people, or things to eat, or fashions of clothes?"

"Oh! I forgot; they are pictures. Copley was a bright boy here, — went to the Latin School, where you were Tuesday, and painted first-rate portraits a hundred years ago; then went to England, and died there twenty years before you were born; left a son you have seen, your old Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst. Allston was a Carolinian, who lived and died with us, painted such

landscapes, and such lovely faces! Look there! —" and his friend was by this time absorbed in the exquisite dream of beauty before him.

Miss Lucy came running downstairs. "I saw your carriage, and I would not keep you waiting," she said, and then paused, seeing the stranger, welcomed him, and made no further apology. It was still long before calling-hours, but she had bravely run down in her exquisite morning cashmere. Haliburton was, I think, rather glad that he had been moved to come round here. He had meant fairly to show the Prince what should make a fair average of life, and to put no best foot foremost. He knew, however, that he had lapsed from grace in going up to the Freemans' rooms, — that there were ten people in Osborn Place, not near so pretty as Caroline, where he had an equal right to call. But here he had called fairly. And if the parlors were perfectly furnished and hung, if the half-dozen pictures, all on the line of the eye, were of the choicest, yes, in the world; if the little low bookcases were tempting in what they revealed, and tempting in what they concealed; if the two or three pamphlets and the three or four books that lay loose were of just the latest freshness, and most appetizing qualities; if the cannel coal had just crusted over so that the room was not a bit heated by it, yet so that one dig from the steel poker would wake it to a frenzy of light and life, — was this any fault of his. Had he chosen to come here? or was there not an irresis-

tible destiny which compelled him? Once more he intimated that he brought his friend up, rather than leave him in the carriage; the young man sank into an easy-chair, with a volume of Darley's prints, and Haliburton and Miss Lucy fell to talk about the Freemans.

Had he heard? Did she know? Yes, he knew this, and she knew that, and both knew this and that, and she had not heard this, and he did not understand the other, and so on. What had made Haliburton forget the Prince's ride was his uneasiness about Caroline's flushed face, — which had made her look so pretty, by the way, — and his determination to see whether something could not be done about that and her mother's cough. So, in that wild, impulsive way of his, instead of writing a note to Lucy Coleman, he had slammed right over there, before she had even put her morning-dress off, to consult with her.

But nothing could be done about it. Lucy had been more eager than he; Lucy had been begging Caroline to go with her to Charleston, and so to Cuba, and then to Santa Lucia and St. Thomas. Mr. Coleman himself had been interested about it, — knew how much pleasure it would give Lucy, and had been down to call on Mrs. Freeman. But they said they could not break up their establishment. Fred must not be left adrift so little while after he had come home; Fred had himself tried to persuade them, but they would not think of it. As to the cough, Mrs. Freeman

was sure it would be better the next week; and as for the flush, Caroline would not have it talked of at all. So Haliburton had had his ride for his pains. "I wish you could manage it," said the bright young lady, "for I shall lose my journey if something does not come to pass. Papa is discouraged already, and would give it all up in two seconds, if anything else happened amiss. And yet he will not go unless there is somebody I like who will go with me. As if I could not take care of myself! True enough, I dread the idea," she said, rather sadly, and Haliburton knew she was thinking of her last journey.

And this was all their *tête-à-tête*. She laughed at him because he never called unless he had an axe to grind, said he had not heard her new piano, and never came to her little musical parties. He said he never was asked; and she said he never came when he was, but had a general invitation. He said there was no time like the present, and went to the piano, and opened it. She readily enough consented to play, asked what she should play, and they both turned to their silent companion, who had put down his "Margaret," and crossed the room.

Then it is that the first bit of evidence as to the question you have asked me comes into the story. For when the young man was asked what Miss Lucy should play, he stammered and blushed, and ha-haed, and bothered generally, and finally screwed himself up to saying that there were some very nice waltzes by Strauss.

Lucy Coleman did n't even let her eyes twinkle. She took care not to look at Haliburton, said "O yes," very sweetly, and blazed away, — two, three, four good brilliant Strauss waltzes. Then the gentlemen thanked her, she rewarded Haliburton by a little scrap of Mozart; he said they must not stay, and tore himself and his young friend away. But when, afterwards, she was told that this young man was the Prince, she said "No." And to this moment, red-hot pincers would not persuade her that the Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert, would ask her to play one of Strauss's waltzes. It is in vain that we tell her of the glories of Strauss's own orchestra; it is in vain that we dwell on a young boy's early enthusiasm for the Coldstream Guards and their band; in vain that we hint at a fondness for dancing. "Never," she cries; "the blood-royal never asked me for Strauss." I even sent her a stray programme of a concert given at Windsor, when Saxe-Meiningen came on a visit, in which was a selection of these waltzes played for his delectation. She will not be persuaded, nor will my wife, nor will Annie. So much for the high classical!

They went away from Lucy's, crossed the town again, where was a corduroy road two hundred years ago, and, by way of contrast, they went into one of those man-sties that there used to be in Orange Lane, running back to the railroad. Thank God, that nuisance is abated now! there

are wild beasts hard by, but no wild men there; and I will not tell you what they saw. John Gough would tell such a story better than I should. The man had not been three weeks over from Ireland. He had been drinking the spirits of the new country as he drank the beer of the old, and was wallowing there on the pile of straw on one of those dark back-bins, without a window, dead asleep, if you call that sort of thing "sleep," after last night's "spree." And his wife was in the dirty ten-foot room front, that did have one window, offered her only chair to the son of her Queen (if it were he), and apologized that it had no back, cuffed the child with the dirtiest face, and laid the baby on the straw by its father, that she might render the hospitalities that the position permitted. Ask Mr. Gough for the detail.

Haliburton forgot what sent him there, as he saw the wretchedness. She looked wholly broken down; and he, of course, had no word of reproach for her. But she said she could not keep things nicer, and nobody who saw him would let him have any better room, — how could she leave the children? and what could she do, indeed, but die? What indeed? I do not think Haliburton knew. The younger man wanted to give her money, but Haliburton would not let him. "If you like," said he, "we will send them some meal and potatoes; but money is the most dangerous of drugs, as it is the cheapest, for the relief of suffering. I had no idea things would be so bad, or I should

not have brought you here. This place, you see, is a little neater, and this and this quite nice in comparison," as they passed one and another of the open doors of that old rookery.

"Now let us get a little air at the least;" and they drove across the Dover Street Bridge, and came out to my house. I was then living in D Street, over in South Boston. Unfortunately, I was out, and so was Polly. We, as I have said, had seen the Prince in Cambridgeport; so, if we had been in, we could have answered the question. But I was at a meeting of the Board for providing Occupation for the Higher Classes (*mem.* "Boards are made of wood, — they are long and narrow"); and Polly was — I know not where. Haliburton ran in without ringing, upset Agnes and Bertha, found we were out, opened the cake-box himself, and got out doughnuts, and gave an orange also to his companion, besides taking one for himself. Thus refreshed, they started again, — this time, I believe, to hunt up his Vermont mechanic who had lived here twenty years. But, just as they left the house, Wingate Paine came running by; and Haliburton stopped him, and introduced him to Mr. Edward. Mr. Edward was studying tenement-houses, he said. Could Paine take him in the buggy over to Washington Village, and show him how some of their operatives lived there?

Certainly, Wingate could and would, if Mr. Edward would stop a moment at the works. He

was already late with his errand there, — but the horse and buggy would correct all that. So they both got into the carriage. Haliburton told Paine to keep it as long as he chose, and betook himself to playing with Agnes and Bertha, and cutting pussy-cats out of paper for Clara and the babies. The clock struck one as these delights engrossed him, — struck two, indeed, before the fifty-second cat had been added to the long procession, and before the rattle of wheels announced the young men's return.

"We took you at your word," said Paine. "I have shown your friend the tenement-houses, and half the rest of the town." Haliburton said he was satisfied, if they were, — that there was still full time to meet the latter end of their appointment. Paine bade good-bye, and Haliburton resumed the reins. His companon told him that, when they came to the ironworks, he had been interested by the processes he saw there, which were, strange to say, new to him; that Mr. Paine offered at once to show him the varieties of South Boston iron-work. They had been in at Alger's to see cannon cast; they had seen wire drawn at another mill, and, I believe, rails. "Oddly enough," he said, — "though the world is very small, after all, — we met Mr. Coleman at their first establishment, the father of your pretty friend. I think, indeed, Mr. Paine said he was President of their Company." Haliburton said "Yes." "He talked to Mr. Paine about his proposed jour-

ney," said the other; "he seemed a little annoyed at the delay; said to Mr. Paine that, if he could get off, he should want to place him in the counting-room in town, and send some one else out to the works; hoped he would like that, for he should be much more at ease if the correspondence were in Paine's hands. Then he was very civil to me, though he did not know me from Adam. He took us across to the Cronstadt Works, and was at the pains to stop one of the rollers for me, that I might see how the power was applied. So I took my first apprenticeship in iron-work. George! it does one good to see those brave fellows handle those hot blooms, push them up so relentlessly to the rolls, and compel the rolls to bite them, whether they will or no! I should have got mad with the machines, but the men seemed to have gained the imperturbability of the great engine itself. And then, when the bloom is once between the rolls, there is nothing more for it but to succumb.

'Fine by degrees and beautifully less,'

with a vengeance; for, before you are done with it, you see the great stupid block transformed into a spinning, spit-fire serpent, hundreds of yards long, writhing all over the floor."

This was the longest speech which anything drew from this young gentleman. After following through the various iron-works, giving up Loring's iron shipyard for lack of time, they had

gone to the new tenement-houses, and so back to D Street. As Haliburton crossed the bridge again, his friend reminded him of the meal and potatoes; they stopped at a shop, and ordered these to be delivered to Michael Fogarty, and drove on, with Haliburton's last call in view, when —

Ge-thump; ge-thump again; once more ge-thump; a sharp strain on the reins, pulling Haliburton over the dasher; dasher, Haliburton, and friend then all rapidly descend into the street, — horse, reins, front-axle, and wheels depart at the rate of 5.20, hind wheels, gentlemen, and buggy-top picking themselves up as they could. There had been something amiss in the paving, the king-bolt had parted, and the buggy had broken in two.

"What I thought of," said Haliburton, "was this, What is the name of this man's oldest brother? For, if I have broken his neck, I have broken the succession. But I had not broken his neck at all. He was up on the other side as soon as I was. His nose was bleeding, but he was laughing. I made a thousand apologies, led him out of the crowd upon the sidewalk, terrified lest we should be recognized; saw to my joy that we were on Adoniram Newton's doorstep; rang, and after waiting two or three minutes we were let in."

Curious feature that of half the doorsteps in New England! South of Mason and Dixon's line, the instinct of curiosity sends the black

servant to the door in two seconds, when the bell rings, to know what has turned up. But with us, Bridget, hard worked, not looking very trig, loiters and loiters, — hopes, indeed, that something may turn up. Carter has a clever little sketch-book, of street incidents, which he has drawn while waiting on doorsteps. He keeps it in his ticket pocket outside. Indeed, it was always said that Wetherell and his wife made each other's acquaintance, and were engaged, on Boston doorsteps. Some malicious gossip had started the story that they were engaged, when they did not know each other by sight. They went round to contradict it. The town was smaller than it is now; and they spent so much time on different doorsteps, that, before the report was contradicted, he had offered himself to her, and it was true!

At last Haliburton and friend got into the hall at Adoniram's. Then, with great difficulty, Bridget got the parlor door *unlocked!* It was dark, and had the smell of seven years before on it, as if it had not been opened since Thanksgiving of 1852. Haliburton bade Bridget call her mistress, pulled up the green shades and the other shades with unnecessary indignation, thrust open one set of blinds, and revealed a magnificent velvet carpet of very positive colors, and very large figures. Upon the walls, covering their part of the gilded paperhangings, were two immense mirrors and four prints, selected for their size, so that they might conceal as much as

possible. Two china dancing-girls and an Odd Fellows' Manual made up the ornament of the room. Here again they soon completed their survey of the ornaments; Haliburton stood at the window watching the policemen who watched the wreck of his carriage, chafing as he waited for Mrs. Adoniram; his companion's handkerchief grew redder and redder, and at last she came, radiant in wine-colored moire-antique, gold chain, eye-glass tucked in her belt, showy cap, and so on.

Haliburton made "short explanations," as Neptune said on an occasion not dissimilar. He begged for a basin of water; and so at the very moment when Mrs. Newton was internally fretting because the school-committee men of their ward had refused her a ticket to the Music Hall, so that she could not hear the thousand children sing "God save the Queen" to the Prince, — at that moment, I say, had she but known it, her hands were occupied in unbuttoning his wristbands for him, and in holding the towel, as he chilled the wounded blood-vessels, and stopped the blood of Egbert as, after a thousand years, it dropped from his nose; for that this was the blood of Egbert is certain, whether this were the Prince or no! "Whoever you are, reader," says Dr. Palfrey, wisely, "whose eye lights upon these lines, if you be of Anglo-Saxon lineage, it is certain that the blood of King Egbert runs in your veins! It is as certain that it meets there with the blood of Egbert's meanest thrall!" Haliburton saw the

bathing process well started, and then rushed out to find officer No. 67 leading back Peg after her run, the wheels still whole. The box under the seat furnished a new king-bolt, a New Worcester wrench fitted the new nut, and by the time the Egbert blood was stopped, and the hands were washed, the renovated carriage was at the door. I would give sixpence to know what Mr. Edward had said to Mrs. Adoniram meanwhile, and what she had said to him. Whether he found out how people live in those desolate bowling-alley parlors, or whether he found that they never live there, I do not know. I do not believe that centre-table was ever put to half such useful service before.

"We must give up our last calls," said Haliburton, after he had apologized once more for the accident, and holding Peg in hand a little more carefully; "I had other varieties of home to show you."

"Of course," replied the other, "no two homes are alike, — but, really, what we have seen has interested me immensely. I was thinking," he added in a moment, "that the young man we did not see holds the key of the position."

Haliburton did not understand, and had the sense to say so.

"Why, don't you see, if this young Mr. Freeman — Fred, his sister called him — should get a position at sea again, his mother would go to Rehoboth to her sister's, and Miss Caroline could join the Cuba party."

"Of course," said Haliburton.

"If Miss Caroline would say she would go, that impetuous Mr. Coleman and your bright Miss Lucy would sail next week for Charleston."

"I know they would," said Haliburton.

"In that event, Mr. Paine, here, would be promoted into the city counting-room, and his salary would be raised. He would be married, I know; for, though he said no word of it I could see that he is engaged to somebody."

"It is to Sybil Throop, over in the Arbella School," said Haliburton.

"I think," continued the other, "that such a couple as that, moving into the Freeman's suite of rooms, would like to take Delia Rooney to service, and, if it were my business, I should advise Mrs. Rooney to place her there."

Haliburton stared aghast at these words of wisdom from lips so young.

"Then the Rooneys could go up to the stone-quarry, as she evidently wanted to; and I should think you might arrange that that drunken beast and his wife might be transferred from their den one peg up to the other's better quarters. If I have read to-day's lesson well, it is the lesson of keeping open the lines of promotion. That, Mr. Haliburton, is the duty of a free country!"

And here they came to the private entrance of the Revere again. Haliburton had no moment to answer this address, or even to comment on it. His companion asked him to come in. He declined, and the clock struck three.

Haliburton drove slowly home, meditating on the plan of promotion which the youngster had blocked out for him. He was himself not then married. He was in a Life Office, I think, and had begged a holiday for the day, borrowing Danforth's horse and carriage for this expedition, — as we all did, whenever Danforth was stationed here. He came over at once to our house, and astonished us by telling us, "How he took the Prince to ride!"

But the next morning, as I said, when we read the "Advertiser," it taught us how a guard of police had marched the Prince to the City Hall, and how he and the mayor and aldermen had spent the day in visiting penitentiaries and hospitals.

How could this be?

I do not know. Haliburton does not know. If you write to England they will say General Bruce is dead, and that they do not know themselves. Only the Prince knows, and it is not proper to write to him. Polly and I, who had seen the real Prince, quizzed Haliburton unmercifully. We said he had spent the whole morning with a Canadian dry-goods clerk from Toronto, who had come East, for the first time, to buy an assorted stock of winter goods, and mistook Haliburton for a drummer whom he had met in the hotel reading-room the night before, — and I believe myself it was so.

But the next Tuesday Haliburton had the laugh on us. The Prince bade good-by to Boston,

went to Portland, and embarked. And, the evening of the day he got to Portland, Haliburton received from Portland an immense envelope, with an immense seal. Opened, it proved to contain a warrant: —

"For Mr. Frederic Freeman, of Boston, appointing him first assistant engineer on her Majesty's steamer Stromboli, with instructions to report at Halifax."

Fred reported at Halifax, and is in the Queen's service to this hour.

Mrs. Freeman broke up housekeeping, and went to Rehoboth or Swansea, and Caroline went to Cuba with the Colemans.

Wingate Paine was promoted to a salary of two thousand dollars, and married Sybil Throop, and went to live in the Freemans' rooms in Osborn Place. They took Delia Rooney for their maid of all work.

The Rooneys went to Chittenden, above Rutland. He owns a marble-quarry in that region now, and gratefully sent Haliburton a present of two grave-stones last week.

Haliburton got Mr. Way to let the Rooneys' two rooms to the Fogartys; made Fogarty take the pledge in compensation. He took the place below Rooney in the stone-yard; and really, the last time I was there, they were all so decent that I called the oldest girl Delia instead of Margaret, as if she were a Rooney, forgetting that nine years had gone by.

The only person whose condition could not be improved, of all they saw that morning, was Mrs. Adoniram Newton. For she lived in a palace already.

All this I know. But, as I said, I cannot answer, when you ask me, "Did Haliburton take the Prince to ride?"

THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC

THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC

[This story originated in the advertisement of the humbug which it describes. Some fifteen or twenty years since, when gift enterprises rose to one of their climaxes, a gift of a large sum of money, I think $10,000, was offered in New York to the most successful ticket-holder in some scheme, and one of $5,000 to the second. It was arranged that one of these parties should be a man and the other a woman; and the amiable suggestion was added, on the part of the undertaker of the enterprise, that if the gentleman and lady who drew these prizes liked each other sufficiently well when the distribution was made, they might regard the decision as a match made for them in Heaven, and take the money as the dowry of the bride. This thoroughly practical, and, at the same time, thoroughly absurd suggestion, arrested the attention of a distinguished story-teller, a dear friend of mine, who proposed to me that we should each of us write the history of one of the two successful parties, to be woven together by their union at the end. The plan, however, lay latent for years, — the gift enterprise of course blew up, — and it was not until the summer of 1862 that I wrote my half of the proposed story, with the hope of eliciting the other half. My friend's more important engagements, however, have thus far kept Fausta's detailed biography from the light. I sent my half to Mr. Frank Leslie, in competition for a premium offered by him, as is stated in the second chapter of the story. And the

story found such favor in the eyes of the judges, that it received one of his second premiums. The first was very properly awarded to Miss Louisa Alcott, for a story of great spirit and power. "The Children of the Public" was printed in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for January 24 and January 31, 1863. The moral which it tries to illustrate is, I believe, an important one.

To my feeling, there is no snobbishness more annoying than that in which the separate people of a republic speak or think contemptuously of institutions for which they are themselves responsible. If the poorhouse is a bad poorhouse, whose fault is it? If the schoolhouse is a bad schoolhouse, who is to blame? Indeed, wherever we blame public opinion, might we not as well ask ourselves who the public is?]

CHAPTER I

THE PORK-BARREL

"FELIX," said my wife to me, as I came home to-night, "you will have to go to the pork-barrel."

"Are you quite sure," said I, — "quite sure? 'Woe to him,' says the oracle, 'who goes to the pork-barrel before the moment of his need.'"

"And woe to him, say I," replied my brave wife, — "woe and disaster to him; but the moment of our need has come. The figures are here, and you shall see. I have it all in black and in white."

And so it proved, indeed, that when Miss Sampson, the nurse, was paid for her month's service,

and when the boys had their winter boots, and when my life-insurance assessment was provided for, and the new payment for the insurance on the house, — when the taxes were settled with the collector (and my wife had to lay aside double for the war), — when the pew-rent was paid for the year, and the water-rate — we must have to start with, on the 1st of January, one hundred dollars. This, as we live, would pay, in cash, the butcher, and the grocer, and the baker, and all the dealers in things that perish, and would buy the omnibus tickets, and recompense Bridget till the 1st of April. And at my house, if we can see forward three months we are satisfied. But, at my house, we are never satisfied if there is a credit at any store for us. We are sworn to pay as we go. We owe no man anything.

So it was that my wife said: "Felix, you will have to go to the pork-barrel."

This is the story of the pork-barrel.

It happened once, in a little parish in the Green Mountains, that the deacon reported to Parson Plunkett, that, as he rode to meeting by Chung-a-baug Pond, he saw Michael Stowers fishing for pickerel through a hole in the ice on the Sabbath day. The parson made note of the complaint, and that afternoon drove over to the pond in his "one-horse shay." He made his visit, not unacceptable, on the poor Stowers household, and then crossed lots to the place where he saw poor Michael hoeing. He told Michael that he was

charged with Sabbath breaking, and bade him plead to the charge. And poor Mike, like a man, pled guilty; but, in extenuation, he said that there was nothing to eat in the house, and rather than see wife and children faint, he had cut a hole in the ice, had put in his hook again and again, and yet again, and coming home had delighted the waiting family with an unexpected breakfast. The good parson made no rebuke, nodded pensive, and drove straightway to the deacon's door.

"Deacon," said he, "what meat did you eat for breakfast yesterday?"

The deacon's family had eaten salt pork, fried.

"And where did you get the pork, Deacon?"

The Deacon stared, but said he had taken it from his pork-barrel.

"Yes, Deacon," said the old man; "I supposed so. I have been to see Brother Stowers, to talk to him about his Sabbath-breaking; and, Deacon, I find the pond is his pork-barrel."

The story is a favorite with me and with Fausta. But "woe," says the oracle, "to him who goes to the pork-barrel before the moment of his need." And to that "woe" both Fausta and I say "amen." For we know that there is no fish in our pond for spendthrifts or for lazy-bones; none for people who wear gold chains or Attleborough jewelry; none for people who are ashamed of cheap carpets or wooden mantelpieces. Not for those who run in debt will the fish bite; nor

for those who pretend to be richer or better or wiser than they are. No! But we have found, in our lives, that in a great democracy there reigns a great and gracious sovereign. We have found that this sovereign, in a reckless and unconscious way, is, all the time, making the most profuse provision for all the citizens. We have found that those who are not too grand to trust him fare as well as they deserve. We have found, on the other hand, that those who lick his feet or flatter his follies fare worst of living men. We find that those who work honestly, and only seek a man's fair average of life, or a woman's, get that average, though sometimes by the most singular experiences in the long run. And thus we find that, when an extraordinary contingency arises in life, as just now in ours, we have only to go to our pork-barrel, and the fish rises to our hook or spear.

The sovereign brings this about in all sorts of ways, but he does not fail, if, without flattering him, you trust him. Of this sovereign the name is — "the Public." Fausta and I are apt to call ourselves his children, and so I name this story of our lives,

"The Children of the Public."

CHAPTER II

WHERE IS THE BARREL?

"WHERE is the barrel this time, Fausta?" said I, after I had added and subtracted her figures three times, to be sure she had carried her tens and hundreds rightly. For the units, in such accounts, in face of Dr. Franklin, I confess I do not care.

"The barrel," said she, "is in FRANK LESLIE'S OFFICE. Here is the mark!" and she handed me FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER, with a mark at this announcement: —

$100

for the best Short Tale of from one to two pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, to be sent in on or before the 1st of November, 1862.

"There is another barrel," she said, "with $5,000 in it, and another with $1,000. But we do not want $5,000 or $1,000. There is a little barrel with $50 in it. But see here, with all this figuring, I cannot make it do. I have stopped the gas now, and I have turned the children's coats, — I wish you would see how well Robert's looks, — and I have had a new tile put in the cook-stove, instead of buying that lovely new 'Banner.' But all will not do. We must go to this barrel."

"And what is to be the hook, darling, this time?" said I.

"I have been thinking of it all day. I hope you will not hate it, — I know you will not like it exactly; but why not write down just the whole story of what it is to be 'Children of the Public'; how we came to live here, you know; how we built the house, and — all about it?"

"How Felix knew Fausta," said I; "and how Fausta first met Felix, perhaps; and when they first kissed each other; and what she said to him when they did so."

"Tell that, if you dare," said Fausta; "but perhaps — the oracle says we must not be proud — perhaps you might tell just a little. You know — really almost everybody is named Carter now; and I do not believe the neighbors will notice, — perhaps they won't read the paper. And if they do notice it, I don't care! There!"

"It will not be so bad as — "

But I never finished the sentence. An imperative gesture closed my lips physically as well as metaphorically, and I was glad to turn the subject enough to sit down to tea with the children. After the bread and butter we agreed what we might and what we might not tell, and then I wrote what the reader is now to see.

CHAPTER III

MY LIFE TO ITS CRISIS

New-Yorkers of to-day see so many processions, and live through so many sensations, and hurrah for so many heroes in every year, that it is only the oldest of fogies who tells you of the triumphant procession of steamboats which, in the year 1824, welcomed General Lafayette on his arrival from his tour through the country he had so nobly served. But, if the reader wishes to lengthen out this story, he may button the next silver-gray friend he meets, and ask him to tell of the broken English and broken French of the Marquis, of Levasseur, and the rest of them; of the enthusiasm of the people and the readiness of the visitors, and he will please bear in mind that of all that am I.

For it so happened that on the morning when, for want of better lions to show, the mayor and governor and the rest of them took the Marquis and his secretary, and the rest of them, to see the orphan asylum in Deering Street, — as they passed into the first ward, after having had "a little refreshment" in the managers' room, Sally Eaton, the head nurse, dropped the first courtesy to them, and Sally Eaton, as it happened, held me screaming in her arms. I had been sent to the asylum

that morning with a paper pinned to my bib, which said my name was Felix Carter.

"Eet ees verra fine," said the Marquis, smiling blandly.

"Ravissant!" said Levasseur, and he dropped a five-franc piece into Sally Eaton's hand. And so the procession of exhibiting managers talking bad French, and of exhibited Frenchmen talking bad English, passed on; all but good old Elkanah Ogden — God bless him! — who happened to have come there with the governor's party, and who loitered a minute to talk with Sally Eaton about me.

Years afterwards she told me how the old man kissed me, how his eyes watered when he asked my story, how she told again of the moment when I was heard screaming on the doorstep, and how she offered to go and bring the paper which had been pinned to my bib. But the old man said it was no matter, — "only we would have called him Marquis," said he, "if his name was not provided for him. We must not leave him here," he said; "he shall grow up a farmer's lad, and not a little cockney." And so, instead of going the grand round of infirmaries, kitchens, bakeries and dormitories with the rest, the good old soul went back into the managers' room, and wrote at the moment a letter to John Myers, who took care of his wild land in St. Lawrence County for him, to ask him if Mrs. Myers would not bring up an orphan baby by hand for him; and if, both to-

gether, they would not train this baby till he said "stop"; if, on the other hand, he allowed them, in the yearly account, a hundred dollars each year for the charge.

Anybody who knows how far a hundred dollars goes in the backwoods, in St. Lawrence County, will know that any settler would be glad to take a ward so recommended. Anybody who knew Betsy Myers as well as old Elkanah Ogden did, would know she would have taken any orphan brought to her door, even if he were not recommended at all.

So it happened, thanks to Lafayette and the city council! that I had not been a "Child of the Public" a day, before, in its great, clumsy, liberal way, it had provided for me. I owed my healthy, happy home of the next fourteen years in the wilderness to those marvellous habits, which I should else call absurd, with which we lionize strangers. Because our hospitals and poorhouses are the largest buildings we have, we entertain the Prince of Wales and Jenny Lind alike, by showing them crazy people and paupers. Easy enough to laugh at is the display; but if, dear Public, it happen, that by such a habit you ventilate your Bridewell or your Bedlam, is not the ventilation, perhaps, a compensation for the absurdity? I do not know if Lafayette was any the better for his seeing the Deering Street Asylum; but I do know I was.

This is no history of my life. It is only an

illustration of one of its principles. I have no anecdotes of wilderness life to tell, and no sketch of the lovely rugged traits of John and Betsy Myers, — my real father and mother. I have no quest for the pretended parents, who threw me away in my babyhood, to record. They closed accounts with me when they left me on the asylum steps, and I with them. I grew up with such schooling as the public gave, — ten weeks in winter always, and ten in summer, till I was big enough to work on the farm, — better periods of schools, I hold, than on the modern systems. Mr. Ogden I never saw. Regularly he allowed for me the hundred a year till I was nine years old, and then suddenly he died, as the reader perhaps knows. But John Myers kept me as his son, none the less. I knew no change until, when I was fourteen, he thought it time for me to see the world, and sent me to what, in those days, was called a "Manual-Labor School."

There was a theory coming up in those days, wholly unfounded in physiology, that if a man worked five hours with his hands, he could study better in the next five. It is all nonsense. Exhaustion is exhaustion; and if you exhaust a vessel by one stopcock, nothing is gained or saved by closing that and opening another. The old up-country theory is the true one. Study ten weeks and chop wood sixteen; study ten more and harvest sixteen. But the "Manual-Labor School" offered itself for really no pay, only John

Myers and I carried over, I remember, a dozen barrels of potatoes when I went there with my books. The school was kept at Roscius, and if I would work in the carpenter's shop and on the school farm five hours, why they would feed me and teach me all they knew in what I had of the day beside.

"Felix," said John, as he left me, "I do not suppose this is the best school in the world, unless you make it so. But I do suppose you can make it so. If you and I went whining about, looking for the best school in the world, and for somebody to pay your way through it, I should die, and you would lose your voice with whining, and we should not find one after all. This is what the public happens to provide for you and me. We won't look a gift-horse in the mouth. Get on his back, Felix; groom him well as you can when you stop, feed him when you can, and at all events water him well and take care of him well. My last advice to you, Felix, is to take what is offered you, and never complain because nobody offers more."

Those words are to be cut on my seal-ring, if I ever have one, and if Dr. Anthon or Professor Webster will put them into short enough Latin for me. That is the motto of the "Children of the Public."

John Myers died before that term was out. And my more than mother, Betsy, went back to her friends in Maine. After the funeral I never

saw them more. How I lived from that moment to what Fausta and I call the Crisis is nobody's concern. I worked in the shop at the school, or on the farm. Afterwards I taught school in neighboring districts. I never bought a ticket in a lottery or a raffle. But whenever there was a chance to do an honest stroke of work, I did it. I have walked fifteen miles at night to carry an election return to the "Tribune's" agent at Gouverneur. I have turned out in the snow to break open the road when the supervisor could not find another man in the township.

When Sartain started his magazine, I wrote an essay in competition for his premiums, and the essay earned its hundred dollars. When the managers of the "Orphan Home," in Baltimore, offered their prizes for papers on bad boys, I wrote for one of them, and that helped me on four hard months. There was no luck in those things. I needed the money, and I put my hook into the pork-barrel, — that is, I trusted the Public. I never had but one stroke of luck in my life. I wanted a new pair of boots badly. I was going to walk to Albany, to work in the State library on the history of the Six Nations, which had an interest for me. I did not have a dollar. Just then there passed Congress the bill dividing the surplus revenue. The State of New York received two or three millions, and divided it among the counties. The county of St. Lawrence divided it among the townships, and the township of

Roscius divided it among the voters. Two dollars and sixty cents of Uncle Sam's money came to me, and with that money on my feet I walked to Albany. That I call luck! How many fools had to assent in an absurdity before I could study the history of the Six Nations!

But one instance told in detail is better than a thousand told in general, for the illustration of a principle. So I will detain you no longer from the history of what Fausta and I call

THE CRISIS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRISIS.

I WAS at work as a veneerer in a pianoforte factory at Attica, when some tariff or other was passed or repealed; there came a great financial explosion, and our boss, among the rest, failed. He owed us all six months' wages, and we were all very poor and very blue. Jonathan Whittemore — a real good fellow, who used to cover the hammers with leather — came to me the day the shop was closed, and told me he was going to take the chance to go to Europe. He was going to the Musical Conservatory at Leipsic, if he could. He would work his passage out as a stoker. He would wash himself for three or four days at Bremen, and then get work, if he could, with

Voightlander or Von Hammer till he could enter the Conservatory. By way of preparation for this he wanted me to sell him my Adler's German Dictionary.

"I 've nothing to give you for it, Felix, but this foolish thing, — it is one of Burrham's tickets, — which I bought in a frolic the night of our sleigh-ride. I 'll transfer it to you."

I told Jonathan he might have the dictionary and welcome. He was doing a sensible thing, and he would use it twenty times as much as I should. As for the ticket, he had better keep it. I did not want it. But I saw he would feel better if I took it, — so he indorsed it to me.

Now the reader must know that this Burrham was a man who had got hold of one corner of the idea of what the Public could do for its children. He had found out that there were a thousand people who would be glad to make the tour of the mountains and the lakes every summer if they could do it for half-price. He found out that the railroad companies were glad enough to put the price down if they could be sure of the thousand people. He mediated between the two, and so "cheap excursions" came into being. They are one of the gifts the Public gives its children. Rising from step to step, Burrham had, just before the great financial crisis, conceived the idea of a great cheap combination, in which everybody was to receive a magazine for a year and a cyclopædia, both at half-price; and not only so, but the

money that was gained in the combination was to be given by lot to two ticket-holders, one a man and one a woman, for their dowry in marriage. I dare say the reader remembers the prospectus. It savors too much of the modern "Gift Enterprise" to be reprinted in full; but it had this honest element, that everybody got more than he could get for his money in retail. I have my magazine, the old "Boston Miscellany," to this day, and I just now looked out Levasseur's name in my cyclopædia; and, as you will see, I have reason to know that all the other subscribers got theirs.

One of the tickets for these books, for which Whittemore had given five good dollars, was what he gave to me for my dictionary. And so we parted. I loitered at Attica, hoping for a place where I could put in my oar. But my hand was out at teaching, and in a time when all the world's veneers of different kinds were ripping off, nobody wanted me to put on more of my kind, — so that my cash ran low. I would not go in debt, — that is a thing I never did. More honest, I say, to go to the poorhouse, and make the Public care for its child there, than to borrow what you cannot pay. But I did not come quite to that, as you shall see.

I was counting up my money one night, — and it was easily done, — when I observed that the date on this Burrham order was the 15th of October, and it occurred to me that it was not quite a fortnight before those books were to be deliv-

ered. They were to be delivered at Castle Garden, at New York; and the thought struck me that I might go to New York, try my chance there for work, and at least see the city, which I had never seen, and get my cyclopædia and magazine. It was the least offer the Public ever made to me; but just then the Public was in a collapse, and the least was better than nothing. The plan of so long a journey was Quixotic enough, and I hesitated about it a good deal. Finally I came to this resolve: I would start in the morning to walk to the lock-station at Brockport on the canal. If a boat passed that night where they would give me my fare for any work I could do for them, I would go to Albany. If not, I would walk back to Lockport the next day, and try my fortune there. This gave me, for my first day's enterprise, a foot journey of about twenty-five miles. It was out of the question, with my finances, for me to think of compassing the train.

Every point of life is a pivot on which turns the whole action of our after-lives; and so, indeed, of the after-lives of the whole world. But we are so purblind that we only see this of certain special enterprises and endeavors, which we therefore call critical. I am sure I see it of that twenty-five miles of fresh autumnal walking. I was in tiptop spirits. I found the air all oxygen, and everything "all right." I did not loiter, and I did not hurry. I swung along with the feeling that every nerve and muscle drew, as in the trades a sailor

feels of every rope and sail. And so I was not tired, not thirsty, till the brook appeared where I was to drink; nor hungry till twelve o'clock came, when I was to dine. I called myself as I walked "The Child of Good Fortune," because the sun was on my right quarter, as the sun should be when you walk, because the rain of yesterday had laid the dust for me, and the frost of yesterday had painted the hills for me and the northwest wind cooled the air for me. I came to Wilkie's Cross-Roads just in time to meet the Claremont baker and buy my dinner loaf of him. And when my walk was nearly done, I came out on the low bridge at Sewell's, which is a drawbridge, just before they raised it for a passing boat, instead of the moment after. Because I was all right I felt myself and called myself "The Child of Good Fortune." Dear reader, in a world made by a loving Father, we are all of us children of good fortune, if we only have wit enough to find it out, as we stroll along.

The last stroke of good fortune which that day had for me was the solution of my question whether or no I would go to Babylon. I was to go if any good-natured boatman would take me. This is a question, Mr. Millionnaire, more doubtful to those who have not drawn their dividends than to those who have. As I came down the village street at Brockport, I could see the horses of a boat bound eastward, led along from level to level at the last lock; and, in spite of my deter-

mination not to hurry, I put myself on the long, loping trot which the St. Regis Indians taught me, that I might overhaul this boat before she got under way at her new speed. I came out on the upper gate of the last lock just as she passed out from the lower gate. The horses were just put on, and a reckless boy gave them their first blow after two hours of rest and corn. As the heavy boat started off under the new motion, I saw, and her skipper saw at the same instant that a long new tow-rope of his, which had lain coiled on deck, was suddenly flying out to its full length. The outer end of it had been carried upon the lock-side by some chance or blunder, and there some idle loafer had thrown the looped bight of it over a hawser-post. The loafers on the lock saw, as I did, that the rope was running out, and at the call of the skipper one of them condescended to throw the loop overboard, but he did it so carelessly that the lazy rope rolled over into the lock, and the loop caught on one of the valve-irons of the upper gate. The whole was the business of an instant, of course. But the poor skipper saw, what we did not, that the coil of the rope on deck was foul, and so entangled round his long tiller, that ten seconds would do one of three things, — they would snap his new rope in two, which was a trifle, or they would wrench his tiller-head off the rudder, which would cost him an hour to mend, or they would upset those two horses, at this instant on a trot, and put into the canal the rowdy

youngster who had started them. It was this complex certainty which gave fire to the double cries which he addressed aft to us on the lock, and forward to the magnet boy, whose indifferent intelligence at that moment drew him along.

I was stepping upon the gate-head to walk across it. It took but an instant, not nearly all the ten seconds, to swing down by my arms into the lock, keeping myself hanging by my hands, to catch with my right foot the bight of the rope and lift it off the treacherous iron, to kick the whole into the water, and then to scramble up the wet lock-side again. I got a little wet, but that was nothing. I ran down the tow-path, beckoned to the skipper, who sheered his boat up to the shore, and I jumped on board.

At that moment, reader, Fausta was sitting in a yellow chair on the deck of that musty old boat, crocheting from a pattern in "Godey's Lady's Book." I remember it as I remember my breakfast of this morning. Not that I fell in love with her, nor did I fall in love with my breakfast; but I knew she was there. And that was the first time I ever saw her. It is many years since, and I have seen her every day from that evening to this evening. But I had then no business with her. My affair was with him whom I have called the skipper, by way of adapting this fresh-water narrative to ears accustomed to Marryat and Tom Cringle. I told him that I had to go to New York; that I had not time to walk, and had not

money to pay; that I should like to work my passage to Troy, if there were any way in which I could; and to ask him this I had come on board.

"Waal," said the skipper, "'t aint much that is to be done, and Zekiel and I calc'late to do most of that; and there 's that blamed boy beside —"

This adjective "blamed" is the virtuous oath by which simple people, who are improving their habits, cure themselves of a stronger epithet, as men take to flagroot who are abandoning tobacco.

"He ain't good for nothin', as you see," continued the skipper meditatively, "and you air, anybody can see that," he added. "Ef you 've mind to come to Albany, you can have your vittles, poor enough they are, too; and ef you are willing to ride sometimes, you can ride. I guess where there 's room for three in the bunks there 's room for four. 'T aint everybody would have cast off that blamed hawser-rope as neat as you did."

From which last remark I inferred, what I learned as a certainty as we travelled farther, that but for the timely assistance I had rendered him I should have pled for my passage in vain.

This was my introduction to Fausta. That is to say, she heard the whole of the conversation. The formal introduction, which is omitted in no circle of American life to which I have ever been admitted, took place at tea half an hour after, when Mrs. Grills, who always voyaged with her husband, brought in the flapjacks from the kitchen. "Miss Jones," said Grills, as I came

in to the meal, leaving Zekiel at the tiller, — "Miss Jones, this is a young man who is going to Albany. I don't rightly know how to call your name, sir." I said my name was Carter. Then he said, "Mr. Carter, this is Miss Jones. Mrs. Grills, Mr. Carter. Mr. Carter, Mrs. Grills. She is my wife." And so our *partie carrée* was established for the voyage.

In these days there are few people who know that a journey on a canal is the pleasantest journey in the world. A canal has to go through fine scenery. It cannot exist unless it follow through the valley of a stream. The movement is so easy that, with your eyes shut, you do not know you move. The route is so direct, that when you are once shielded from the sun, you are safe for hours. You draw, you read, you write, or you sew, crochet, or knit. You play on your flute or your guitar, without one hint of inconvenience. At a "low bridge" you duck your head lest you lose your hat, — and that reminder teaches you that you are human. You are glad to know this, and you laugh at the memento. For the rest of the time you journey, if you are "all right" within, in elysium.

I rode one of those horses perhaps two or three hours a day. At locks I made myself generally useful. At night I walked the deck till one o'clock, with my pipe or without it, to keep guard against the lock-thieves. The skipper asked me sometimes, after he found I could "cipher," to

disentangle some of the knots in his bills of lading for him. But all this made but a little inroad in those lovely autumn days, and for the eight days that we glided along, — there is one blessed level which is seventy miles long, — I spent most of my time with Fausta. We walked together on the tow-path to get our appetites for dinner and for supper. At sunrise I always made a cruise inland, and collected the gentians and black alder-berries and colored leaves, with which she dressed Mrs. Grill's table. She took an interest in my wretched sketch-book, and though she did not and does not draw well, she did show me how to spread an even tint, something which I never knew before. I was working up my French. She knew about as much and as little as I did, and we read Mme. Reybaud's "Clementine" together, guessing at the hard words, for we had no dictionary.

Dear old Grill offered to talk French at table, and we tried it for a few days. But it proved he picked up his pronunciation at St. Catherine's, among the boatmen there, and he would say *shwo* for "horses," where the book said *chevaux*. Our talk, on the other hand, was not Parisian, — but it was not Catherinian, — and we subsided into English again.

So sped along these blessed eight days. I told Fausta thus much of my story, that I was going to seek my fortune in New York. She, of course, knew nothing of me but what she saw, and she told me nothing of her story.

But I was very sorry when we came into the basin at Troy, for I knew then that in all reason I must take the steamboat down. And I was very glad, — I have seldom in my life been so glad — when I found that she also was going to New York immediately. She accepted, very pleasantly, my offer to carry her trunk to the "Isaac Newton" for her, and to act as her escort to the city. For me, my trunk,

> "in danger tried,"
> Swung in my hand, — "nor left my side."

My earthly possessions were few anywhere. I had left at Attica most of what they were. Through the voyage I had been man enough to keep on a working-gear fit for a workman's duty. And old Grills had not yet grace enough to keep his boat still on Sunday. How one remembers little things! I can remember each touch of the toilet, as, in that corner of a dark cuddy where I had shared "Zekiel's" bunk with him, I dressed myself with one of my two white shirts, and with the change of raiment which had been tight squeezed in my portmanteau. The old overcoat was the best part of it, as in a finite world it often is. I sold my felt hat to Zekiel, and appeared with a light travelling-cap. I do not know how Fausta liked my metamorphosis. I only know that, like butterflies, for a day or two after they go through theirs, I felt decidedly cold.

As Carter, the canal man, I had carried Fausta's trunk on board. As Mr. Carter, I gave her my arm, led her to the gangway of the "Newton," took her passage and mine, and afterwards walked and sat through the splendid moonlight of the first four hours down the river.

Miss Jones determined that evening to breakfast on the boat. Be it observed that I did not then know her by any other name. She was to go to an aunt's house, and she knew that if she left the boat on its early arrival in New York, she would disturb that lady by a premature ringing at her bell. I had no reason for haste, as the reader knows. The distribution of the cyclopædias was not to take place till the next day, and that absurd trifle was the only distinct excuse I had to myself for being in New York at all. I asked Miss Jones, therefore, if I might not be her escort still to her aunt's house. I had said it would be hard to break off our pleasant journey before I had seen where she lived, and I thought she seemed relieved to know that she should not be wholly a stranger on her arrival. It was clear enough that her aunt would send no one to meet her.

These preliminaries adjusted, we parted to our respective cabins. And when, the next morning, at that unearthly hour demanded by Philadelphia trains and other exigencies, the "Newton" made her dock, I rejoiced that breakfast was not till seven o'clock, that I had two hours more of the

berth, which was luxury compared to Zekiel's bunk, — I turned upon my other side and slept on.

Sorry enough for that morning nap was I for the next thirty-six hours. For when I went on deck, and sent in the stewardess to tell Miss Jones that I was waiting for her, and then took from her the check for her trunk, I woke to the misery of finding that, in that treacherous two hours, some pirate from the pier had stepped on board, had seized the waiting trunk, left almost alone, while the baggage-master's back was turned and that, to a certainty, it was lost. I did not return to Fausta with this story till the breakfast-bell had long passed and the breakfast was very cold. I did not then tell it to her till I had seen her eat her breakfast with an appetite much better than mine. I had already offered upstairs the largest reward to anybody who would bring it back which my scanty purse would pay. I had spoken to the clerk, who had sent for a policeman. I could do nothing more, and I did not choose to ruin her chop and coffee by ill-timed news. The officer came before breakfast was over, and called me from table.

On the whole, his business-like way encouraged one. He had some clews which I had not thought possible. It was not unlikely that they should pounce on the trunk before it was broken open. I gave him a written description of its marks; and when he civilly asked if "my lady" would give some description of any books or other arti-

cles within, I readily promised that I would call with such a description at the police station. Somewhat encouraged, I returned to Miss Jones, and, when I led her from the breakfast-table, told her of her misfortune. I took all shame to myself for my own carelessness, to which I attributed the loss. But I told her all that the officer had said to me, and that I hoped to bring her the trunk at her aunt's before the day was over.

Fausta took my news, however, with a start which frightened me. All her money, but a shilling or two, was in the trunk. To place money in trunks is a weakness of the female mind which I have nowhere seen accounted for. Worse than this, though, — as appeared after a moment's examination of her travelling *sac*, — her portfolio in the trunk contained the letter of the aunt whom she came to visit, giving her her address in the city. To this address she had no other clew but that her aunt was Mrs. Mary Mason, had married a few years before a merchant named Mason, whom Miss Jones had never seen, and of whose name and business this was all she knew. They lived in a numbered street, but whether it was Fourth Street, or Fifty-fourth, or One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, or whether it was something between, the poor child had no idea. She had put up the letter carefully, but had never thought of the importance of the address. Besides this aunt, she knew no human being in New York.

"Child of the Public," I said to myself, "what do you do now?" I had appealed to my great patron in sending for the officer, and on the whole I felt that my sovereign had been gracious to me, if not yet hopeful. But now I must rub my lamp again, and ask the genie where the unknown Mason lived. The genie of course suggested the Directory, and I ran for it to the clerk's office. But as we were toiling down the pages of "Masons," and had written off thirteen or fourteen who lived in numbered streets, Fausta started, looked back at the preface and its date, flung down her pencil in the only abandonment of dismay in which I ever saw her, and cried, "First of May! They were abroad until May. They have been abroad since the day they were married!" So that genie had to put his glories into his pocket, and carry his Directory back to the office again.

The natural thing to propose was, that I should find for Miss Jones a respectable boarding-house, and that she should remain there until her trunk was found, or till she could write to friends who had this fatal address, and receive an answer. But here she hesitated. She hardly liked to explain why, — did not explain wholly. But she did not say that she had no friends who knew this address. She had but few relations in the world, and her aunt had communicated with her alone since she came from Europe. As for the boarding-house, "I had rather look for work," she

said bravely. "I have never promised to pay money when I did not know how to obtain it; and that" — and here she took out fifty or sixty cents from her purse — "and that is all now. In respectable boarding-houses, when people come without luggage, they are apt to ask for an advance. Or, at least," she added, with some pride, "I am apt to offer it."

I hastened to ask her to take all my little store; but I had to own that I had not two dollars. I was sure, however, that my overcoat and the dress-suit I wore would avail me something, if I thrust them boldly up some spout. I was sure that I should be at work within a day or two. At all events, I was certain of the cyclopædia the next day. That should go to old Gowan's, — in Fulton Street it was then, — "the moral centre of the intellectual world," in the hour I got it. And at this moment, for the first time, the thought crossed me, "If mine could only be the name drawn, so that that foolish $5,000 should fall to me." In that case I felt that Fausta might live in "a respectable boarding-house" till she died. Of this, of course, I said nothing, only that she was welcome to my poor dollar and a half, and that I should receive the next day some more money that was due me.

"You forget, Mr. Carter," replied Fausta, as proudly as before, — "you forget that I cannot borrow of you any more than of a boarding-house-keeper. I never borrow. Please God, I never

will. It must be," she added, "that in a Christian city like this there is some respectable and fit arrangement made for travellers who find themselves where I am. What that provision is I do not know; but I will find out what it is before this sun goes down."

I paused a moment before I replied. If I had been fascinated by this lovely girl before, I now bowed in respect before her dignity and resolution; and, with my sympathy, there was a delicious throb of self-respect united, when I heard her lay down so simply, as principles of her life two principles on which I had always myself tried to live. The half-expressed habits of my boyhood and youth were now uttered for me as axioms by lips which I knew could speak nothing but right and truth.

I paused a moment. I stumbled a little as I expressed my regret that she would not let me help her, — joined with my certainty that she was in the right in refusing, — and then, in the only stiff speech I ever made to her, I said: —

"I am the 'Child of the Public.' If you ever hear my story, you will say so too. At the least, I can claim this, that I have a right to help you in your quest as to the way in which the public will help you. Thus far I am clearly the officer in his suite to whom he has intrusted you. Are you ready, then, to go on shore?"

Fausta looked around on that forlorn ladies'

saloon, as if it were the last link holding her to her old safe world.

> "Looked upon skylight, lamp, and chain,
> As what she ne'er might see again."

Then she looked right through me; and if there had been one mean thought in me at that minute, she would have seen the viper. Then she said, sadly, —

"I have perfect confidence in you, though people would say we were strangers. Let us go."

And we left the boat together. We declined the invitations of the noisy hackmen, and walked slowly to Broadway.

We stopped at the station-house for that district, and to the attentive chief Fausta herself described those contents of her trunk which she thought would be most easily detected, if offered for sale. Her mother's Bible, at which the chief shook his head; Bibles, alas! brought nothing at the shops; a soldier's medal, such as were given as target prizes by the Montgomery regiment; and a little silver canteen, marked with the device of the same regiment, seemed to him better worthy of note. Her portfolio was wrought with a cipher, and she explained to him that she was most eager that this should be recovered. The pocket-book contained more than one hundred dollars, which she described, but he shook his head here, and gave her but little hope of that, if

the trunk were once opened. His chief hope was for this morning.

"And where shall we send to you then, madam?" said he.

I had been proud, as if it were my merit, of the impression Fausta had made upon the officer, in her quiet, simple, ladylike dress and manner. For myself, I thought that one slip of pretence in my dress or bearing, a scrap of gold or of pinchbeck, would have ruined both of us in our appeal. But, fortunately, I did not disgrace her, and the man looked at her as if he expected her to say "Fourteenth Street." What would she say?

"That depends upon what the time will be. Mr. Carter will call at noon, and will let you know."

We bowed, and were gone. In an instant more she begged my pardon, almost with tears; but I told her that if she also had been a "Child of the Public," she could not more fitly have spoken to one of her father's officers. I begged her to use me as her protector, and not to apologize again. Then we laid out the plans which we followed out that day.

The officer's manner had reassured her, and I succeeded in persuading her that it was certain we should have the trunk at noon. How much better to wait, at least so far, before she entered on any of the enterprises of which she talked so coolly, as of offering herself as a nursery-girl, or

as a milliner, to whoever would employ her, if only she could thus secure an honest home till money or till aunt were found. Once persuaded that we were safe from this Quixotism, I told her that we must go on, as we did on the canal, and first we must take our constitutional walk for two hours.

"At least," she said, "our good papa, the Public, gives us wonderful sights to see, and good walking to our feet, as a better Father has given us this heavenly sky and this bracing air."

And with those words the last heaviness of despondency left her face for that day. And we plunged into the delicious adventure of exploring a new city, staring into windows as only strangers can, revelling in print-shops as only they do, really seeing the fine buildings as residents always forget to do, and laying up, in short, with those streets, nearly all the associations which to this day we have with them.

Two hours of this tired us with walking, of course. I do not know what she meant to do next; but at ten I said, "Time for French, Miss Jones." "*Ah oui,*" said she, "*mais où?*" and I had calculated my distances, and led her at once into Lafayette Place; and, in a moment, pushed open the door of the Astor Library, led her up the main stairway, and said, "This is what the Public provides for his children when they have to study."

"This is the Astor," said she, delighted.

"And we are all right, as you say, here?" Then she saw that our entrance excited no surprise among the few readers, men and women, who were beginning to assemble.

We took our seats at an unoccupied table, and began to revel in the luxuries for which we had only to ask that we might enjoy. I had a little memorandum of books which I had been waiting to see. She needed none; but looked for one and another, and yet another, and between us we kept the attendant well in motion. A pleasant thing to me to be finding out her thoroughbred tastes and lines of work, and I was happy enough to interest her in some of my pet readings; and, of course, for she was a woman, to get quick hints which had never dawned on me before. A very short hour and a half we spent there before I went to the station-house again. I went very quickly. I returned to her very slowly.

The trunk was not found. But they were now quite sure they were on its track. They felt certain it had been carried from pier to pier and taken back up the river. Nor was it hopeless to follow it. The particular rascal who was supposed to have it would certainly stop either at Piermont or at Newburg. They had telegraphed to both places, and were in time for both. "The day boat, sir, will bring your lady's trunk, and will bring me Rowdy Rob, too, I hope," said the officer. But at the same moment, as he rang his bell, he learned that no despatch had yet been

received from either of the places named. I did not feel so certain as he did.

But Fausta showed no discomfort as I told my news. "Thus far," said she, "the Public serves me well. I will borrow no trouble by want of faith." And I — as Dante would say — and I, to her, "Will you let me remind you, then, that at one we dine, that Mrs. Grills is now placing the salt pork upon the cabin table, and Mr. Grills asking the blessing; and, as this is the only day when I can have the honor of your company, will you let me show you how a Child of the Public dines, when his finances are low?"

Fausta laughed, and said again, less tragically than before, "I have perfect confidence in you," — little thinking how she started my blood with the words; but this time, as if in token, she let me take her hand upon my arm, as we walked down the street together.

If we had been snobs, or even if I had been one, I should have taken her to Taylor's, and have spent all the money I had on such a luncheon as neither of us had ever eaten before. Whatever else I am, I am not a snob of that sort. I show my colors. I led her into a little cross-street which I had noticed in our erratic morning pilgrimage. We stopped at a German baker's. I bade her sit down at the neat marble table, and I bought two rolls. She declined lager, which I offered her in fun. We took water instead, and we had dined, and had paid two cents for our

meal, and had had a very merry dinner, too, when the clock struck two.

"And now, Mr. Carter," said she, "I will steal no more of your day. You did not come to New York to escort lone damsels to the Astor Library or to dinner. Nor did I come only to see the lions or to read French. I insist on your going to your affairs, and leaving me to mine. If you will meet me at the Library half an hour before it closes, I will thank you; till then," with a tragedy shake of the hand, and a merry laugh, "adieu!"

I knew very well that no harm could happen to her in two hours of an autumn afternoon. I was not sorry for her *congé*, for it gave me an opportunity to follow my own plans. I stopped at one or two cabinet-makers', and talked with the "jours" about work, that I might tell her with truth that I had been in search of it; — then I sedulously began calling upon every man I could reach named Mason. Oh, how often I went through one phase or another of this colloquy: —

"Is Mr. Mason in?"

"That 's my name, sir."

"Can you give me the address of Mr. Mason who returned from Europe last May?"

"Know no such person, sir."

The reader can imagine how many forms this dialogue could be repeated in, before, as I wrought my way through a long line of dry-goods cases to a distant counting-room, I heard some one in it

say, "No, madam, I know no such person as you describe"; and from the recess Fausta emerged and met me. Her plan for the afternoon had been the same with mine. We laughed as we detected each other; then I told her she had had quite enough of this, that it was time she should rest, and took her, *nolentem volentem*, into the ladies' parlor of the St. Nicholas, and bade her wait there through the twilight, with my copy of "Clementine," till I should return from the police-station. If the reader has ever waited in such a place for some one to come and attend to him, he will understand that nobody will be apt to molest him when he has not asked for attention.

Two hours I left Fausta in the rocking-chair, which there the Public had provided for her. Then I returned, sadly enough. No tidings of Rowdy Rob, none of trunk, Bible, money, letter, medal, or anything. Still was my district sergeant hopeful, and, as always, respectful. But I was hopeless this time, and I knew that the next day Fausta would be plunging into the war with intelligence-houses and advertisements. For the night, I was determined that she should spend it in my ideal "respectable boarding-house." On my way down town, I stepped in at one or two shops to make inquiries, and satisfied myself where I would take her. Still I thought it wisest that we should go after tea; and another cross-street baker, and another pair of rolls, and another tap at the Croton, provided that repast for us. Then

I told Fausta of the respectable boarding-house, and that she must go there. She did not say no. But she did say she would rather not spend the evening there. "There must be some place open for us," said she. "There! there is a church-bell! The church is always home. Let us come there."

So to "evening meeting" we went, startling the sexton by arriving an hour early. If there were any who wondered what was the use of that Wednesday-evening service, we did not. In a dark gallery pew we sat, she at one end, I at the other; and, if the whole truth be told, each of us fell asleep at once, and slept till the heavy organ tones taught us that the service had begun. A hundred or more people had straggled in then, and the preacher, good soul, he took for his text, "Doth not God care for the ravens?" I cannot describe the ineffable feeling of home that came over me in that dark pew of that old church. I had never been in so large a church before. I had never heard so heavy an organ before. Perhaps I had heard better preaching, but never any that came to my occasions more. But it was none of these things which moved me. It was the fact that we were just where we had a right to be. No impudent waiter could ask us why we were sitting there, nor any petulant policeman propose that we should push on. It was God's house, and, because his, it was his children's.

All this feeling of repose grew upon me, and,

as it proved, upon Fausta also. For when the service was ended, and I ventured to ask her whether she also had this sense of home and rest, she assented so eagerly, that I proposed, though with hesitation, a notion which had crossed me, that I should leave her there.

"I cannot think," I said, "of any possible harm that could come to you before morning."

"Do you know, I had thought of that very same thing, but I did not dare tell you," she said.

Was not I glad that she had considered me her keeper! But I only said, "At the 'respectable boarding-house' you might be annoyed by questions."

"And no one will speak to me here. I know that from Goody Two-Shoes."

"I will be here," said I, "at sunrise in the morning." And so I bade her good-by, insisting on leaving in the pew my own great-coat. I knew she might need it before morning. I walked out as the sexton closed the door below on the last of the downstairs worshippers. He passed along the aisles below, with his long poker which screwed down the gas. I saw at once that he had no intent of exploring the galleries. But I loitered outside till I saw him lock the doors and depart; and then, happy in the thought that Miss Jones was in the safest place in New York, — as comfortable as she was the night before, and much more comfortable than she had been any night

upon the canal, I went in search of my own lodging.

"To the respectable boarding-house?"

Not a bit, reader. I had no shillings for respectable or disrespectable boarding-houses. I asked the first policeman where his district station was. I went into its office, and told the captain that I was green in the city; had got no work and no money. In truth, I had left my purse in Miss Jones's charge, and a five-cent piece, which I showed the chief, was all I had. He said no word but to bid me go up two flights and turn into the first bunk I found. I did so; and in five minutes was asleep in a better bed than I had slept in for nine days.

That was what the Public did for me that night. I, too, was safe!

I am making this story too long. But with that night and its anxieties the end has come. At sunrise I rose and made my easy toilet. I bought and ate my roll, — varying the brand from yesterday's. I bought another, with a lump of butter, and an orange, for Fausta. I left my portmanteau at the station, while I rushed to the sexton's house, told his wife I had left my gloves in church the night before, — as was the truth, — and easily obtained from her the keys. In a moment I was in the vestibule — locked in — was in the gallery, and there found Fausta, just awake, as she declared, from a comfortable night, reading her morning lesson in the Bible, and sure, she said,

that I should soon appear. Nor ghost, nor wraith, had visited her. I spread for her a brown paper table-cloth on the table in the vestibule. I laid out her breakfast for her, called her, and wondered at her toilet. How is it that women always make themselves appear as neat and finished as if there were no conflict, dust, or wrinkle in the world.

[Here Fausta adds, in this manuscript, a parenthesis, to say that she folded her undersleeves neatly, and her collar, before she slept, and put them between the cushions upon which she slept. In the morning they had been pressed — without a flat-iron.]

She finished her repast. I opened the church door for five minutes. She passed out when she had enough examined the monuments, and at a respectable distance I followed her. We joined each other, and took our accustomed morning walk; but then she resolutely said, "Good-by" for the day. She would find work before night, — work and a home. And I must do the same. Only when I pressed her to let me know of her success, she said she would meet me at the Astor Library just before it closed. No, she would not take my money. Enough, that for twenty-four hours she had been my guest. When she had found her aunt and told her the story, they should insist on repaying this hospitality. Hospitality, dear reader, which I had dispensed at the charge of six cents. Have you ever treated Miranda for a day and found the charge so low? When I urged

other assistance she said resolutely, "No." In fact, she had already made an appointment at two, she said, and she must not waste the day.

I also had an appointment at two; for it was at that hour that Burrham was to distribute the cyclopædias at Castle Garden. The Emigrant Commission had not yet seized it for their own. I spent the morning in asking vainly for Masons fresh from Europe, and for work in cabinet-shops. I found neither, and so wrought my way to the appointed place, where, instead of such wretched birds in the bush, I was to get one so contemptible in my hand.

Those who remember Jenny Lind's first triumph night at Castle Garden have some idea of the crowd as it filled gallery and floor of that immense hall when I entered. I had given no thought to the machinery of this folly. I only know that my ticket bade me be there at two P. M. this day. But as I drew near, the throng, the bands of policemen, the long queues of persons entering, reminded me that here was an affair of ten thousand persons, and also that Mr. Burrham was not unwilling to make it as showy, perhaps as noisy, an affair as was respectable, by way of advertising future excursions and distributions. I was led to seat No. 3,671 with a good deal of parade, and when I came there I found I was very much of a prisoner. I was late, or rather on the stroke of two. Immediately, almost, Mr. Burrham arose in the front and made a long

speech about his liberality, and the public's liberality, and everybody's liberality in general, and the method of the distribution in particular. The mayor and four or five other well-known and respectable gentlemen were kind enough to be present to guarantee the fairness of the arrangements. At the suggestion of the mayor and the police, the doors would now be closed, that no persons might interrupt the ceremony till it was ended. And the distribution of the cyclopædias would at once go forward, in the order in which the lots were drawn, — earliest numbers securing the earliest impressions; which, as Mr. Burrham almost regretted to say, were a little better than the latest. After these had been distributed two figures would be drawn, — one green and one red, to indicate the fortunate lady and gentleman who would receive respectively the profits which had arisen from this method of selling the cyclopædias, after the expenses of printing and distribution had been covered, and after the magazines had been ordered.

Great cheering followed this announcement from all but me. Here I had shut myself up in this humbug hall, for Heaven knew how long, on the most important day of my life. I would have given up, willingly, my cyclopædia and my chance at the "profits," for the certainty of seeing Fausta at five o'clock. If I did not see her then, what might befall her, and when might I see her again. An hour before this certainty was my

own, now it was only mine by my liberating myself from this prison. Still I was encouraged by seeing that everything was conducted like clock-work. From literally a hundred stations they were distributing the books. We formed ourselves into queues as we pleased, drew our numbers, and then presented ourselves at the bureaus, ordered our magazines, and took our cyclopædias. It would be done, at that rate, by half-past four. An omnibus might bring me to the Park, and a Bowery car do the rest in time. After a vain discussion for the right of exit with one or two of the attendants, I abandoned myself to this hope, and began studying my cyclopædia.

It was sufficiently amusing to see ten thousand people resign themselves to the same task, and affect to be unconcerned about the green and red figures which were to divide the "profits." I tried to make out who were as anxious to get out of that tawdry den as I was. Four o'clock struck, and the distribution was not done. I began to be very impatient. What if Fausta fell into trouble? I knew, or hoped I knew, that she would struggle to the Astor Library, as to her only place of rescue and refuge, — her asylum. What if I failed her there? I who had pretended to be her protector! "Protector, indeed!" she would say, if she knew I was at a theatre witnessing the greatest folly of the age. And if I did not meet her to-day, when should I meet her? If she found her aunt, how should I find her? If

she did not find her, — good God? that was worse, — where might she not be before twelve hours were over? Then the fatal trunk! I had told the police agent he might send it to the St. Nicholas, because I had to give him some address. But Fausta did not know this, and the St. Nicholas people knew nothing of us. I grew more and more excited, and when at last my next neighbor told me that it was half-past four, I rose and insisted on leaving my seat. Two ushers with blue sashes almost held me down; they showed me the whole assembly sinking into quiet. In fact, at that moment Mr. Burrham was begging every one to be seated. I would not be seated. I would go to the door. I would go out. "Go, if you please!" said the usher next it, contemptuously. And I looked, and there was no handle! Yet this was not a dream. It is the way they arrange the doors in halls where they choose to keep people in their places. I could have collared that grinning blue sash. I did tell him I would wring his precious neck for him, if he did not let me out. I said I would sue him for false imprisonment; I would have a writ of *habeas corpus*.

"*Habeas corpus* be d—d!" said the officer, with an irreverent disrespect to the palladium. "If you are not more civil, sir, I will call the police, of whom we have plenty. You say you want to go out; you are keeping everybody in."

And, in fact, at that moment the clear voice of the mayor was announcing that they would not

go on until there was perfect quiet; and I felt that I was imprisoning all these people, not they me.

"Child of the Public," said my mourning genius, "are you better than other men?" So I sneaked back to seat No. 3,671, amid the contemptuous and reproachful looks and sneers of my more respectable neighbors, who had sat where they were told to do. We must be through in a moment, and perhaps Fausta would be late also. If only the Astor would keep open after sunset! How often have I wished that since, and for less reasons!

Silence thus restored, Mr. A——, the mayor, led forward his little daughter, blindfolded her, and bade her put her hand into a green box, from which she drew out a green ticket. He took it from her, and read, in his clear voice again, "No. 2,973!" By this time we all knew where the "two thousands" sat. Then "nine hundreds" were not far from the front, so that it was not far that that frightened girl, dressed all in black, and heavily veiled, had to walk, who answered to this call. Mr. A—— met her, helped her up the stair upon the stage, took from her her ticket, and read, "Jerusha Stillingfleet, of Yellow Springs, who, at her death, as it seems, transferred this right to the bearer."

The disappointed nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine joined in a rapturous cheer, each man and woman, to show that he or she was not

disappointed. The bearer spoke with Mr. Burrham, in answer to his questions, and, with a good deal of ostentation, he opened a check-book, filled a check and passed it to her, she signing a receipt as she took it, and transferring to him her ticket. So far, in dumb show, all was well. What was more to my purpose, it was rapid, for we should have been done in five minutes more, but that some devil tempted some loafer in a gallery to cry, "Face! face!" Miss Stillingfleet's legatee was still heavily veiled.

In one horrid minute that whole amphitheatre, which seemed to me then more cruel than the Coliseum ever was, rang out with a cry of "Face, face!" I tried the counter-cry of "Shame! shame!" but I was in disgrace among my neighbors, and a counter-cry never takes as its prototype does, either. At first, on the stage, they affected not to hear or understand; then there was a courtly whisper between Mr. Burrham and the lady; but Mr. A——, the mayor, and the respectable gentlemen, instantly interfered. It was evident that she would not unveil, and that they were prepared to indorse her refusal. In a moment more she courtesied to the assembly; the mayor gave her his arm, and led her out through a side-door.

Oh, the yell that rose up then! The whole assembly stood up, and, as if they had lost some vested right, hooted and shrieked, "Back! back! Face! face!" Mr. A—— returned, made as if

he would speak, came forward to the very front, and got a moment's silence.

"It is not in the bond, gentlemen," said he. "The young lady is unwilling to unveil, and we must not compel her."

"Face! face!" was the only answer, and oranges from upstairs flew about his head and struck upon the table, — an omen only fearful from what it prophesied. Then there was such a row for five minutes as I hope I may never see or hear again. People kept their places fortunately, under a vague impression that they should forfeit some magic rights if they left those numbered seats. But when, for a moment, a file of policemen appeared in the orchestra, a whole volley of cyclopædias fell like rain upon their chief, with a renewed cry of "Face! face!"

At this juncture, with a good deal of knowledge of popular feeling, Mr. A—— led forward his child again. Frightened to death the poor thing was, and crying; he tied his handkerchief round her eyes hastily, and took her to the red box. For a minute the house was hushed. A cry of "Down! down!" and every one took his place as the child gave the red ticket to her father. He read it as before, "No. 3,671!" I heard the words as if he did not speak them. All excited by the delay and the row, by the injustice to the stranger and the personal injustice of everybody to me, I did not know, for a dozen seconds, that every one was looking towards our side of the

house, nor was it till my next neighbor with the watch said, "Go, you fool," that I was aware that 3,671 was I! Even then, as I stepped down the passage and up the steps, my only feeling was, that I should get out of this horrid trap, and possibly find Miss Jones lingering near the Astor, — not by any means that I was invited to take a check for $5,000.

There was not much cheering. Women never mean to cheer, of course. The men had cheered the green ticket, but they were mad with the red one. I gave up my ticket, signed my receipt, and took my check, shook hands with Mr. A—— and Mr. Burrham, and turned to bow to the mob, — for mob I must call it now. But the cheers died away. A few people tried to go out, perhaps, but there was nothing now to retain any in their seats as before, and the generality rose, pressed down the passages, and howled, "Face! face!" I thought for a moment that I ought to say something, but they would not hear me, and, after a moment's pause, my passion to depart overwhelmed me. I muttered some apology to the gentlemen, and left the stage by the stage door.

I had forgotten that to Castle Garden there can be no back entrance. I came to door after door, which were all locked. It was growing dark. Evidently the sun was set, and I knew the library door would be shut at sunset. The passages were very obscure. All around me rang this horrid yell of the mob, in which all that I could discern

was the cry, "Face, face!" At last, as I groped round, I came to a practicable door. I entered a room where the western sunset glare dazzled me. I was not alone. The veiled lady in black was there. But the instant she saw me she sprang towards me, flung herself into my arms, and cried: —

"Felix, is it you? — you are indeed my protector!"

It was Miss Jones! It was Fausta! She was the legatee of Miss Stillingfleet. My first thought was, "Oh, if that beggarly usher had let me go! Will I ever, ever think I have better rights than the Public again?"

I took her in my arms. I carried her to the sofa. I could hardly speak for excitement. Then I did say that I had been wild with terror; that I had feared I had lost her, and lost her forever; that to have lost that interview would have been worse to me than death; for unless she knew that I loved her better than man ever loved woman, I could not face a lonely night, and another lonely day.

"My dear, dear child," I said, "you may think me wild; but I must say this, — it has been pent up too long."

"Say what you will," she said after a moment, in which still I held her in my arms; she was trembling so that she could not have sat upright alone, — "say what you will, if only you do not tell me to spend another day alone."

And I kissed her, and I kissed her, and I kissed

her, and I said, "Never, darling, God helping me, till I die!"

How long we sat there I do not know. Neither of us spoke again. For one, I looked out on the sunset and the bay. We had but just time to rearrange ourselves in positions more independent, when Mr. A—— came in, this time in alarm, to say:—

"Miss Jones, we must get you out of this place, or we must hide you somewhere. I believe, before God, they will storm this passage, and pull the house about our ears."

He said this, not conscious as he began that I was there. At that moment, however, I felt as if I could have met a million men. I started forward and passed him, saying, "Let me speak to them." I rushed upon the stage, fairly pushing back two or three bullies who were already upon it. I sprang upon the table, kicking down the red box as I did so, so that the red tickets fell on the floor and on the people below. One stuck in an old man's spectacles in a way which made the people in the galleries laugh. A laugh is a great blessing at such a moment. Curiosity is another. Three loud words spoken like thunder do a good deal more. And after three words the house was hushed to hear me. I said:—

"Be fair to the girl. She has no father nor mother. She has no brother nor sister. She is alone in the world, with nobody to help her but the Public—and me!"

The audacity of the speech brought out a cheer, and we should have come off in triumph, when some rowdy — the original "face" man, I suppose — said, —

"And who are you?"

If the laugh went against me now I was lost, of course. Fortunately I had no time to think. I said without thinking, —

"I am the Child of the Public, and her betrothed husband!"

O Heavens! what a yell of laughter, of hurrahings, of satisfaction with a *dénouement*, rang through the house, and showed that all was well. Burrham caught the moment, and started his band, this time successfully, — I believe with "See the Conquering Hero." The doors, of course, had been open long before. Well-disposed people saw they need stay no longer; ill-disposed people dared not stay; the blue-coated men with buttons sauntered on the stage in groups, and I suppose the worst rowdies disappeared as they saw them. I had made my single speech, and for the moment I was a hero.

I believe the mayor would have liked to kiss me. Burrham almost did. They overwhelmed me with thanks and congratulations. All these I received as well as I could, — somehow I did not feel at all surprised, — everything was as it should be. I scarcely thought of leaving the stage myself, till, to my surprise, the mayor asked me to go home with him to dinner.

Then I remembered that we were not to spend the rest of our lives in Castle Garden. I blundered out something about Miss Jones, that she had no escort except me, and pressed into her room to find her. A group of gentlemen was around her. Her veil was back now. She was very pale, but very lovely. Have I said that she was beautiful as heaven? She was the queen of the room, modestly and pleasantly receiving their felicitations that the danger was over, and owning that she had been very much frightened. "Until," she said, "my friend, Mr. Carter, was fortunate enough to guess that I was here. How he did it," she said, turning to me, "is yet an utter mystery to me."

She did not know till then that it was I who had shared with her the profits of the cyclopædias.

As soon as we could excuse ourselves, I asked some one to order a carriage. I sent to the ticket-office for my valise, and we rode to the St. Nicholas. I fairly laughed as I gave the hackman at the hotel door what would have been my last dollar and a half only two hours before. I entered Miss Jones's name and my own. The clerk looked, and said, inquiringly, —

"Is it Miss Jones's trunk which came this afternoon?"

I followed his finger to see the trunk on the marble floor. Rowdy Rob had deserted it, having seen, perhaps, a detective when he reached Piermont. The trunk had gone to Albany, had found

no owner, and had returned by the day boat of that day.

Fausta went to her room, and I sent her supper after her. One kiss and "Good-night" was all that I got from her then.

"In the morning," said she, "you shall explain."

It was not yet seven. I went to my own room and dressed, and tendered myself at the mayor's just before his gay party sat down to dine. I met, for the first time in my life, men whose books I had read, and whose speeches I had by heart, and women whom I have since known to honor; and, in the midst of this brilliant group, so excited had Mr. A—— been in telling the strange story of the day, I was, for the hour, the lion.

I led Mrs. A—— to the table; I made her laugh very heartily by telling her of the ushers' threats to me, and mine to him, and of the disgrace into which I fell among the three thousand six hundreds. I had never been at any such party before. But I found it was only rather simpler and more quiet than most parties I had seen, that its good breeding was exactly that of dear Betsy Myers.

As the party broke up, Mrs. A—— said to me, —

"Mr. Carter, I am sure you are tired, with all this excitement. You say you are a stranger here. Let me send round for your trunk to the St. Nicholas, and you shall spend the night here. I know I can make you a better bed than they."

I thought as much myself, and assented. In half an hour more I was in bed in Mrs. A——'s "best room."

"I shall not sleep better," said I to myself, "than I did last night."

That was what the Public did for me that night. I was safe again!

CHAPTER LAST

FAUSTA'S STORY

FAUSTA slept late, poor child. I called for her before breakfast. I waited for her after. About ten she appeared, so radiant, so beautiful, and so kind! The trunk had revealed a dress I never saw before, and the sense of rest, and eternal security, and unbroken love had revealed a charm which was never there to see before. She was dressed for walking, and, as she met me, said, —

"Time for constitutional, Mr. Millionnaire."

So we walked again, quite up town, almost to the region of pig-pens and cabbage-gardens which is now the Central Park. And after just the first gush of my enthusiasm, Fausta said, very seriously: —

"I must teach you to be grave. You do not know whom you are asking to be your wife. Excepting Mrs. Mason, No. 27 Thirty-fourth Street, sir, there is no one in the world who is of kin to me, and she does not care for me one

straw, Felix," she said, almost sadly now. "You call yourself 'Child of the Public.' I started when you first said so, for that is just what I am.

"I am twenty-two years old. My father died before I was born. My mother, a poor woman, disliked by his relatives and avoided by them, went to live in Hoboken over there, with me. How she lived, God knows, but it happened that of a strange death she died, I in her arms."

After a pause, the poor girl went on: —

"There was a great military review, an encampment. She was tempted out to see it. Of a sudden by some mistake, a ramrod was fired from a careless soldier's gun, and it pierced her through her heart. I tell you, Felix, it pinned my baby frock into the wound, so that they could not part me from her till it was cut away.

"Of course every one was filled with horror. Nobody claimed poor me, the baby. But the battalion, the Montgomery Battalion, it was, which had, by mischance, killed my mother, adopted me as their child. I was chosen 'Fille du Régiment.' They paid an assessment annually, which the colonel expended for me. A kind old woman nursed me."

"She was your Betsy Myers," interrupted I.

"And when I was old enough I was sent into Connecticut, to the best of schools. This lasted till I was sixteen. Fortunately for me, perhaps, the Montgomery Battalion then dissolved. I was finding it hard to answer the colonel's annual

letters. I had my living to earn, — it was best I should earn it. I declined a proposal to go out as a missionary. I had no call. I answered one of Miss Beecher's appeals for Western teachers. Most of my life since has been a schoolma'am's. It has had ups and downs. But I have always been proud that the Public was my godfather; and, as you know," she said, "I have trusted the Public well. I have never been lonely, wherever I went. I tried to make myself of use. Where I was of use I found society. The ministers have been kind to me. I always offered my services in the Sunday schools and sewing-rooms. The school committees have been kind to me. They are the Public's high chamberlains for poor girls. I have written for the journals. I won one of Sartain's hundred-dollar prizes" —

"And I another," interrupted I.

"When I was very poor, I won the first prize for an essay on bad boys."

"And I the second," answered I.

"I think I know one bad boy better than he knows himself," said she. But she went on. "I watched with this poor Miss Stillingfleet the night she died. This absurd 'distribution' had got hold of her, and she would not be satisfied till she had transferred that strange ticket, No. 2,973, to me, writing the indorsement which you have heard. I had had a longing to visit New York and Hoboken again. This ticket seemed to me to beckon me. I had money enough to come, if I

would come cheaply. I wrote to my father's business partner, and enclosed a note to his only sister. She is Mrs. Mason. She asked me, coldly enough, to her house. Old Mr. Grills always liked me, — he offered me escort and passage as far as Troy or Albany. I accepted his proposal, and you know the rest."

When I told Fausta my story, she declared I made it up as I went along. When she believed it, — as she does believe it now, — she agreed with me in declaring that it was not fit that two people thus joined should ever be parted. Nor have we been, ever!

She made a hurried visit at Mrs. Mason's. She prepared there for her wedding. On the 1st of November we went into that same church which was our first home in New York; and that dear old raven-man made us

ONE!

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

By J. THOMAS DARRAGH (late C. C. S.).

[This paper was first published in the "Galaxy," in 1866.]

I SEE that an old chum of mine is publishing bits of confidential Confederate History in "Harper's Magazine." It would seem to be time, then, for the pivots to be disclosed on which some of the wheelwork of the last six years has been moving. The science of history, as I understand it, depends on the timely disclosure of such pivots, which are apt to be kept out of view while things are moving.

I was in the Civil Service at Richmond. Why I was there, or what I did, is nobody's affair. And I do not in this paper propose to tell how it happened that I was in New York in October, 1864, on confidential business. Enough that I was there, and that it was honest business. That business done, as far as it could be with the resources intrusted to me, I prepared to return home. And thereby hangs this tale, and, as it proved, the fate of the Confederacy.

For, of course, I wanted to take presents home to my family. Very little question was there

what these presents should be, — for I had no boys nor brothers. The women of the Confederacy had one want, which overtopped all others. They could make coffee out of beans; pins they had from Columbus; straw hats they braided quite well with their own fair hands; snuff we could get better than you could in "the old concern." But we had no hoop-skirts, — skeletons, we used to call them. No ingenuity had made them. No bounties had forced them. The "Bat," the "Greyhound," the "Deer," the "Flora," the "J. C. Cobb," the "Varuna," and the "Fore-and-Aft" all took in cargoes of them for us in England. But the "Bat" and the "Deer" and the "Flora" were seized by the blockaders, the "J. C. Cobb" sunk at sea, the "Fore-and-Aft" and the "Greyhound" were set fire to by their own crews, and the "Varuna" (our "Varuna") was never heard of. Then the State of Arkansas offered sixteen townships of swamp land to the first manufacturer who would exhibit five gross of a home-manufactured article. But no one ever competed. The first attempts, indeed, were put to an end, when Schofield crossed the Blue Lick, and destroyed the dams on Yellow Branch. The consequence was, that people's crinoline collapsed faster than the Confederacy did, of which that brute of a Grierson said there was never anything of it but the outside.

Of course, then, I put in the bottom of my new large trunk in New York, not a "duplex elliptic,"

for none were then made, but a "Belmonte," of thirty springs, for my wife. I bought, for her more common wear, a good "Belle-Fontaine." For Sarah and Susy each, I got two "Dumb-Belles." For Aunt Eunice and Aunt Clara, maiden sisters of my wife, who lived with us after Winchester fell the fourth time, I got the "Scotch Harebell," two of each. For my own mother I got one "Belle of the Prairies" and one "Invisible Combination Gossamer." I did not forget good old Mammy Chloe and Mammy Jane. For them I got substantial cages, without names. With these, tied in the shapes of figure eights in the bottom of my trunk, as I said, I put in an assorted cargo of dry-goods above and, favored by a pass, and Major Mulford's courtesy on the flag-of-truce boat, I arrived safely at Richmond before the autumn closed.

I was received at home with rapture. But when, the next morning, I opened my stores, this became rapture doubly enraptured. Words cannot tell the silent delight with which old and young, black and white, surveyed these fairy-like structures, yet unbroken and unmended.

Perennial summer reigned that autumn day in that reunited family. It reigned the next day, and the next. It would have reigned till now if the "Belmontes" and the other things would last as long as the advertisements declare; and, what is more, the Confederacy would have reigned till now, President Davis and General Lee! but for

that great misery, which all families understand, which culminated in our great misfortune.

I was up in the cedar closet one day, looking for an old parade cap of mine, which I thought, though it was my third best, might look better than my second best, which I had worn ever since my best was lost at the Seven Pines. I say I was standing on the lower shelf of the cedar closet, when, as I stepped along in the darkness, my right foot caught in a bit of wire, my left did not give way in time, and I fell, with a small wooden hat-box in my hand, full on the floor. The corner of the hat-box struck me just below the second frontal sinus, and I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was in the blue chamber; I had vinegar on a brown paper on my forehead; the room was dark, and I found mother sitting by me, glad enough, indeed, to hear my voice, and to know that I knew her. It was some time before I fully understood what had happened. Then she brought me a cup of tea, and I, quite refreshed, said I must go to the office.

"Office, my child!" said she. "Your leg is broken above the ankle; you will not move these six weeks. Where do you suppose you are?"

Till then I had no notion that it was five minutes since I went into the closet. When she told me the time, five in the afternoon, I groaned in the lowest depths. For, in my breast pocket in that innocent coat, which I could now see lying on the window-seat, were the duplicate despatches

to Mr. Mason, for which, late the night before, I had got the Secretary's signature. They were to go at ten that morning to Wilmington, by the Navy Department's special messenger. I had taken them to insure care and certainty. I had worked on them till midnight, and they had not been signed till near one o'clock. Heavens and earth, and here it was five o'clock! The man must be half-way to Wilmington by this time. I sent the doctor for Lafarge, my clerk. Lafarge did his prettiest in rushing to the telegraph. But no! A freshet on the Chowan River, or a raid by Foster, or something, or nothing, had smashed the telegraph wire for that night. And before that despatch ever reached Wilmington the navy agent was in the offing in the "Sea Maid."

"But perhaps the duplicate got through?" No, breathless reader, the duplicate did not get through. The duplicate was taken by Faucon, in the "Ino." I saw it last week in Dr. Lieber's hands, in Washington. Well, all I know is, that if the duplicate had got through, the Confederate government would have had in March a chance at eighty-three thousand two hundred and eleven muskets, which, as it was, never left Belgium. So much for my treading into that blessed piece of wire on the shelf of the cedar closet, upstairs.

"What was the bit of wire?"

Well, it was not telegraph wire. If it had been, it would have broken when it was not wanted to. Don't you know what it was? Go up

into your own cedar closet, and step about in the dark, and see what brings up round your ankles. Julia, poor child, cried her eyes out about it. When I got well enough to sit up, and as soon as I could talk and plan with her, she brought down seven of these old things, antiquated "Belmontes" and "Simplex Elliptics," and horrors without a name, and she made a pile of them in the bedroom, and asked me in the most penitent way what she should do with them.

"You can't burn them," said she; "fire won't touch them. If you bury them in the garden, they come up at the second raking. If you give them to the servants, they say, 'Thank-e, missus,' and throw them into the back passage. If you give them to the poor, they throw them into the street in front, and do not say, 'Thank-e.' Sarah sent seventeen over to the sword factory, and the foreman swore at the boy, and told him he would flog him within an inch of his life if he brought any more of his sauce there; and so — and so," sobbed the poor child, "I just rolled up these wretched things, and laid them in the cedar closet, hoping, you know, that some day the government would want something, and would advertise for them. You know what a good thing I made out of the bottle corks."

In fact, she had sold our bottle corks for four thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars of the first issue. We afterward bought two umbrellas and a corkscrew with the money.

Well, I did not scold Julia. It was certainly no

fault of hers that I was walking on the lower shelf of her cedar closet. I told her to make a parcel of the things, and the first time we went to drive I hove the whole shapeless heap into the river, without saying mass for them.

But let no man think, or no woman, that this was the end of troubles. As I look back on that winter, and on the spring of 1865 (I do not mean the steel spring), it seems to me only the beginning. I got out on crutches at last; I had the office transferred to my house, so that Lafarge and Hepburn could work there nights, and communicate with me when I could not go out; but mornings I hobbled up to the Department, and sat with the Chief, and took his orders. Ah me! shall I soon forget that damp winter morning, when we all had such hope at the office. One or two of the army fellows looked in at the window as they ran by, and we knew that they felt well; and though I would not ask Old Wick, as we had nicknamed the Chief, what was in the wind, I knew the time had come, and that the lion meant to break the net this time. I made an excuse to go home earlier than usual; rode down to the house in the Major's ambulance, I remember; and hopped in, to surprise Julia with the good news, only to find that the whole house was in that quiet uproar which shows that something bad has happened of a sudden.

"What is it, Chloe?" said I, as the old wench rushed by me with a bucket of water.

ROBERT WAYNE EABY
2-1

"Poor Mr. George, I 'fraid he's dead, sah!"

And there he really was, — dear handsome, bright George Schaff, — the delight of all the nicest girls of Richmond; he lay there on Aunt Eunice's bed on the ground-floor, where they had brought him in. He was not dead, — and he did not die. He is making cotton in Texas now. But he looked mighty near it then. "The deep cut in his head" was the worst I then had ever seen, and the blow confused everything. When McGregor got round, he said it was not hopeless; but we were all turned out of the room, and with one thing and another he got the boy out of the swoon, and somehow it proved his head was not broken.

No, but poor George swears to this day it were better it had been, if it could only have been broken the right way and on the right field. For that evening we heard that everything had gone wrong in the surprise. There we had been waiting for one of those early fogs, and at last the fog had come. And Jubal Early had, that morning, pushed out every man he had, that could stand; and they lay hid for three mortal hours, within I don't know how near the picket line at Fort Powhatan, only waiting for the shot which John Streight's party were to fire at Wilson's Wharf, as soon as somebody on our left centre advanced in force on the enemy's line above Turkey Island stretching across to Nansemond. I am not in the War Department, and I forget whether he

was to advance *en barbette* or by *échelon* of infantry. But he was to advance somehow, and he knew how; and when he advanced, you see, that other man lower down was to rush in, and as soon as Early heard him he was to surprise Powhatan, you see; and then, if you have understood me, Grant and Butler and the whole rig of them would have been cut off from their supplies, would have had to fight a battle for which they were not prepared, with their right made into a new left, and their old left unexpectedly advanced at an oblique angle from their centre, and would not that have been the end of them?

Well, that never happened. And the reason it never happened was, that poor George Schaff, with the last fatal order for this man whose name I forget (the same who was afterward killed the day before High Bridge), undertook to save time by cutting across behind my house, from Franklin to Green Streets. You know how much time he saved, — they waited all day for that order. George told me afterwards that the last thing he remembered was kissing his hand to Julia, who sat at her bedroom window. He said he thought she might be the last woman he ever saw this side of heaven. Just after that, it must have been, — his horse — that white Messenger colt old Williams bred — went over like a log, and poor George was pitched fifteen feet head-foremost against a stake there was in that lot. Julia saw the whole. She rushed out with all the women,

and had just brought him in when I got home. And that was the reason that the great promised combination of December, 1864, never came off at all.

I walked out in the lot, after McGregor turned me out of the chamber, to see what they had done with the horse. There he lay, as dead as old Messenger himself. His neck was broken. And do you think, I looked to see what had tripped him. I supposed it was one of the boys' bandy-holes. It was no such thing. The poor wretch had tangled his hind legs in one of those infernal hoop-wires that Chloe had thrown out in the piece when I gave her her new ones. Though I did not know it then, those fatal scraps of rusty steel had broken the neck that day of Robert Lee's army.

That time I made a row about it. I felt too badly to go into a passion. But before the women went to bed, — they were all in the sitting-room together, — I talked to them like a father. I did not swear. I had got over that for a while, in that six weeks on my back. But I did say the old wires were infernal things, and that the house and premises must be made rid of them. The aunts laughed, — though I was so serious, — and tipped a wink to the girls. The girls wanted to laugh, but were afraid to. And then it came out that the aunts had sold their old hoops, tied as tight as they could tie them, in a great mass of rags. They had made a fortune by the sale, — I

am sorry to say it was in other rags, but the rags they got were new instead of old, — it was a real Aladdin bargain. The new rags had blue backs, and were numbered, some as high as fifty dollars. The rag-man had been in a hurry, and had not known what made the things so heavy. I frowned at the swindle, but they said all was fair with a peddler, — and I own I was glad the things were well out of Richmond. But when I said I thought it was a mean trick, Lizzie and Sarah looked demure, and asked what in the world I would have them do with the old things. Did I expect them to walk down to the bridge themselves with great parcels to throw into the river, as I had done by Julia's? Of course it ended, as such things always do, by my taking the work on my own shoulders. I told them to tie up all they had in as small a parcel as they could, and bring them to me.

Accordingly, the next day, I found a handsome brown paper parcel, not so very large, considering, and strangely square, considering, which the minxes had put together and left on my office table. They had a great frolic over it. They had not spared red tape nor red wax. Very official it looked, indeed, and on the left-hand corner, in Sarah's boldest and most contorted hand, was written, "Secret service." We had a great laugh over their success. And, indeed, I should have taken it with me the next time I went down to the Tredegar, but that I happened to dine one even-

ing with young Norton of our gallant little navy, and a very curious thing he told us.

We were talking about the disappointment of the combined land attack. I did not tell what upset poor Schaff's horse; indeed, I do not think those navy men knew the details of the disappointment. O'Brien had told me, in confidence, what I have written down probably for the first time now. But we were speaking, in a general way, of the disappointment. Norton finished his cigar rather thoughtfully, and then said: "Well, fellows, it is not worth while to put in the newspapers, but what do you suppose upset our grand naval attack, the day the Yankee gunboats skittled down the river so handsomely?"

"Why," said Allen, who is Norton's best-beloved friend, "they say that you ran away from them as fast as they did from you."

"Do they?" said Norton, grimly. "If you say that, I'll break your head for you. Seriously, men," continued he, "that was a most extraordinary thing. You know I was on the ram. But why she stopped when she stopped I knew as little as this wineglass does; and Callender himself knew no more than I. We had not been hit. We were all right as a trivet for all we knew, when, skree! she began blowing off steam, and we stopped dead, and began to drift down under those batteries. Callender had to telegraph to the little "Mosquito," or whatever Walter called his boat, and the spunky little thing ran down

and got us out of the scrape. Walter did it right well; if he had had a monitor under him he could not have done better. Of course we all rushed to the engine-room. What in thunder were they at there? All they knew was they could get no water into her boiler.

"Now, fellows, this is the end of the story. As soon as the boilers cooled off they worked all night on those supply pumps. May I be hanged if they had not sucked in, somehow, a long string of yarn, and cloth, and, if you will believe me, a wire of some woman's crinoline. And that French folly of a sham Empress cut short that day the victory of the Confederate navy, and old Davis himself can't tell when we shall have such a chance again!"

Some of the men thought Norton lied. But I never was with him when he did not tell the truth. I did not mention, however, what I had thrown into the water the last time I had gone over to Manchester. And I changed my mind about Sarah's "secret-service" parcel. It remained on my table.

That was the last dinner our old club had at the Spotswood, I believe. The spring came on, and the plot thickened. We did our work in the office as well as we could; I can speak for mine, and if other people — but no matter for that! The 3d of April came, and the fire, and the right wing of Grant's army. I remember I was glad then that I had moved the office down to the house, for

we were out of the way there. Everybody had run away from the Department; and so, when the powers that be took possession, my little sub-bureau was unmolested for some days. I improved those days as well as I could, — burning carefully what was to be burned, and hiding carefully what was to be hidden. One thing that happened then belongs to this story. As I was at work on the private bureau, — it was really a bureau, as it happened, one I had made Eunice give up when I broke my leg, — I came, to my horror, on a neat parcel of coast-survey maps of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. They were not the same Maury stole when he left the National Observatory, but they were like them. Now I was perfectly sure that on that fatal Sunday of the flight I had sent Lafarge for these, that the President might use them, if necessary, in his escape. When I found them, I hopped out and called for Julia, and asked her if she did not remember his coming for them. "Certainly," she said, "it was the first I knew of the danger. Lafarge came, asked for the key of the office, told me all was up, walked in, and in a moment was gone."

And here, on the file of April 3d, was Lafarge's line to me:—

"I got the secret-service parcel myself, and have put it in the President's own hands. I marked it, 'Gulf coast,' as you bade me.

What could Lafarge have given to the President? Not the soundings of Hatteras Bar. Not the working-drawings of the first monitor. I had all these under my hand. Could it be, — "Julia, what did we do with that stuff of Sarah's that she marked *secret service?*"

As I live, we had sent the girl's old hoops to the President in his flight.

And when the next day we read how he used them, and how Pritchard arrested him, we thought if he had only had the right parcel he would have found the way to Florida.

That is really the end of this memoir. But I should not have written it, but for something that happened just now on the piazza. You must know, some of us wrecks are up here at the Berkeley baths. My uncle has a place near here. Here came to-day John Sisson, whom I have not seen since Memminger ran and took the clerks with him. Here we had before, both the Richards brothers, the great paper men, you know, who started the Edgerly Works in Prince George's County, just after the war began. After dinner Sisson and they met on the piazza. Queerly enough, they had never seen each other before, though they had used reams of Richards's paper in correspondence with each other, and the treasury had used tons of it in the printing of bonds and bank-bills. Of course we all fell to talking of old times, — old they seem now, though it is not a year ago. "Richards," said Sisson at last,

"what became of that last order of ours for water-lined, pure linen government-callendered paper of *sûreté?* We never got the paper, and I never knew why."

"Did you think Kilpatrick got it?" said Richards, rather gruffly.

"None of your chaff, Richards. Just tell where the paper went, for in the loss of that lot of paper, as it proved, the bottom dropped out of the Treasury tub. On that paper was to have been printed our new issue of ten per cent, convertible, you know, and secured on that up-country cotton, which Kirby Smith had above the big Raft. I had the printers ready for near a month waiting for that paper. The plates were really very handsome. I 'll show you a proof when we go upstairs. Wholly new they were, made by some Frenchmen we got, who had worked for the Bank of France. I was so anxious to have the thing well done, that I waited three weeks for that paper, and, by Jove, I waited just too long. We never got one of the bonds off, and that was why we had no money in March."

Richards threw his cigar away. I will not say he swore between his teeth, but he twirled his chair round, brought it down on all fours, both his elbows on his knees and his chin in both hands.

"Mr. Sisson," said he, "if the Confederacy had lived, I would have died before I ever told what became of that order of yours. But now I have

no secrets, I believe, and I care for nothing. I do not know now how it happened. We knew it was an extra nice job. And we had it on an elegant little new French Fourdrinier, which cost us more than we shall ever pay. The pretty thing ran like oil the day before. That day, I thought all the devils were in it. The more power we put on the more the rollers screamed; and the less we put on, the more sulkily the jade stopped. I tried it myself every way; back current, I tried; forward current; high feed; low feed; I tried it on old stock, I tried it on new; and, Mr. Sisson, I would have made better paper in a coffee-mill! We drained off every drop of water. We washed the tubs free from size. Then my brother, there, worked all night with the machinists, taking down the frame and the rollers. You would not believe it, sir, but that little bit of wire," — and he took out of his pocket a piece of this hateful steel, which poor I knew so well by this time, — "that little bit of wire had passed in from some hoop-skirt, passed the pickers, passed the screens, through all the troughs, up and down through what we call the lacerators, and had got itself wrought in, where, if you know a Fourdrinier machine, you may have noticed a brass ring riveted to the cross-bar, and there this cursed little knife — for you see it was a knife, by that time — had been cutting to pieces the endless wire web every time the machine was started. You lost your bonds, Mr. Sisson,

because some Yankee woman cheated one of my rag-men."

On that story I came upstairs. Poor Aunt Eunice! She was the reason I got no salary on the 1st of April. I thought I would warn other women by writing down the story.

That fatal present of mine, in those harmless hour-glass parcels, was the ruin of the Confederate navy, army, ordnance, and treasury; and it led to the capture of the poor President too.

But, Heaven be praised, no one shall say that my office did not do its duty!

THE MODERN PSYCHE

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THE MODERN PSYCHE[1]

CHAPTER I

NO, I do not know by what accident it was that Edward Ross came to spend a week in August at the Columbia Hotel, at Hermon Springs.

No, and I do not know by what accident it was that all the Verneys were there. The home of the Verneys is at Painted Post, as I suppose you know. But this year the Verneys took a holiday

[1] Readers not quite at home in Mrs. Tighe or Apuleius may be glad to revive their memories of the ancient Psyche by this note from the Cyclopædia. The prettiest rendering of that story is in William Morris's "Earthly Paradise"; but the reader will ask himself seriously whether it be anything but an allegory to cover the moral in the matter-of-fact tale before him.

Psyche, whose two elder sisters were of moderate beauty, was so lovely that she was taken for Venus herself, and men dared only to adore her as a goddess, not to love her. This excited the jealousy of Venus, who, to revenge herself, ordered Cupid to inspire her with love for some contemptible wretch. But Cupid fell in love with her himself. Meanwhile her father, desiring to see his daughter married, consulted the oracle of Apollo, which commanded that Psyche should be conveyed, with funeral rites to the summit of a mountain, and there left, for she was destined to be the bride of a destructive monster, in the form of a dragon, feared by gods and men. With sorrow was the oracle obeyed, and Psyche was left alone on the desert rock, when suddenly

for a month at the Columbia Hotel, and while they were away from home the ceilings were whitened, the house was painted inside and out, and new railings were added to the outside steps at the side door.

What I do know is that it was at the Columbia Hotel that Edward Ross first saw Psyche, who was the youngest daughter of the Verney household. All the world of the Columbia Hotel had gone across to the Navarino House, which was the other side of the way. There was a hop at the Navarino House, and the general public had gone to the hop. Ross had arrived late, the only passenger by that little one-horse railway from Hudson. He came into the great drawing-room,

Zephyr hovers around her, gently raises and transports her to a beautiful palace of the God of Love, who visits her every night, unseen and unknown, leaving her at the approach of day. Perfect happiness would have been the lot of Psyche, if, obedient to the warning of her lover, she had never been curious to know him better. But by the artifices of her jealous sisters, whom she had admitted to visit her, contrary to the commands of Cupid, she was persuaded that she held a monster in her arms, and curiosity triumphed. As he slept, she entered with a lamp to examine him, and discovered the most beautiful of the gods. In her joy and astonishment she let a drop of the heated oil fall upon his shoulders. Cupid awoke, and, having reproached the astonished Psyche for her suspicions, fled. She wandered everywhere in search of her beloved, but she had lost him. Venus kept her near her person, treated her as a slave, and imposed on her the severest and most trying tasks. Psyche would have sunk under the burdens had not Cupid, who still tenderly loved her, secretly assisted her in her labors.

When Psyche was finally reunited to Cupid in Olympus, her envious sisters threw themselves from a precipice.

and thought he was alone. But he was not alone. Psyche, youngest of the Verney girls, was at the piano, not playing, but looking over some music which the Jeffrey girls had left there.

If you had asked the gossips of the hotel why Psyche did not go to the hop where all her older sisters had gone, you would have been told that she was but the half-sister of the other Verneys; that since her mother died, these three older sisters had held a hard rein on poor Psyche; that some one of them had laid down the law that there were so many of them they must not all go together to any frolic. In the interpretation of this law, Psyche always stayed at home if the party were pleasant, and one or two of the older sisters stayed if it were likely to be stupid. This is what the gossips of the hotel would have said, and this is what I believe.

Anyway, it happened that on this particular evening Edward Ross threw himself at length on a long sofa in the drawing-room, not knowing that any one was there; and little Psyche, not knowing that he had come in, crooned over the Jeffreys' music, and at last picked out something from Mercadante which she had never seen before, and which did not seem to her very difficult, and, after she had read the whole page down, tried it, and tried it again, in her resolute, wide-awake, very satisfactory way.

The third time she tried she was quite well pleased with her own success, and this time as

she came down to the last staff, upon that first page, Edward Ross's hand appeared on the top of the page, ready to turn it over. Psyche neither screamed nor flinched. She nodded simply: she was under the inspiration of the music now, and she played well. She played the whole piece through. Then he thanked her, and she thanked him. She played a good deal for him that evening. He brought down his William Morris and showed it to her, and read to her some of the best things in it. And so they spent two hours together very nicely, and by the time the madding crowd came back from the Navarino House, Psyche was not in the least sorry that she had not gone to the hop, and Edward Ross was very glad she had not gone.

There is a lovely little burn or brook which runs through a shady ravine behind the Columbia House, I forget what they call it. It might be called the Lovers' Brook, or the Maiden's Home, or the Fairy's Bath, or anything that verdant seventeen thought sweet enough. Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. Edward Ross found no difficulty in making up a party of the young people at the hotel to go on a picnic up this brook the next day. By some device he made Agnes Verney think she would stay at home to flirt with an old West Indian, who was far too gouty to go even to the first fall. This left the pretty Psyche free to go. And she went, in the charming adornment of the un-

adorned simplicity of her pretty mountain walking-dress. And there were quite as many gentlemen as there were ladies, to help at all the hard fords and to lift them at all the steep climbings. So Priscilla Verney had her cavalier, and Polly Verney, whom the young men called "Bloody Mary," had her Philip, and the Garner girls were taken care of, and the Spragues and the Dunstables. For every girl there was a young man; and if at most of the separating places Edward Ross and my pretty Psyche were together, it was not that they did not their full duty by society; for they did.

And a very pleasant day it was. That day Jabez Sprague asked Ann Garner to marry him, and she refused him point-blank: that made it a very pleasant day to her. That day Tunstall Dunstable asked Martha Jeffrey to marry him, and she said she would: that made it a very pleasant day to her. They all came home at five or six in the afternoon, very bright and jolly most of them, and those who were not bright and jolly pretended they were. Edward Ross had not asked Psyche to marry him, but I believe they had enjoyed the day as much as any one.

He had found out that this simple, shy, pretty little thing, who was snubbed in the household, who was left out in the cold in their arrangements, and seemed to have no friends, had, all the same, a sweet, happy, contented temper; that she had her own notions and enthusiasms about books, and

men, and duties; that she could not be made to say that yellow was white, or even that crimson was scarlet; that she never said she understood a thing but could not express herself, or that she knew a thing unless she did know it. He found a woman of principle under the form and method and semblance of a child.

And she had found out a man as fond of ferns as she was, who knew every fern in this glen, and every fern like it in the Himalayas; a man as fond of music as she was, who could not play as well as she could, and yet he had heard Chopin play, had seen "The Huguenots" in Paris, and had dined with Lang and Bennett and the Abbé Liszt himself. This man loved her heroes, though he had travelled in a stage-coach with Wendell Phillips, and had helped Mr. Sumner look up the authorities for one of his speeches. This man could quote twenty lines of Tennyson to her one, he had met Christina Rossetti at a party; and yet he really deferred to Psyche's own recollection of a stanza of Mrs. Browning's which he had quoted wrong. Psyche was not used to men who dared show their enthusiasm, who dared confess their ignorance, who dared speak as if it were a matter of course to trust God's love, and who owned they had other objects in life than making money. Psyche and Edward Ross returned to the hotel after a very happy day.

The next day Edward Ross brought out the largest and best apparatus for water-color work

that Psyche or any of the girls had ever seen. And before long it proved, though one "had no talent for drawing," and another "could not sketch from nature," and another "could not do landscape," and another "hated trees," that on the broad piazza of the Columbia House five or six of them, Psyche included, could spend a very pleasant morning, under his directions, reproducing, after a fashion, on various blocks and in various books, the outlines of the blue Hoosac Mountains and of the valleys between. And my pretty Psyche went far beyond any of the rest, because she did as she was bid; she had no conceit about her own ways; she waited till her teacher could attend to her; she did not want to attract the attention of all the gentlemen on the piazza; and she was not gabbling all the time she was working. So that day they had a very happy day.

It is not within the space assigned to this story to tell how pleasantly the rainy morning passed when Edward Ross read the "Earthly Paradise" aloud to them, nor to describe the excursion which he organized to Williams College Commencement, nor the party which he made to see the Shakers, nor the evening concert of vocal and instrumental music which he arranged, and for which he had such funny bills printed at Pittsfield. No; these and the other triumphs of that week, long remembered, shall be unrecorded.

Of its history, this is all that shall be told:

that one Saturday, Edward Ross told Psyche that he loved her more than he loved his own life. She told him that she loved him more than she loved hers. And so it was that, in the exquisite joy of the new discovery of what life is and what it is for, Edward Ross accompanied the Verneys on their way home to Painted Post on Monday. There he asked for and there he gained the consent of Psyche's father for their speedy marriage.

On Tuesday he had to go home to Boston, for his holiday was over. It was a bitter parting, as you may imagine, between him and his Psyche; they had never been separated for more than ten hours at a time till now. For the last farewell Psyche took him on her favorite walk at Painted Post. It is only less beautiful than the "Vestal's Glade," or whatever we determined to call that burnie at Hermon.

"Dear Psyche," said he to her, "your life is mine henceforth, and mine is yours. God knows I have but one wish and one prayer henceforth, and those are to make you happy. It is because I wish that you may be happy that I ask one thing now. Do you think you can grant it? It is a very great thing to ask."

"Can I?" said the proud girl. "Why, darling, you do not know me yet." She had never called him "darling" till an hour before.

"You must not promise till you know," said Edward Ross.

"I can promise and I will promise now. There

is nothing you think right to ask which I shall not think it right to do."

"Dearest, I do think this is right; I know it is right. It is because I know it, because we shall be ten thousand times happier, and because I shall be ten thousand times better for it, that I ask it. I would not dream of it but for your sake —" And he paused.

"Why do you stop, my dear Edward? I have promised. What shall I do?"

"Dearest, you are to do nothing. Simply, you are not to ask what my daily duty is, and you are not to ask me to introduce you to my friends. It separates me less from my sunbeam than most men's cares. Without knowing it, you can help me in a thousand ways in it. But to know what it is will only bring care on you and grief on me. Can we not live, as you trust me and as I love you, without my worrying you with these petty cares?"

"Is that all?" said Psyche, with her pretty laugh. "Why, darling, if it were to sweep the street-crossing, — as in that funny story you told us, — I would sweep too. If it were to keep a gambling-table, you would not have asked me to marry you. It is something honorable, that I know, because you are my own Edward. Why need I know anything more?"

And he kissed her, and she kissed him; and they went home to his little lunch; and then the express swept by, with Jim Fisk in uniform, as it

happened, in a palace-car. And so Edward Ross went to Boston and made ready for his wedding.

CHAPTER II

And a perfect wedding it was. I doubt if Painted Post remembers a prettier wedding or a prettier bride. And in that same express train Mr. E. Ross and his pretty bride swept off to New York, and so to Boston; and there he took her to the first sight of her pretty home.

How pretty it was! It was in Roxbury, so it was half country; and there was a pretty garden, with a little greenhouse such as Psyche had always longed for. Nay, there was even a fern-house, with just the ferns she loved, and with those other Himalaya ferns which he had talked of on that lovely first day of all. And there was a perfect grand piano, of a tone so sweet, and only one piece of music on the open rack, and that was the Mercadante of the first evening. And when they went upstairs, Psyche's own dressing-room was papered with the same paper which her pretty room had at her old home, and the carpet on the floor was the same, and every dear picture of her girlhood's collections was duplicated; and just where the cage of her pretty bullfinch, Tom, had hung, there hung just such a cage. Why, it was her cage, and her Tom was in it!

For Psyche and Edward had spent a night and

a day in New York, that she might see Mr. Stewart's pictures and Mr. Johnson's; but Edward's office-boy, who had been left at Painted Post especially that he might bring the bullfinch, had taken a later train, indeed, but had come through without stopping.

And when they went into Edward's little den, it had but two pictures: one was Psyche's portrait, and the other was that miserable little first picture of the Hoosac Hills.

And then such a happy life began for these young people! No, Psyche did not find housekeeping hard. She had been the Cinderella at Mr. Verney's house too long for that. Now that she was the mistress of servants, she knew how to be kind to them and to enter into their lives. As Mrs. Wells says, "she tried the Golden Rule" with them. She loved them, and they loved her. And Edward was always devising ways to systematize the housekeeping and make it easier. Every morning he worked in his study for two hours, and she "stepped round" for an hour, and then lay on the lounge for an hour, reading by herself. Then he and she had two golden hours together. They made themselves boy and girl again. Two days in the week they painted with the water-colors; and Psyche really passed her master, for her eye for color was, oh! much better than his. Two days they worked at their music together — worked, not played. Two days they read together, he to her or she to him. And after

lunch he always took his nap; and then, if it were cool enough, the horses came round, and he took Psyche off on one of the beautiful drives of Brookline, or Milton, or Newton, or distant Needham; and she learned the road so well and learned to drive so well that she would take him as often as he took her. And at five they were at home, and at six Psyche's charming little dinner was served, always so perfectly; and then at eight o'clock he always kissed her, and said, "Good-by, sweet; now I must go out a little while. Do not think of sitting up for me." And then Psyche wrote her letters home or read a while; and at ten she went to bed, and fell asleep, wondering how she could have lived before she was so happy.

And in the morning her husband was always asleep at her side. He slept so heavily that she would try to get up and dress without his knowing it. But he always did know. And because he could dress quicker than she, he would put on his heavy Persian dressing-robe, after he had plunged his head into cold water, and while she "did her hair" he would read her "Amadis of Gaul," or the "Arabian Nights," or "Ogier the Dane," or the "Tales of the Round Table," till he saw she was within five minutes of being done. Then he would put down the book — yes, though Oriana were screaming in the arms of a giant — and he would run and dress himself, and they would run a race to see which should first reach

the piazza and give to the other the first morning-glory.

And then would come another happy day, like and yet unlike to yesterday.

No one called, you see. But I do not think Psyche cared for that. She always hated to make calls, nor did she want much to receive them. Both she and Edward were alone fully half their lives, though sometimes he would call her into the study to work with him, and often he would come to her to work with her. He would ask her if she was lonely, and he planned visits from his sisters, who were very nice girls, and his mother, who was perfectly lovely, and after a while, from some of the Western girls whom Psyche had known at the Ingham University. But never, by any accident, did any visitor come who made any allusion to his daily business. He never spoke of it to Psyche, and she, dear child, thought of it much less than you would think. She had promised not to ask, and she had sense to learn that the best way not to ask was not to care. Yes, Versatilla, dear, — and a girl of principle who determines not to care will not care. She knows how to will and to do.

I do not know whether Psyche the more enjoyed the opera or the pictures which she and Edward saw together. There seemed to her to be no nice private house in Boston where dear Edward did not seem welcome when he sent in his card, and asked if he and Mrs. Ross might see the

pictures. Psyche often said that she owned more Corots and Calames, more Daubignys and Merles and Millets and Bonnats than any lady in the land, and that she kept them in more galleries. At the opera they often found pleasant people whom Edward knew sitting next to them, and they always chided him that he was such a stranger; and he always introduced Psyche to them as his wife as proudly as a king; and with many of these people she talked pleasantly, and some of them she met and bowed to at church or as they were driving. But none of them ever called upon her, nor did she call upon them. One day she said to Edward that she believed he knew more people than anybody else in the world. And he said, with a sad sigh, "I am afraid I do;" and she saw that it worried him, and so the dear child said no more.

In all this happy time Psyche had had no visit from her own sisters. Perhaps that was one reason why it was so happy. But it happened, after a happy life of a year and more, that a darling baby boy came to Psyche to make her wonder how she could have thought her life before was life at all. And the birth of the boy and his wonderful gifts were duly reported in the letters to Painted Post, and then there came quite a hard letter from Priscilla, putting in form the complaint that neither of the sisters had ever been asked to make Psyche a visit since they were married.

Psyche showed the letter to Edward on the moment, and he laughed.

"I have only wondered it did not come before."

Psyche tried to laugh too, but she came very near crying. "I have not wanted them to come before, and I don't want them to come now."

"Then they shall not come," said Edward, laughing again and taking her on his knee.

"But I do want them to come, partly. I wish they had come and had gone, and that it was all over. It does not seem quite nice that my own sisters should not visit me."

"Well, my darling, as to that, they are not your own sisters; and even if Mrs. Grundy does not think it is quite nice, I do not know why you and I should care. Still, if you want to have them and have it over, let them come. '*Olim meminisse juvabit.*' That means, 'You will be glad to remember it.'"

Psyche said she knew that; and she pulled his whiskers for him because he pretended to think she did not; and he kissed her, and she kissed him. And so the next day, after Psyche had written ten different letters and had torn them up, she concocted the following, which, as it met Edward's approval, was despatched to Painted Post by the mail of the same evening:—

ROXBURY, May 10, 18—.

"MY DEAR PRISCILLA, — Indeed you must not think that Edward has prevented me from asking you to make

a visit here. If it gives you any pleasure to come and see me and my housekeeping, you know very well how much pleasure it will give to me. You know we live very quietly, and are not in the least gay; so I think you must all come together and entertain each other. But little Geoffrey will entertain you, and you will think he is the dearest little fellow that ever lived.

"Come as soon as you can, for we are all going to the seashore on the 25th, and if you do not come soon it will be a very short visit."

And then the letter went on about Ann Garner's engagement, and the new styles for prints, and so on.

So the invitation was well over.

CHAPTER III

If Edward Ross, or Psyche his wife, or Bim, then nurse of Geoffrey his son, had any hope that Agnes Verney and Priscilla Verney, and Bloody Mary, their sister, would decline the invitation, or that any one of them would decline it, they were very much mistaken. Allowing a day and a half for the letter to go to Painted Post, and a day for the three ladies to pack their trunks, and a day and a half for them to come to Boston, you have four days, which is precisely the interval which passed between the mailing of the letter and the arrival, late at night, of a carriage at

Edward Ross's door with the three ladies, and of an express-wagon with the six trunks with which they had prepared for the ten days' visit. This was the night of the 14th, and, as they had been kindly informed by Psyche, their visit must end on the 24th.

And such a visit as it was! Not one day was unprovided for by Edward's forethought, and one amusement after another crowded upon the time, so that, if it were possible, the three ladies might not have a moment's time either for caballing against each other, or for lecturing poor Psyche. It was a little funny to see how, as a matter of course, they all taught her how to carry on her household. They would tell her, to Edward's great amusement and to her well-concealed rage, how to cheapen her mutton, how to keep her butter, how to save eggs in her sponge-cake, and even how to arrange the dishes on the table. Everything was elegant and tasteful in Psyche's house, wholly beyond any standard which they had ever seen at home; but all the same, they would make this suggestion and give that direction, as if, she said to her husband, crying, one morning — "as if this were poor papa's house, and I were Cinderella again."

And Edward only laughed and kissed her, and said, "O my sunbeam, keep a bright eye for them! There are now only six days more, and then Mrs. Grundy will be satisfied. '*Olim meminisse juvabit.*'" And then he pinched her ear,

and she pulled his whiskers, and she laughed through her tears.

The first day was a day fresh from heaven; the apple-blossoms were in their prime, the air was sweetness itself; and after a late breakfast two pretty carriages came to the door. And Psyche took Agnes, who was the least hateful of the three, in her little pony-carriage, and herself drove Puss and Doll, her pretty ponies, after she had given to each an Albert biscuit from her own hand. And Edward took Priscilla and Bloody Mary with him, and as he passed the Norfolk House, he stopped and picked up Jerry Fordyce, who was stout and handsome and jolly, and Jerry took the back seat with Bloody Mary, and flirted desperately with her all that day, while Priscilla sat with Edward, and for miles on miles drove his beautiful bays. And they took a drive more lovely than any of these girls had ever seen. They came out upon the seashore — I will not tell you where. They ate such a dinner as neither Bloody Mary nor Agnes nor Priscilla had ever dreamed of. They came home by five in the afternoon, and Edward made all the women lie down and sleep. And when they had waked, he made them all dress again, and there were two carriages at the door, which took them to see Warren at the Museum. And they laughed till they almost died. And then they had a charming little supper in a private room at Copeland's and after midnight they all came home. And this

was what Psyche meant when she said she lived very quietly and was not at all gay!

Bloody Mary was literary, and she had said at breakfast, the first day, that she hoped they should see some of the Boston *literati;* that she should be ashamed to go home to Painted Post unless she had seen Mr. Fields and Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes. And the second day, Edward said, should be Polly's day, and they should see the bookshops and the libraries. So this day he did not order the ponies, but two open barouches came up, and they drove first to the dear old corner of Hamilton Place, and went up to the pretty "authors' parlor" of Fields & Osgood. And Mr. Fields came in and told them some very pretty stories, and gave Bloody Mary an autograph of Tennyson; and Mr. Osgood and Mr. Clark came in and showed them the English advance-sheets of the new Trollope, and some copy of the new Dickens in manuscript. And the gentlemen begged all the ladies to come up whenever they passed in shopping. Then Edward took them to the Historical Rooms, and they saw Prescott's sword and Linzee's. Mr. Winthrop happened to come in, and they saw him; and Dr. Holmes was there, looking at some old MSS., and he was very courteous to the ladies, and showed Miss Polly the picture of Sebastian Cabot. Then they drove out to the College Library, and while they were looking at the old missals and evangelistaries, it happened that Mr. Longfellow

crossed the hall and spoke to Edward; and Edward actually asked Agnes and Polly if he might present Mr. Longfellow to them; and then found Priscilla, and presented him to her and to Psyche. And when Mr. Longfellow found they were strangers, he told them just what they should see and how they should see it. And Polly slipped out her album, and he wrote his name in it, and said he was sorry he could not stay longer; but he pointed out to her some of the most interesting autographs there. And then they started for the Museum, and by great good luck they met Lowell in Professors' Row. And Edward stopped the carriage, actually, and hailed him, and asked if he should be at home in an hour; and when Mr. Lowell said he was engaged with a class, Edward arranged — so promptly! — that they should all go and hear his lecture. And then they went to the Museum, and by the same wonderful luck Agassiz was going out as they came in; and he turned back, and showed the ladies everything. That was a day indeed! They came home to the most beautiful little family dinner, and in the evening they all went to Selwyn's Theatre, where was another charming play.

There was quite a similar day on the strength of a word from Agnes. Agnes was so much awed at first by Edward's hospitable condescension and by his giving up so much of his time to them that she did not dare to be cross for the first four days.

But she did say to him that Polly's pretence of letters was all nonsense, and, that for her part, she was interested in politics and social reform; that at an era like that, when etc., etc., etc., every true woman ought etc., etc., etc., for the benefit of etc., etc., etc. So the very next day he showed them all a note from Mr. Sumner, saying that if the ladies would excuse the formality of a call, he should be happy to show them his prints and some other things which would please them at noon, and inclosing tickets for reserved seats to an address he was to deliver in the evening. That day was wholly given to politics and politicians. They went to the State House, and sat in a sort of private gallery, when the young Duke of Gerolstein, who was on his travels, was received on the floor; and several very handsome and very nice young senators and representatives came up and were presented to the ladies. And when it came time for lunch, Edward invited three of the very nicest to go down to Parker's to a little dinner he had ordered there, and they had a very jolly time, in which Agnes studied social reform with a very merry senator from Essex County, quite to her heart's content.

As for Priscilla, she spoke but coldly of literature and politics, though she did not object to the dinner at Parker's or to flirting with senators. But she said to Edward that her heart was with the poor and sinful; that she would gladly do something in this complex civilization of ours to

save those that were lost. How happy could she be if she were only eating locusts and wild honey on the brink of Jordan! But that seemed impossible, and she sighed. So a day was arranged for charity and its ministers — failing locusts. Fortunately the Diocesan Convention was in session, and among the presbyters and delegates Edward seemed as much at home and at ease as among the *literati* and the politicians. He presented Dr. Temple and Dr. South and Mr. Teinagle to the girls, and these gentlemen explained to them all the proceedings. At the little lunch for delegates and their wives, the bishop spoke courteously to all of them, and Edward brought to them the very famous Bishop of Parabata, who was on his travels to a Pan-Anglican Council. After the lunch they heard Mr. Tillotson preach, and then they were whisked down to the North End Mission, where there was that day an entertainment for destitute shop-girls. And here Mrs. Oberlin, a very famous philanthropist, enlisted them all to help her in her table at the great Fair in the Music Hall for the benefit of the mission; and there the next day all the girls spent a very charitable and very successful afternoon.

But I did not describe that week at Hermon. Why should I describe these ten days at Boston? A day at Nahant, *al fresco*, with two perfect black waiters, who arranged the lunch on the grass, because no one had moved down to Nahant so early; a visit to Plymouth and the Forefathers'

Rock; a visit to the Antiquarian Hall at Worcester, and one to the witches' home at Salem, — these occupied so many days. Then there was the famous ball given by the City of Boston to the Duke of Gerolstein in the Boston Theatre, when all Colonnade Row was taken for supper-tables.

The old rules of the Verney family were wholly violated: all four of the girls went; and they danced with elegant young men till they almost died. And at last not only the ball was over, but everything else was over; and on the 24th of May the girls went home, after such a visit as even they were staggered to look back upon.

Edward and Psyche took them to the train, and, when it had fairly rolled out of the station, she took both his hands, and they looked each other in the face and laughed till the tears ran out of all four eyes. And, as they mounted the carriage, Psyche said, "Now we will live like civilized beings again!"

CHAPTER IV

DEAR Psyche, could you not cast the future better?

That day, as they had arranged, she packed her things and Geoffrey's for the country, and the next day they went, bag and baggage, to a beautiful place Mr. Ross had hired, at the corner of

Hale Street and Beach Street, for a seashore home in Beverly, so that dear Geoffrey might have the south wind off the sea, the purest of air, and the freshest of salt-water brought up for his daily bath.

The only grief was that Edward had to take the evening train for Boston five nights in the week. But he always appeared fresh and bright at breakfast; and in the bath at noon, in the daily walk, or in the evening ride to the station, life seemed all the happier because the three hags of Painted Post had returned to their lair.

But this paradise lasted only a fortnight, when the tempter came. This letter arrived from Priscilla: —

"*Very Private.*

"PAINTED POST, June 5.

"MY DEAREST PSYCHE, — Your sisters and I have had a very serious *conversation* about you and the *life* you are leading. You seem to be very *happy;* but have you *thought*, my dear Psyche, that you are *dancing* on the edge of a volcano? Have you asked no *question* as to the future? Are you so blinded as *to forget* that the wages of sin is death, and that *the joys* of this moment are as nothing compared with *the terrors* of eternity?

"Your *sisters* and I have spoken to *dear papa* about the *life you lead*. He has *bidden* me write to you just what *I think*, and your sisters also say it is my *duty* to do so. I write you, *therefore* — how sadly you know — to say that, as a *Christian woman* you *ought not to continue* in this life. You *should* rise above it, and assert the

freedom of a child of God. *What is a dinner* at Parker's if eaten with *a guilty conscience?* Better is a dinner of herbs where love is.

"*I am sorry* to write you a *letter* which seems severe. But *you know*, my dear child, that I am as *a mother* to you. And *surely* the counsels of a mother will be *sweeter* to you than the *flatteries* of any not so near as she.

"Always your loving sister,

"PRISCILLA."

"Counsels of a fiddlestick!" said Psyche; and she wrote this answer:—

"What in the world is the matter? I saw no dislike of Parker's dinners when you were here. I believe you are crazy.

"Always yours,

"PSYCHE."

And she threw Priscilla's letter into the kitchen-fire. This was her mistake. She would have been wiser had she shown it to Edward, as she did the other. But she was ashamed to.

Another week brought her another letter.

"*Private and Particular.*

"PAINTED POST, June 13.

"MY DEAR CHILD, — I am *shocked* with the *levity* of your note, *without date*, which lies before me.

"Dear Psyche, fools make a *mock* of sin. How can you exult in your own *shame?* How can you live as the wife of a *man* of whom you know *nothing*, whose whole life is *suspicious* and a *scandal*, who is himself so *ashamed* of it that he does not admit *his own wife* to a knowledge

of its *secret ways?* I cannot see how a child of *Christian parents* should be *so blinded* and *misled.*

"*Rouse yourself* in your strength, dear child. Ask your husband *honestly* and *bravely* what it is that he does in his *nightly orgies.* Do not think that we observed nothing in our *visit.* Do not think that we were *lulled* or put to *sleep* in our watch over our *sister.* *Never*, dear Psyche. We love you as much as ever. And we are *determined* to tear every shred of *mystery* from your life, once so *artless* and *pure.*

"Truly, your sister-mother,
"PRISCILLA."

"Sister-mother indeed!" said Psyche; and she wrote this letter:—

"DEAR PRIS, — If you will mind your business, I will mind mine. "P."

And she threw Priscilla's letter into the sea at high tide, torn into little bits. This was her second mistake.

This time this answer came:—

"PAINTED POST, June 21.

"MY DEAR LOST LAMB, — I have *spent* the *night* in *prayer* for you. This morning Agnes and Polly and I showed your *profligate letter* to our dear father. He has charged me to *write* what I *think* best to you.

"Is it not my *business* to care for the *life and soul* of a dear sister who has no *mother's love?* Am I not right when I fall on my *knees* to pray for her *welfare?* How could I *enjoy* the good of this life or the hopes of *another*,

knowing that my sister is *eating* the *bread of wickedness* and drinking from the *cup of sin?* Shall the watchman desert his post because the *soldier sleeps?*

"*Ask yourself* why no person except the hireling tradesman ever *visits* at this *house* of luxury and *extravagance,* which your husband makes the prison-house of *your soul.*

"Ask yourself what is the fountain of this gold which he spends so shamelessly.

"Ask yourself, dear Psyche, what you would have said *two years ago* had any one told you that *you* should become the wife of a *counterfeiter* or a *forger* or a *gambler* or a *keeper of a dance-house* or a *detective,* or any other of those horrid things which are done in *secret.* If any one had said to you that you should have *pleasure* in those that do them, what would you *have said?* O my *dear lost lamb,* how often has that *sweet* text (see Romans i. 32) come back to me since I came to see you, in the *faint hope* that I might rescue my *lamb* even as a brand from the *burning!* My dear Psyche, will you not *turn* before it is *too late? Why will you die?*

"Thus asks and *prays* your own

"PRISCILLA."

"My own cat and dog!" said little Psyche scornfully. But she did not put the letter into the fire, nor did she tear it to shreds to throw them into the sea. I am very sorry; but, even in her wonder, she kept the letter hid away.

"What in the world did they find out about Edward that I do not know?" This was the first fatal question which Psyche asked herself.

"Forger, counterfeiter, detective, gambler — what do the vile creatures mean? They shall not say such horrid things about the best of men!"

"Ask yourself what is the fountain of this gold." Psyche had asked herself very often, and she did not know, and she knew she did not know. Edward was not lavish, and he was not parsimonious. She and he went over the bills together once a month, and when they were too large, they both took care that that should not happen again. And he gave her nice crisp bills to pay them with, and always gave her a separate sum for "P.," which he said was her "private, personal, or peculiar share," which she had better not keep any account of. Where it all came from she did not know, and she knew she did not know; and she had promised not to ask him.

As for asking herself why nobody called to see her, she had asked that too, and she had no better answer. The minister did call once a year; but they had been out both times, and he had left his card. The doctor had called before Geoffrey was born, and after; but she had not asked him why nobody else called. She supposed it was the Boston way. Certainly she had called on nobody but on Mrs. Royall and Mrs. Flynn and a few more of her protegées. She was sure she did not want people to call on her, and she did not want to call on them.

Still the iron had entered her soul. And as Satan ordered, for this week of all weeks, Edward

was called away to New York; and although there were two letters a day from dear Edward, and very funny scraps from bills of fare and play-bills, and one or two new novels by post, and an English edition of the new "Morris," still her "earthly paradise" was a very gloomy paradise without him.

And every day the poor child read over Priscilla's venomous letter; and at last she went so far that she determined that she would ask him why nobody except the minister and the doctor ever came to see her.

Of course she did no such thing; for Friday night came, and – joy of joys! — Edward came. And Geoff was dragged out of his crib to see papa, and came down in his dear little flannel night-gown, and really knew papa, or was said to; and Geoff really grabbed at the new coral papa had brought to him, and held it in his hand and swayed it to and fro wildly, as a man very drunk would do; and they laughed happily over Geoff and put him to bed again; and then they sat and talked, and talked and sat, till long after any bedtime Psyche had ever dreamed of; and then they went to bed together, and as Psyche undressed, Edward read the story of the "Four Sons of Aymon" aloud to her. It was all as beautiful as it could be; and was she to bother him with talking about callers? Not she! She had him till Monday night, and she was not going to destroy her own paradise before then.

So there was one long, lovely Saturday, when he worked with her and she worked with him, and they went to the beach together, and went to drive together, and painted together, and in the evening they tried some new music that he had brought home; and he had a whole pile of lovely English and French letters which had come since he went away, and they had those to read together; and there was one German letter from his old Heidelberg friend, Welsted, and Psyche helped him puzzle out the words of the writing: he said she always guessed these riddles better than he did. And Welsted was married too, and he had a little girl baby, and made great fun about marrying her to Geoffrey. And they wrote an answer to Welsted, and it was midnight before they came round to the "Four Sons of Aymon" and to their bed.

And Sunday was another lovely day. They drove to church, and the drive was charming. They drove to Essex Woods, and that was charming. And Edward got out some of his old college diaries and read to her; and she fell to telling him about Ingham University. Oh dear! I do not know what they did not talk about. And it was midnight before they went to bed again.

Edward went right to sleep. Psyche had noticed that before. He would say, "God bless us, darling!" and he would be asleep in two seconds. But Psyche could not sleep. She had lost all her chances to ask him about the calls.

She could not bear to wake him up and ask him. Nay, had she not promised him that she would not ask him? Not this very thing, perhaps, but what was just the same thing.

Why should she ask him? Why should she not find out without asking him? Priscilla seemed to know, but Priscilla had never asked him. How did Priscilla know? How did Priscilla know? — how? how? how? The poor child said this over to herself in words, — "How? how? how?" — and she fell asleep.

But she did not sleep well. All of a sudden, in a horrid dream, in which they were dragging Edward off to prison, she woke up. Oh, how glad she was to be awake! What in the world were they taking him to prison for? What had he done? Priscilla knew. Did Priscilla know? Why should not Psyche know?

Poor little Psyche! It was very still, and Edward was dead asleep. And one word from him would make her perfectly happy. And yet she did not dare ask him to speak that one word.

Why should she not be perfectly happy? Why should she disturb him at all? Why should she not keep her promise, and be perfectly happy too?

Dear little Psyche! Poor little Psyche! She got out of bed, and she stepped gently across the room to Edward's dressing-room, and she pushed the door to. It was the first time in her life that Psyche had ever tried to part herself from her

husband. And she knew it was. And a cold shudder ran through her as she thought of this. But she was not born to be frightened by cold shudders. There was too much Lady Macbeth in her for that. She struck a match, lighted a candle, and sat for a minute thinking. Then she bravely took her husband's coat and drew from the breast-pocket that Russia leather letter-book which she gave him at Christmas. How little she thought then that she should be handling it stealthily at the dead of night!

She opened the book, which was full of letters. She seized the first: —

"Mr. Edward Ross, No. 999 State Street, Boston."

Then that was his office. She could drive down State Street some day and just look at the number. She set the candle on her knee to free her hand while she opened the letter.

"Dear Ross, — Could you spare me Orton for half an hour? "E. J. F."

Miserable girl! She had violated all confidence — to learn nothing!

But Lady Macbeth went on.

"Mr. Edward Ross, 999 State Street:

"Dear Ross, — If you can come to club again, you will come to-day. Hedge reads, and Emerson and James will be there. We have not seen you for a year."

And she knew why he had not dined at club for a year, why he had spent every moment that he could spend at home. Miserable girl! It was for this that she had stolen out of bed!

So Lady Macbeth read No. 3.

"MR. EDWARD ROSS, 999 State Street:

"DEAR SIR, — We cannot match the turquoise here. But on the catalogue of Messrs. Roothan, Amsterdam, there are four such stones. Shall we telegraph them? We have very little time before July 31."

July 31 was her birthday. It was for this that she was reading her husband's secrets. Wretched Psyche!

Lady Macbeth went on.

"*Private and Confidential.*

"EDWARD ROSS, ESQ., 999 State Street.

Lady Macbeth paused, but her hand was in.

"DEAR SIR, — The committee met and read your letter with great care. Mr. Potter said that he had seen you on Tuesday, and that you expressed the same view then. I also laid before the committee General G——'s letter to you, and the telegram you had received from Syracuse. If you can persuade your friends to — "

Here the page ended, and Psyche had to turn over. As she turned, the candlestick tipped on her knee, fell bottom up upon the ground, and Psyche was in darkness.

What a noise it made! And what a guilty fool Psyche felt like! No Lady Macbeth now! But she folded the letter and put it back in the letter-case. She put the letter-case in the pocket, and folded the coat. She picked up the candle, and put it on the table. Then she slunk back into her bedroom. All this time Edward was crying out, "Dear Psyche, are you ill? What is it, dear?" He was out of bed, and was fumbling in the dark in Psyche's dressing-room. But the ways of the seashore home were not familiar to him.

When Psyche dared — that is, when she was at the foot of the bed — she cried out to Edward that nothing was wrong. She had had a bad dream, and was frightened, and had got up to strike a light, but she had not meant to call him. And he found her shivering on the bedside; and he cooed to her and comforted her, and made her promise to call him another time. And Psyche had just force enough to say sadly, "Call you — yes, if you are here." And then he sang to her a little crooning song his mother sang to him when he was a child, and poor Psyche cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER V

THE next morning Psyche slept too heavily. She did not wake till Edward was out of bed.

Then she started like a guilty thing. But she did not dare go into his dressing-room.

And he brought in the "Four Sons of Aymon," and read to her. Oh, she was as long as ever she could be about her dressing; but, alas! the breakfast-bell rang, and Edward ran into his room.

One minute, — it seemed forever, — then he came in with his coat, and with a look which tried to be comical, but was, oh, so sad! he pointed at the long swirl of spermaceti which ran from one end of it to the other.

Then he bent over the poor crying girl and kissed her, and kissed her again.

"How can you, Edward? I am so wicked — and such a fool!"

"Darling, you are not wicked at all, and it is I who am the fool."

"Dear Edward, hear me. I was perfectly happy till they came — "

"Sweetheart, you need not say so."

"Edward, hear me; read what they write to me. Read this. Read where they say you are a forger and a counterfeiter, a detective and a gambler."

"Really," said Edward, as he read, "they compliment me. The New York "Observer" could not treat a man worse."

Psyche was amazed, and she saw that Edward was more amused than angry.

"Dear Edward, I am a fool. But I could not bear that Bloody Mary should know more of my own boy than I did."

"No, my darling," said he stoutly; "and there is no reason why you should. But hear that bell! Ellen is crazy that we shall come to breakfast. Finish your hair. I will find another coat; and at breakfast, as Miss Braddon says, I will tell you *all.*"

And at breakfast he told her all. It was so little to tell that I am ashamed to have wasted ten thousand words without relieving the reader's anxiety.

As soon as Ellen had attended to the table and left the room, Edward said, "Dearest, all is that I am a greater fool than Clarence Hervey himself. I am the leading editor of the 'Daily Argus.' That is all."

Psyche fairly laid down her fork. "What a fool I am! I have read things I told you myself in the paper, yet I never dreamed that you put them there. But why keep such a secret from your poor little butterfly?"

"Why, my darling," said he more seriously, — "why, but that I wanted to have my butterfly to myself? You will see, dearest. God grant it may not be as I fear. But if — I am afraid — if one person knows where you live, he will know where I live. If one person knows, two will know. If two know, two hundred thousand will know. If they know, there is an end to breakfasts without door-bells, an end to German together, an end to water-colors and to music, an

end to the pony-wagon and the drives. That was my only reason for trying to protect you from the necessity of keeping a secret. I thought, in that new part of Boston, if we called on nobody, nobody would call on us. So far I was not wrong. Then I took care at the office to have it understood that no messenger was to be sent to my house. I bit off old Folger's head one day when he offered to send me a proof-sheet. Then I thought if we sent out 'No cards,' if I could only make you happy without 'receiving,' my friends would not know where to find me, and so my enemies would never know, nor the intermediate mass who are neither friends nor enemies. A little skill in May was enough to keep my name out of the Directory, excepting with the office address. Indeed, I thought if I did my six hours' work there between nine and three every night, it was all the world had a right to ask of me. But all this has made you wretched, so it has been all wrong, and it shall come to an end. You shall have a state dinner-party next Saturday."

Psyche cried and cried and cried, as if her heart would break. And Edward cried a little too.

"But why not go on so now?" said she. "I can keep a secret." This she said proudly, though she blushed as she said it. "Wild horses shall not draw it from me."

"No," said Edward sadly, "I know wild horses will not drag it from my darling; but I know they will try, and I do not choose to have her

torn by wild horses: she has suffered enough from the pulling and hauling of three wild asses."

And so it was all settled that they should begin to see people. All was as clear as light between them now, and the new dynasty began.

And for a month or two there was no great change. At first it was only that Ross brought out one or two gentlemen with him to spend Sunday. They made the house very pleasant, and dear little Psyche did the honors beautifully. Then they whispered round what a charming home it was. And the Beverly people, some of whom are very nice persons, found out what a pretty neighbor they had, and that it was Ross of the "Argus," and they called and asked to tea, and then Psyche and Edward returned the calls, and asked to tea.

It was not till they went back to Roxbury that the real change came. Then was it that before breakfast the door-bell began to ring; and women with causes, and men out of employment, and inventors with inventions, began to wait in the ante-room till Mr. E. Ross came downstairs. Then was it that he poured down his hasty cup of coffee, and ran to be rid of them. Then was it that councilmen came out as soon as breakfast was over to arrange private schemes for thwarting the aldermen; and that while the councilmen arranged, aldermen called and waited for Mr. E. Ross to be at leisure, because they wanted to make plans for thwarting the council. Then was

it that, from morning to night, candidates for the House and candidates for the Senate came for private conferences, and had to be let out from different doors lest they should meet each other. Then was it that men who had letters of introduction from Japan and Formosa and Siberia and Aboukuta sat in Psyche's parlor six or seven hours at a time, illustrating the customs of those countries, and what Mr. Lowell calls "a certain air of condescension observable in foreigners." Then was it that Psyche received calls from wives of senators and daughters of congressmen, to say in asides to her that if Mr. E. Ross could find it in his way to say this, he would so much oblige thus and so. Then was it that, trying to screen him from bores, she received all the women who sold Lives of Christ, and all the agents who exhibited copies of maps or heliotypes. Then was it that, when the ponies came to the door, railroad presidents drew up, who just wanted a minute to talk about their new bonds. Then was it that, after the ponies had been sent back to the stable, grand ladies drew up to send in cards to Psyche, and to persuade her to take tables at fairs and to be vice-president of almshouses. Then was it that every Saturday Psyche gave a charming literary dinner, not bad in its way; and the counterpart of this was that Psyche and Edward dined at other people's houses four days out of the remaining six. The sixth day Edward was kept down town for some of the engagements these

wretches had forced him into. Thus was it in the end that moths ate up the camel's-hair pencils, and no one ever found it out; that the upper G string in the piano rusted off, and no one discovered it; that Bridget Flynn put ten volumes of Grillparzer into the furnace-fire, and nobody missed them; and that all the ferns in the fern-house died, and nobody wept for them.

From early morning round to early morning Psyche never saw her lover-husband, except as he and she gorged a hurried and broken breakfast, or as he took in to dinner some lady he did not care for, and as she, at her end of the table, talked French or Cochin-Chinese to some man who had brought letters of introduction.

She knew what her husband's business was and who his friends were. But, for all intents and purposes, she had lost him forever.

As for the three step-sisters at Painted Post, they went to a Sunday-School picnic one day, and fell off a precipice and were killed.

THE HAPPY ISLAND

THE HAPPY ISLAND

CHAPTER I

KLING! ling-a-ling!

"How that door-bell keeps at it!" said jolly Mrs. Crapsten to her pretty daughter Isabel.

"I should think," said Isabel, "that it had rung twenty times since we came up to work."

But both of them were interested in the new mountain dress which they were making, and for the moment neither of them gave another thought to what was passing below. Mrs. Crapsten adjusted the white trimming on the navy blue, Isabel assented or dissented, and both plied needles and scissors for a few minutes longer.

Kling! ling-a-ling! again. And this time Isabel looked out from the window. "Why, poor papa is having a terrible siege, while we are so quietly at work here. Both Taber's boys are here; that dumb man from the crossing is here with his carryall; there are two horses tied at the outside of the stables; and John M'Ginniss does not disguise his rage as he takes this last team across to the barn."

"Can your father have called a Board meeting here, and I forgotten it?" said Mrs. Crapsten,

rather anxiously. And she came to the window herself.

"I think not," said Isabel. "I guess they are map-peddlers." The girl said this without a ray of humor. "Map-peddlers" had long been the generic term in that family for that immense class of people who, in the present form of our civilization, come in upon you, with no claim whatever, to grind their own axes or advance their own interests, without the least regard to your convenience or to any of your rights.

"I will see," said her mother, anxiously still. And she sent a girl into Mr. Crapsten's study with this note:

"Shall I make lunch ready for these gentlemen?"

But the note came back with a short "No."

Then Mrs. Crapsten knew that they were all map-peddlers.

If this were a drama, the play would open by showing Mr. Crapsten's study, with all these people in it. But it is quite impossible to describe it even in a long chapter, though from the worst seat in a theatre all could have been seen in an instant.

Poor Mr. Crapsten was standing, pale, tired, and confused. His desk and papers showed that he had been writing when the invasion began. Around the room, occupying every chair, were strong-minded women and weak-minded men,

glaring angrily at the person with whom Mr. Crapsten was talking, or occasionally looking round with pity and contempt upon those who sat opposite to them. On one side the room, in a separate group, the secretary of a temperance society which believed in prohibition was abusing to their faces the treasurer of a temperance society which did not believe in it and the grand worthy chaplain of the Sons of Temperance. These gentlemen, indeed, did not agree on many points, but, in different vehicles, they had all come, at the same hour, to ask for Mr. Crapsten's money. On the other side of the room the agent of a life-insurance company which did not have the tontine principle was civilly telling the agent of a society which did that he and his directors ought all to be sent to the penitentiary. In the background (c., of the play-book) the lady president of the Society for the Protection of Little Ones was saying stinging things to the actuary of the Association for Preventing Cruelty to Children. All this was, so to speak, the by-play, while Mr. Crapsten, tired and pale, explained to Mr. Job Jobson that he could not sign the petition on the Rights of Working-Men, because, if he signed it, he should have to go to the committee which heard the petition, to plead for it, and that he had not three days to give to that object.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Jobson, "to what object more important can you give three days?"

"Do you propose to be present yourself at the hearing?" said poor Mr. Crapsten.

"I? No, sir. I shall be occupied in more important duties. I shall be creating a healthy public opinion."

"So shall I," said Mr. Crapsten; and he turned and bowed civilly to Mrs. Miriam Heartsease Pennybacher.

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Heebe, the chaplain, "but I came before the lady."

"Yes," said poor Crapsten, "and I think she came after you. Will you go on, madam?"

"I am sure I am very sorry to take up your time. I know how much occupied you must be. But every one, dear Mr. Crapsten — every one tells me that if I can only interest you — "

[*Enter*, R. H. L. E., Mr. *and* Mrs. WHITE FEATHER.

Dumb-show. He presents a card. Mrs. WHITE FEATHER *courtesies.* Mr. CRAPSTEN *shows chairs.* Mrs. PENNYBACHER *resumes.*]

"I do not know where I was. Oh yes, I was saying, my dear sir, what every one tells me, that if I can only interest you in the cause of childhood — the sacred cause of childhood, my dear Dr. Wilmot — "

"My name is Crapsten."

"I beg pardon! Oh, name — yes, what? My dear Dr. Crapsten, every one says to me that if I can only interest you in childhood — in the sacred cause of childhood — I am so sorry to occupy your time."

"How many children have you?" said poor Mr. Crapsten, meaning to be kind.

"I? Children? Sir, I said nothing of children. It is the cause of childhood — the sacred cause of childhood."

"But, madam, I have seven children, and I am —"

[*Here the door opens, and* Mrs. CRAPSTEN *enters, gloved, booted, pelissed, hatted, and all but veiled for a drive. Enter with her* ISABEL *with her father's coat and hat, and the maid* JACYNTH *with his over-shoes.*]

Mrs. CRAPSTEN. — "Indeed, George, you are late already. The Board will need you for a quorum. [*Turns to the company.*] You must excuse my husband, ladies and gentlemen; the Board meets at two, and it is now twelve and three-quarters. [*To* Mr. CRAPSTEN.] The horses are at the door, my dear — at the side door. [*To the map-peddlers.*] You will find refreshment in the dining-room. [*To* JACYNTH.] Show the ladies the dining-room; the gentlemen will follow."

[*Exit in triumph with* ISABEL *and* Mr. CRAPSTEN, L. H. L. E. *Tableau of* JACYNTH *and disappointed map-peddlers.*]

CURTAIN.

CHAPTER II

YOU see, Mr. Crapsten was a simple, pure-minded, unselfish gentleman of large wealth, and

as large public spirit. The invasions of such people as have been described had long since driven him from his palace in Providence to his country house in the Narragansett country. This was what he gained by the departure. Still, none of this imbroglio could have happened but that Ellen M'Grath had been married the week before.

Ellen M'Grath was a pretty girl from the north of Ireland, who had been in Mrs. Crapsten's service since she "came over," fifteen years old. She had learned to know a "map-peddler" as far as she could see him. She knew by a certain inborn *coup d'œil*, like any other great general's, whether he had accident policies, or life policies, or fire and marine policies. She knew if he carried subscriptions for cyclopædias or "Galleries of Beauty." She knew a lightning-rod man from the president of an orphan asylum for negroes. And she would never have admitted one of this crew in her master's "study hours." But Ellen M'Grath had been married. She had married Perry Mitchell, as handy a carpenter and as tender a gardener as ever drew a seine for shad, or beat to windward in a southeaster off Block Island. Perry Mitchell would have said of himself that he was "awful handy about most chores;" but, for myself, I think he never showed himself so sensible as when he persuaded pretty Ellen M'Grath to marry him.

Still, as you see, what was joy to him was death to poor Mr. Crapsten. This Nora — Ellen's cousin, who had been imported specially from the

neighborhood of Mullingar to take her place — was a good, neat girl, but she did not know the treasurer of the D. E. F. H. M. when she saw him. Nor could she tell a matron of a Retreat from a lady patroness of Cuban exiles.

When Mr. and Mrs. Crapsten and Isabel returned from their drive to the Board meeting — which was simply a gathering of his own family, without guests, around his own dinner table — the "proctors" were all gone. "Proctors" is the name given to map-peddlers in the statutes of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, by which statutes their occupations were made felony, being, in fact, the stealing of the time of others with a view to using it for their own behoof. Mrs. Crapsten knew they would be gone. The express train then passed East Greenwich at 3.11, and she knew they would not wait for the accommodation. No; they would charge for "travelling expenses," and would prefer to sleep at home.

Not one word was said either in the drive or at dinner about the invasion. The subject was too sore. But after Mr. Crapsten had finished his soup, and had carved the mutton, his watchful wife led him to talk about his "report" — how much was finished, and how much remained to do. Then she led the way carefully, and at last made it sure that Isabel would like to go over to Newport for ten days. Then she made it clear that Isabel could not go unless he went. Then she suggested that he could take the "report" over to

Newport and finish it with Isabel — Isabel could copy and calculate for him. She only wanted a quiet time in Newport while Dr. Harris was seeing to her teeth, and she could not go to him for more than half an hour each day. Then, at Newport there would be no interruptions. And at Newport he could have the Redwood Library.

The plan was a good plan. More than this, it was Mrs. Crapsten's plan, and she meant to have her way. Most of all, she had it. And the next morning Mr. Crapsten and Isabel drove over to the Pier, and took the "Florence" for Newport. Two large boxes carried the statistics and documents needed for the "Report on the Organization of Emigration."

Thus was an excellent, industrious, unselfish man, who gave every instant of his life and every penny of his income to the poor, to his country, and the service of his God, driven from the comforts and conveniences of his own house to such as he might hire in a Newport boarding-house, in order that he might escape the interruption of those persons who were not content with his serving God in his own way, but wished to persuade him to serve in theirs.

Before his back was turned Mrs. Crapsten had telegraphed to her cousin Karl Whitaker; and Mr. Crapsten had not been gone an hour before Karl reported to Mrs. Crapsten for duty. He had just resigned his post on the Coast Survey. He

loved Mrs. Crapsten as he loved his life, and he would do anything to serve her. Meanwhile Mrs. Crapsten had also sent for Ellen Mitchell, the bride, and had held high conclave with her. Her honeymoon was so far advanced that in this philanthropic family it was time that she also should begin to serve the world.

Karl Whitaker lent himself, day and night, to his cousin's plans. Nor had any man ever a better "first luff" than Perry Mitchell proved to be. That was, indeed, just what Perry Mitchell was fit for. Before Mr. Crapsten returned, even, the pretty porter's lodge, where the long avenue turns in from the Kingston road, just where Gershom Tucker's house used to stand, had been refitted for Mitchell and his wife to live in. They were established there. And Ellen would have promised on the book, but it was not needed, that never a proctor of them all should pass without her knowledge. The old ice-road, which leads back from the house by the pond a quarter of a mile, to the Riddell place, was cleaned out, gravelled, and with its grass cut and its shrubs trimmed, it made a very pretty "avenue." The Riddell house had a new coat of paint; had red baskets with hanging plants, fresh from Newport, hanging on the piazza; had a flag flying from the cupola; and represented admirably well, to all wayfarers who might come so far, Mr. Crapsten's own manor-house. In the large parlor of the Riddell house — with rattan chairs galore, with

two large sofas, with four Turkish rugs on the Japanese matting — presided Karl Whitaker. He represented Mr. Crapsten.

The trap was set. Who should be the first buzzing blue-bottle who should come in?

CHAPTER III

THERE was not long to wait. Karl was but half through with his cigarette, as he lay in the hammock the morning after he had taken possession, when the rattle of wheels startled him. He threw the end away, and was at his desk when Oliver Garner (a cross between Narragansett and Congo he, whom Karl had retained as his familiar) brought in the card of

AUGUSTUS E. J. SOUTHGATE, M. D.

R. I. Institute of Medicine.

Dr. Southgate was at once admitted.

Karl explained that Mr. Crapsten was away for the day, but would be very sorry to miss Dr. Southgate, whose name was so well known to him. Dr. Southgate bridled, and put his thumbs in the sleeves of his waistcoat, and stood with his back to the empty fireplace, and explained that he was about to deliver a course of lectures with a manikin, and a stereoscope, and some wax models, and that he would be glad to have Mr. Crapsten head

his "bespeak," and at the same time give him the names of the neighbors who would probably take tickets. Karl listened courteously and attentively. When the doctor had delivered his whole speech, Karl, observant of the cue, took his turn.

KARL. — "It is very curious, my dear doctor, that you should call now. Here is a letter for you, which I directed even after you were in the house. You have saved me a postage-stamp." The amazed doctor opened it to read the following lines: —

"MY DEAR SIR, — Could you favor me with an interview at your convenience? I wish to see you on some business of Mr. Crapsten's.

"Respectfully yours,

"KARL WHITAKER.

"LITTLE CRASTIS, May 11, 1877."

Karl did not say, and the doctor did not know, that the envelope box on the table held ninety-nine copies of this note ready to be addressed to any proctors as their cards were brought in.

The pink envelopes in the pink box were similar, but they were ready to address to women. As a card was brought in to Karl, he had simply to address his letter, and all was ready for the visitor. To Dr. Southgate he said: "What we wanted to propose, doctor, was this: We have an establishment for the higher education of boys and girls at Fernando Key, off Florida. I have — no, Mr. Crapsten has with him — a letter, which I cannot show you, therefore. But no

matter. Just what we want is a professor of physiology, who would not be unwilling to act as physician, and perhaps to assist in the singing in the chapel on Sundays. What his full duties would be, I cannot tell. In fact, doctor, if you took the place, you would make it very much for yourself. Of course you would not think of accepting till you had seen the place. But what I should propose would be that you should take a few weeks and go down and see it."

Dr. Southgate was surprised, and tried to conceal his surprise. He was delighted, and tried to conceal his delight. With the ordinary delusion of an ignorant and under-bred man, he tried to make Whitaker think he was constantly receiving such proposals. With the inexperience of a man who had never served mankind, and had never been asked to serve it, he was amazed at the simplicity by which a sincere offer was made. Of course he grasped at it, though he pretended not to. To be cared for for three months was more than his fondest dream an hour before. When should he go?

KARL. — "To say truth, doctor, we send off a schooner with some of the institute to-morrow from the Pier. Could you not spend the night with us here, and sail from the Pier to-morrow?"

DOCTOR. — Mumble, mumble, mumble — "my baggage and" — mumble, mumble, mumble "my classes —"

KARL. — "We have a little stock of clothing of

assorted sizes, from Fenno's, for the colony. Suppose I fit you with a pea-jacket and appurtenances for the voyage? And when you come back — eh? you see?"

DOCTOR. — Mumble, mumble, mumble — "institute" — mumble, mumble — "vacation" — mumble — "term-time. My size is forty-five, outside measure" — mumble, mumble, mumble.

At the end of which Karl stepped to the door, paid Taber's boy, and sent him back to the station. And the doctor stayed.

Before this was settled, Mrs. Claudia Jane Springer — sister of the founder and principal of the Young Ladies' Institute at Elmer, Mississippi — entered. Had called to ask Mr. Crapsten to head her subscription list, and preside at a public meeting on the subject of Southern education and the closing of the Bloody Gulf.

KARL (*to* Mrs. SPRINGER). — "It is very curious, madam, that you should call now. Your name is hardly dry on this note, which I wrote this morning. Only I had not your address. I mislaid the journal of last Wednesday."

[Mrs. SPRINGER *opens the note, fluttered and with interest.*]

KARL. — "You need not read it, madam. The truth is, what we want — what Mr. Crapsten wants, I mean — is to establish an institute of instruction among these people — virtuous but benighted, dear Mrs. Springer — on the coast of Florida. Mr. Crapsten has a right in an island

there, called Fernando Key; and if you, madam, or some lady of your reputation and force of character," etc., etc., etc.

Mrs. SPRINGER. — "My engagements with my sisters" — mumble, mumble, mumble, etc., etc., etc.

KARL. — "I have thought of all that; but you know — Of course we are overrun with applicants. Just look at that pile of letters, and this boxful, not yet filed" (sardonic smile). "In a word, dear Mrs. Springer, it is not every day that we could find a lady of your intelligence, of your culture, of your training to business, and, let me say, as between friends, of your presence. If Mr. Crapsten insists on anything, it is that the leaders in this enterprise should be ladies who were born ladies, and gentlemen of good family. Might I introduce you to Professor Southgate, who is to take the Professorship of Physiology in the institute, and will lunch with us, while I see the people who are waiting?"

[*Stage direction. This scene is varied by the frequent entrance of* OLIVER GARNER, L. H. L. E., *with silver salver and cards. Door-bell passim. Exit* Mrs. SPRINGER, R. H. U. E. *Enter* FRED BOREMAN, L. H. L. E.]

FRED BOREMAN [*looking round*]. — "Mr. Crapsten? I expected to see Mr. Crapsten — my classmate Crapsten."

KARL [*rises to meet him*]. — "Mr. Crapsten is in Newport to-day on business. But he will be

sorry to miss you, Mr. Boreman. I have just addressed this note to you."

FRED BOREMAN [*opens note and reads*]. — "How fortunate! He asks me to call. A pity he is away. [*Aside.*] The first man who ever asked me. [*Aloud.*] We are old friends — near friends. Lived in the same entry in Hollis. I coached him in his Greek and chemistry, you know."

KARL. — "Indeed, he often speaks of you. As he is not here, I can tell you what he wants, and you can tell me if you can serve him. The truth is, what we want — what Mr. Crapsten wants, I mean — is some man of college education — a man of the world, too — who can represent him at Fernando Key, an island he has bought off the coast of Florida. He cannot go there himself. But he wants some one — well, to see to the orange-trees, to give directions as to the new buildings, and, in short, to live there till he comes. I take some credit that it occurred to me that you would do this thing admirably well. Now, if your engagements would permit — "

BOREMAN [*aside*]. — "I wish I knew what they were. [*Aloud.*] Let me look at my memoranda. The 15th — no, that Cross will take for me; 9th to 15th of August I must be at Fortescue's — "

KARL. — "But Mr. Crapsten would write to Fortescue. In truth, we want you to start to-morrow. A lot of people go to-morrow in Crapsten's own schooner, and we want — I do not say a superintendent, but a man of the world — you understand me? well! — to keep them good-

natured, and make things seem home-like, you know. Let me introduce you to Professor Southgate here. You will stay and lunch, at least. Southgate understands it better than I do." [*Rings, and bids* OLIVER GARNER *send back to the station* Mrs. SPRINGER'S "*team*" *and* Mr. BOREMAN'S.]

[*Exit* BOREMAN, R. H. U. E. *At the same moment* (*dumb show of cards as before*) OLIVER GARNER *admits* Dr. DIMITRY KOULAGOFF, L. H. L. E. Dr. KOULAGOFF *bows. Looks uneasily for a place for his hat.*]

KARL [*rises courteously*]. — "Let me take your hat, doctor. Excuse me while you read this note, which, by Mr. Crapsten's direction, I addressed to you only to-day."

[*Same dumb-show as before. After the doctor has looked at the note* —]

KARL. — "The truth is, my dear doctor — "

Dr. KOULAGOFF. — "Mais, monsieur, je n'entends pas l'anglais."

KARL. — "Ah, *pardon.* Ni moi le Bulgare. Mais, s'il vous plâit, causons en Français. Ah! bien! Vraiment, M. le Docteur." [*And then, as before, with same dumb-show, explains that at Fernando Key there will be needed some one to introduce the system of vine-growing from Eastern Europe, and, preparatory to that, to correspond with the princes of Bulgaria in reference to the colonization, etc., etc. All this rapidly and with gesture, ending by an introduction to* Professor

SOUTHGATE — *same dumb-show as before — and entrance of* Mrs. WILDERSPIN, L. H. L. E.]

Mrs. WILDERSPIN. — "I understood you kept a sort of intelligence office here."

KARL [*grimly*]. — "Madam, that is just what we do. This morning we have offered so much that we have very little left."

Mrs. WILDERSPIN [*not listening*]. — "I am sure I am sorry to take up your time, but I wanted to find occupation."

KARL [*civilly*]. — "Yes? and in what line — a teacher?"

Mrs. W. — "No. I am too old for that."

KARL. — "Housekeeper, perhaps; large establishment, seven servants; housekeeper has a separate table."

Mrs. W. — "No. I have bad headaches. I cannot rise before twelve in the morning."

KARL. — "Companion to a rich lady in Newport, possibly. Salary $500. Duties, to drive between three and five in the afternoon, and to attend parties in the evening."

Mrs. W. — "No. I hate to ride."

KARL [*with sympathy*]. — "What then?"

Mrs. W. — "If you knew of an empty house, furnished, you know, and with the fuel, I think I and my husband could live in it while the owner, you know, went to Europe."

KARL. — "Just the thing; we have it exactly. In truth, my dear madam, Mr. Crapsten — I am not Mr. Crapsten — wants in his home at Fernando

Key, while he is at the North, a gentleman and lady of refinement. You understand me, I am sure [*etc., etc., etc., as before*]. Could you talk with Professor Southgate and Mrs. Springer? — they understand it perfectly." [*Same dumb-show as before.*] [*Exit* Mrs. WILDERSPIN, R. H. U. E. *Enter* OLIVER GARNER, L. H. L. E., *and introduces* Rev. JOHN CORBAN.]

And so on, and so on, through that day and the next. In truth, the "Curlew" did not come round from Boston till Friday. On Friday she sailed, with twenty-four passengers, for Fernando Key.

"The happiest thing in the world," said Karl to his cousin, "that I took the Key off Fotheringay's hands. I only thought of it as a good place for shooting. But I would give sixpence to see old Webber when these people arrive. I have telegraphed to Halfenstein at St. Augustine, and he will have at least six days' notice. There is enough to eat, anyway."

And so every third or fourth day through the summer these mad conspirators sent off to old Webber twenty or thirty of these reformers. Not one ever declined Karl's offer. In truth, it opened a better life to each of them than he was leading, or she. And as Karl said, whenever his cousin's heart failed her, "Let them reform each other. When I have a dull carving-knife," said he, "I always take another, and give them both new edges by rubbing blade against blade."

And so it proved at the Key.

CHAPTER IV

Old Webber, at Fernando Key, had an easier time than seemed probable, when the "Curlew" arrived and her several successors.

When these two crazy madcaps, Karl and his cousin, started this enterprise Karl had still so much method in his madness that he telegraphed to an old "pal" of his, at St. Augustine, quite full instructions. Interpreting these instructions very broadly, Halfenstein bought two of Skillings's ready-made schoolhouses, and two churches, which he found waiting purchasers. He chartered a little steamer, took a deck load of Southern timber, and hired twenty Minorcans and four stout negroes. With this assorted cargo he came in on old Webber at the Key one fine May morning, ten days before the "Curlew" appeared.

The consequence was that when that vessel brought in her living cargo, after a slow but not disagreeable passage, quite a little village stood empty awaiting them, and they passed from the discomforts of a packet schooner to the luxuries of sweet soft air, bananas and oranges on the trees, roast pig, fried chickens, omelets of seven patterns, yams, mangoes, apples of paradise, and peas of Elysium, served in two rival refectories — which had no such Popish names — under the varied cuisines of Mammy Chloe and Uncle

Stephen. Of mattresses and other bedding Karl Whitaker had put enough on the "Curlew" for a hundred philanthropists.

To a person of systematic mind or training it would seem that the new-comers would be disturbed when they found so little other preparation than this which was thus made for physical wants. But that happened which neither Karl nor Mrs. Crapsten had foreseen. The philanthropists were not people of systematic mind or training. To find that neither "institute" had any scholars did not seem strange to them. They were, indeed, used to institutes on paper. To have nothing to do from Monday morning till Saturday night was neither new to them nor disagreeable. To wait, as they did, by Halfenstein's directions, for fuller arrangements when "the Board" should have its quarterly meeting, was most natural of all. All of them were used to waiting for something to turn up. Halfenstein had had the wit to arrange two boarding-houses, with the knowledge that a slight rivalry would improve the fare, and that so much separation into two parties would make the new establishment more lively. Even Stamboul, at its worst government, enjoyed the partisanship of the "greens" and the "blues." And Halfenstein said afterward that his anxieties were all over when he saw the "William Tell" come into the wind, so that he knew she was going to run for his pier. She was the second packet. She sailed four days after the "Curlew," but

arrived only two days after. From the moment when the "Curlew" people could patronize the "William Tell" people, he said social order was established. Caste or class had come into society, and from that time all was well. Two or three times a week a packet would arrive. Always a load of philanthropists, "proctors," or other map-peddlers. Always they landed weary of a voyage, hungry, and tired. Always the different orders of the little state welcomed them with a lively condescension. Gradually they fell into the little coteries of the "red schoolhouse" and "the new schoolhouse," the "hill church" and the "shore church." Before long they knew the rights and the wrongs of the "Gwendolen" passage, of the row on board the "Neptune's Bride," of Dr. Southgate's quarrel with Professor Drisko, and of William Wildasin's scandalous flirtation with Mrs. Belle Blackburn. The regular organization of the two institutes still waited directions from their Boards. And it proved, according to Half-enstein, who had letters from Karl by every packet, that each Board had failed in a quorum at its quarterly meeting. Strangely enough, none of the philanthropists or other proctors ever received any letters. The square truth, in honest English, was that no human being in the world ever had missed one of them, or knew that they were gone, excepting a few boarding-house keepers, who were glad to see the last of them. Half-enstein, however, put it in a much more elegant

way. He was forever receiving great government envelopes from the Post-Office Department, and abusing the red tape of government, which would not give them an office. But for newspapers they did not lack; he kept old Michael, with two mulatto boys, cruising in a fruit boat in the channels, and never vessel passed from London, from New York, or New Orleans, but gladly exchanged the "latest dates" for the freshest oranges and bananas. For books, Karl had a box of novels sent down by every packet, and the philanthropists seemed to read nothing else. The insurance men generally stuck to the newspapers.

The "Curlew," the "William Tell," the "Web-Foot," the "Gwendolen," the "Roycroft," the "Sea-Gull," the "Neptune's Bride," the "Olivia Emmons," eventually made a regular line between the Pier and the Key. They brought many passengers, but never took away one. Karl was careful about this. The skippers were instructed to say that they had to go to the Dry Tortugas and the Wet Bahamas, and other parts unknown; and as soon as they had landed their deck loads, off they went. Indeed, they went in the middle of the night always, with never a chance for a stow-away. But, to say truth, as long as I was on the island (I was at that time the collecting agent for the S. P. O. F. H. C.) I never saw or heard of any one who wanted to leave. We were all awaiting the quarterly meet-

ing of our respective "Boards," and wanted to know how our rank was to be determined. Now

"Boards are made of wood; they are long and narrow,"

as it says, or should say, in the copy-book.

As the summer passed, and the autumn came on, our occupation took more the form of established society. The insurance men of our side, as Mammy Chloe's boarders were called, would take a chance, after their siesta, to walk over to the other village, and insure the lives of the hands who were at work there in putting up new houses, and of the philanthropists who lived there. Meanwhile their insurance men came over and insured us and our workmen. None of us had any money. But we soon invented a system of credits. We gave our notes payable in ninety-nine years. Then once a week, every Monday evening, there was a meeting in the "red schoolhouse," which partook of the character of a "clearing-house." These notes were "cleared" against each other, and the balances only were entered in a big book, which we called "Doomsday-Book." This simple plan made business very active. The lightning-rod men made enormous contracts for rods — simply subject to the approval of the "Boards." The rival school agents for "Fortescue's Readers" and "Tyrwhitt's Reading-Books," and the men who introduced "Ptolemy's School Geography" and the "Periplus Series of

Physical Geography," were very fortunate in their contracts with the professors. Occasionally a professor would deliver a lecture. But generally the schoolhouses proved more useful for private theatricals and for tableaux. We had a charming series of tableaux, organized by me, for the benefit of the Society for Providing O. F. H. C. We distributed the tickets for sale in the two boarding-houses, and gave a free ticket to every one who sold ten. The house was full, and the proceeds, on paper, were very large.

Our summer and autumn passed, therefore, both intelligently and agreeably. Before it ripened into that pleasant Florida winter, we had a population of near 1000 philanthropists. But the original division of two villages still held, and Aunt Chloe's people and Uncle Stephen's people were in some sort two communities. As it happened, each had a church, and each an institute. Of course there were in each village a dozen boarding-houses in place of the primeval two. Still, the impression held and holds that Uncle Stephen had secrets in the frying of clams unknown to Mammy Chloe, and that he permitted the use of these secrets, by certain royalties, in all the Hill cookery, while the Shore knew nothing of them. However this may be, it is certain that the gumbo soup of the Shore was unmatched and unmatchable by anything furnished on the Hill.

CHAPTER V

As the blushing October of lovely Narragansett blushed its rosiest before November ravaged the whole scene, Isabel and her father took a charming scamper on horseback one day over the hills and far away. As they came back to the Kingston road, Mr. Crapsten threw himself from his horse, took down the top rail of a bit of fence, and cried to Isabel: —

"Now show me how well you can leap those bars."

The girl did it without hesitation. Her father did the same, and led her into the still glades of the forest.

Oh, how still!

"Dear child," he said, reverently indeed, "I will show you things hidden from the foundation of the world."

And he did so.

He led the way where the horses' feet sank deep in greenish-gray lichens, which had grown on the graves of other lichens, which were the monuments of others which were growing in the days of Canonchet. There was not soil enough for anything but this humble greenish-grayish-blue, and the craunch of the horses' feet had a weird, dry sound which seemed to be an echo from another century. There came over Isabel the

feeling that no human being had ever stood there before.

"Dear papa, when did you find this solitude?"

"Only yesterday. But I have made many such discoveries this summer. When mamma does not ride with me, I am very adventurous."

ISABEL [*a little frightened with her own rashness*]. — "How much time you have had for yourself this summer!"

Mr. CRAPSTEN. — "Yes. I am sometimes troubled about it. But do you know, I never had the letters so well in hand, my business never troubled me so little, and really [*with a timid laugh*] I have almost finished the book on the emigration of the Iranian tribes."

They rode happily on, silently, till he began again, a little anxiously: —

"We have not had so many of the people you call 'map-peddlers.' Do you know, I am a little frightened. I hope I was not rude that last day before we went to Newport."

ISABEL. — "Rude, papa! you do not know how to be rude. You could not be rude if you tried. Now do not go and worry about those things."

But Isabel, who was in her mother's secrets, rode home like a guilty thing. When they passed the letter-box where the mail-rider left the Little Crastis mail, the girl slipped off her pony, let him run up to the stable alone, and herself carried up the mail to her father.

"There, papa, it is a dear little mail. I've a

letter from Tom, mamma has one from Aunt Kate, and there are only three for you."

And her father said he should have just time to read the letters before dinner.

Dinner seemed particularly jolly that day. The younger boys were in great feather — had caught the biggest pickerel within the memory of man. Mary M'Mahon had surpassed herself in the chowder and clam fritters; and the Trustum Bay oysters were perfect. As they sat at the dessert, rather more lazily than usual, Mrs. Crapsten said: "I had a nice letter from Kate; they will all be here Friday. What was your mail?"

Mr. CRAPSTEN. — "Oh, I ought to have told you, for I was really very much pleased. Isabel, go bring the letters."

And when the girl returned, he handed one to his wife.

"There, that is from Baring's people. They are well pleased with the Cattaraugus success, and have made on the other side a syndicate. Hope joins, and Caruthers, and even the great Rothschild nibbles. They offer me ten millions for my interest, or I may join with them."

Mrs. CRAPSTEN. — "And you are pleased? Did I know about this?"

Mr. C. — "I think I told you. It was that time I went to Boston, and left you at the Champernoons' at Hingham."

Mrs. C. — "I don't remember."

Mr. C. — "Well, it is a long story; but we have nothing to do. You know the Cattaraugus and Opelousas all went down again after — after poor George Orcutt went up."

Mrs. Crapsten nodded, for the subject of George Orcutt was a sad one.

Mr. C. — "Well, it occurred to me one day that all it needed was to make a cut-off or connection between that sharp bend at Wills's, so as to unite us with that poor weak-kneed Pemaquid and Kittatinny line. They were in the hands of receivers, you know."

Mrs. Crapsten nodded again, though she had no idea what a receiver was.

Mr. C. — "Well, I gave orders to buy up the P. and K., and of course I got their stock for nothing, and their bonds for a whistle. I saw Beamish that afternoon — Jack Beamish, George's son — and sent him with his things and a party to Wills's. They got an old charter on the way; he ran his experimental line that week; and the next week Grimes — no, Groves, those New Hampshire people — took the contract. Of course it worked; their road has been running now for near three weeks; the Philadelphia people get their pork a penny cheaper; and if you knew it, that winter butter you ordered of Hastings yesterday will cost you a cent less because of Jack Beamish."

Isabel [*admiring*]. — "And all because of you, papa!"

She had never heard her father explain business at such length.

Mr. C. — "Yes; well — because of me, I suppose. That is what I am for. Somebody must plan things. But, somehow, for a year or two I have never seemed to have any time to attend to what I wanted to do — until this summer. I said to Isabel that I was afraid something was wrong."

Mrs. C. — "And you have really sat here today, and talked about pickerel and oysters and clams, when we are ten million dollars richer than we were yesterday?"

Mr. C. — "Pourquoi non? I forgot all about the letter. What is the good of the money, unless we can help other people with it? But if you bid me sell to the Barings, why, you can found your Old Ladies' Home, and endow your Medical College for Women."

ISABEL. — "And you, papa — I know what you want to do: you can send your colony to the Upper Canadian!"

Mr. C. smiled good-naturedly. "You have found me out, have you? Well, if I believe in anything, it is in the 'Organization of Emigration.'"

Then Mrs. Crapsten, who, as has been seen, is a bold woman, determined on the instant to dare all, and to confess to her husband the whole "Organization of Emigration" which she and her cousin had carried forward.

Mrs. C. — "After you have had your nap, I want to take you to drive."

Mr. C. — "Gladly. Where to?"

Mrs. C. — "Well, where you do not like to go. I shall take you to the Riddell place."

Mr. C. — "As you will. But it is a gloomy old hole. I have not been there this summer."

Mrs. C. — "I know you think so, but you do not know how gay and festive Karl and I have made it."

Mr. C. — "Yes, Karl brags of it whenever he comes over. Well, anywhere with you."

And he went off to his nap.

"To think," cried Mrs. Crapsten to Isabel, when they were alone — "to think that a horde of people who say they know more than your father, should be able to keep him for years from helping the world forward in his own way! Now, in three weeks, that they let him alone, he has made food cheaper for half the world, and is all the more ready to go on and do so much the more."

Mr. Crapsten slept exactly his appointed hour, and then was ready at the carriage; so was Isabel; so was her mother. He wondered at the improved avenue quite as much as they could have asked. He was delighted with the clumps of rhododendrons, where there was a little opening; and when he saw the festive aspect of the old Riddell place, he fairly clapped his hands.

Karl heard the wheels, and came out to welcome them, forewarned by Oliver Garner that these were not of the common kind.

As he handed Mrs. Crapsten from the carriage,

she whispered, in a tragic aside, "We must confess all!"

And they did confess all. At first they had no chance. Karl introduced Mr. Crapsten to Mr. Palfrey and Mr. Chamberlin, his clerks, and to Miss Olive and Miss Augusta, his other trusty aids; and Mr. Crapsten looked round, rather amazed at the undisguisable air of business which the dismal old Riddell house had assumed.

"Why, Karl, this does not look much like partridge-shooting? Since when have you been such a man of affairs?"

The young ladies all blanched white, and then flushed red. But Karl, as easy as if he were on examination before a board which he was snubbing, said, "Oh, it is all my old hobby, the 'Organization of Emigration.'"

"Organization of Emigration!" said Mr. Crapsten. "Have you stolen my thunder?"

Then Karl confessed all. He told the story very briefly, but very well. He gave great praise to Ellen (M'Grath) Mitchell, as was her due. Not once in that hard-worked summer had she mistaken her man or woman, so far as Karl knew.

"No," said Mr. Crapsten, with a certain sense of relief, "nor so far as I know. Never man or woman has come to the house here to talk organized philanthropy to me this summer."

"George was saying," said his wife, "that he had for once attended to his own concerns."

"And how much has this cost you schemers?"

asked Mr. Crapsten. And Karl calmly showed the five monthly balance-sheets, and bade Miss Olive bring the day-book and ledger for October.

"On the whole," he said, "we are doing better than I dared hope. They do not work much, of course. Nobody expected that. But they are modest in their needs. They drink nothing but milk and water, and they provide a good deal of their own food. There, that is the ration for September — $1.97⅔ a week, you see. Our roster was then 879; but now we have sent, since the 30th, 51, 69, 33, 19 in the "Swiftsure," that makes 172 more. We made an excellent thing of it last month with our Southern pine. Halfenstein misread, or somebody miswrote, a despatch of mine, and they bought in June a great lot of Florida pine, just when I was pouring in Northern pine by deck loads. All of a sudden last month the market here was cornered, and I have sold all my Florida pine for enough to meet all my lumber bills. Since I put the propellers on we have done a good thing in fruit. We send them on a round trip, and they come home by the islands."

Mr. Crapsten was interested by the figures, understood the position in a moment, asked questions, and made suggestions.

"At $52 apiece, your average of 500 has cost you $26,000 for their board."

"Yes, sir; but what with our fresh-fish sales here, the oyster account, the profits on the pine business, and the fruit balance — here is my Sep-

tember balance — we brought down the total expense to $13,692.11. Besides, we have some small collections to make."

Mr. Crapsten turned with admiration to his wife. "Now I know why you sold the Vienna necklace, and your 5-20 bonds."

Mrs. C. — "How did you know it?"

Mr. C. — "As it happened, I bought the necklace. Your man in New York had heard me asking for something of the kind, and I found it waiting my inspection at the office the other day. As for the bonds, they were registered, you know; and it so happened that in the last lump I bought, these of yours came round to me. But then I never meant to be poking into your secrets."

ISABEL. — "And will you forgive the conspirators, papa?" [*She flings herself in burlesque upon the ground.*]

Mr. C. — "Forgive! It is I who am to ask as a favor that I may sit at your feet and study the 'Organization of Emigration.'"

Mr. and Mrs. C.

ISABEL. KARL.

Mr. P. Miss OLIVE.

Miss AUGUSTA. Mr. C.

CURTAIN.

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